Nov. 3, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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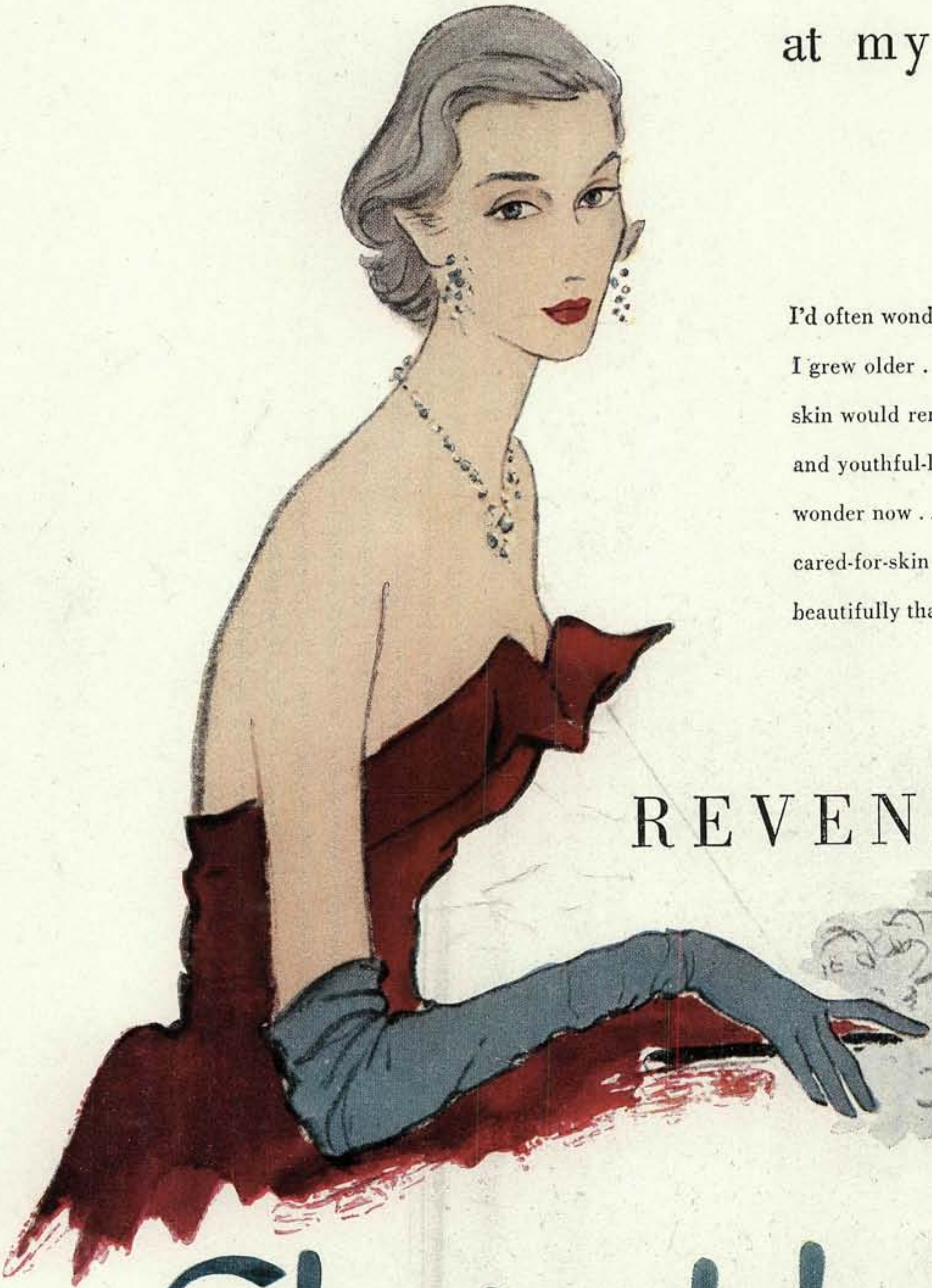
I never dreamed I'd look this young at my age



I'd often wondered how I would look as I grew older . . . wondered how long my skin would remain soft and smooth and youthful-looking. But — no need to wonder now . . . my Revenescence-cared-for-skin belies the years more beautifully than even I had ever hoped.

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WILLIAM HELBURN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Diamond Lil—Mae West in a limited return engagement of her old lemonade social. Produced by George Brandt and directed by Charles Freeman. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Faithfully Yours—Just why Robert Cummings and Ann Sothern thought it would be wise to abandon Hollywood for this comedy about psychoanalysis is something of a mystery, since the piece is one of the conspicuous mishaps of the season. With Philip Bourneuf, Victor Wood, and Florence Sundstrom. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are both excellent in Jan de Hartog's play about a not especially eventful marriage. Produced by the Playwrights' Company and directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Glad Tidings—Protracted variations on a none too lively joke about a man who belatedly finds that he is the father of a young lady of nineteen. Melvyn Douglas, Signe Hasso, and Haila Stoddard are among the unhappy participants. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

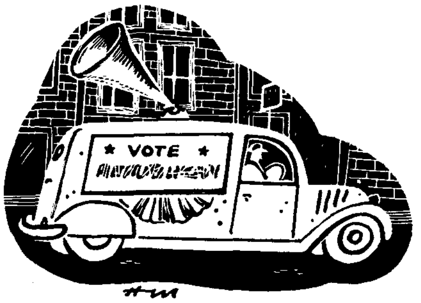
Lace on Her Petticoat—Aimée Stuart's mild and talkative little comedy about the class struggle in Scotland in 1890 has its touching moments, but on the whole it is a good deal more naïve than dramatic. Herman Shumlin directed a cast that includes Neva Patterson, Jeff Morrow, and Muriel Aked. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Love and Let Love—Ginger Rogers is lively and radiant as two girls in this Louis Verneuil comedy about nothing you can exactly put your finger on. Paul McGrath and Tom Helmore appear in supporting roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moon Is Blue—Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in a comedy that is as smooth, and about as startling, as satin. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Remains to Be Seen—Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse seem to be in an antic mood in this comedy-melodrama having to do with love and homicide, and the result is not exactly fortunate. Among those employed in it are Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and Mr. Lindsay himself. It is rocky going for every one of them, but they show remarkably few signs of strain. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Saint Joan—Shaw's famous play about that girl from Domremy has been given a fine production by the Theatre Guild, and it is plainly the first real triumph of the season. The first-rate cast, directed by Margaret Webster, is headed by Uta Hagen, who is enthusiastically abetted by John Buckmaster, Frederic Worlock, Alexander Scourby, and a multitude of others, almost equally gifted. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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A Sleep of Prisoners—The meaning of Christopher Fry's allegory may not always be entirely clear, but it is nevertheless well worth your attention. The cast of four is composed of Leonard White, Donald Harron, Stanley Baker, and Hugh Pryse. (St. James' Church, Madison Ave. at 71st St. BU 8-1402. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:50. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Nov. 10, at 2:50; special matinée Election Day. Closes Saturday, Nov. 17.)

Stalag 17—If you like rough jokes and simple melodramatic action, this play about a group of American airmen in a German prison camp may be just the thing for you. José Ferrer has directed a large and spirited company, including John Ericson, Harvey Lembeck, Mike Kellin, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 4.)

Long Run—**affairs of state:** Love and politics in Washington, D.C. June Havoc now has the lead, and Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick are in it, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Barefoot in Athens—A new play by Maxwell Anderson, with Barry Jones. Presented by the Playwrights' Company and directed by Alan Anderson. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Number—Dane Clark and Martha Scott in a melodrama by Arthur Carter. Staged by George Abbott and produced by Paul Vroom and Irving Cooper. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

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MUSICALS

The King and I—Rodgers and Hammerstein in notable form again, along "South Pacific" lines. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner play the leading parts in this musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Music in the Air—Jerome Kern's melodies stand up all right in this revival, but the same can't be said for the Hammerstein book, which wobbles all over the place. Dennis King, Jane Pickens, Conrad Nagel, and Charles Winninger figure in the affair. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Seventeen—More in the spirit of routine Broadway musical comedy than of Tarkington's famous story, but you might do worse. With Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 7, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Election Day.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—George Abbott and Betty Smith collaborated on this adaptation of her novel. Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields wrote the music and lyrics, and Shirley Booth is at the top of a talented cast, that includes Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey. The result is an unusually animated and moving show. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—An up-and-down revue that gets its best elevation when Bert Lahr is running through skits involving spaceships, ball players, opera singers, and Sanitation Department men. Dolores Gray and a capable company assist Mr. Lahr handsomely. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**call me madam:** Ethel Merman as a lady ambassador. Also in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, and Pat Harrington. Russell Nype will return to the cast on Monday, Nov. 5. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **guys and dolls:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Martha Stewart are some of the Runyon characters. On Monday, Nov. 5, Vivian Blaine will return to take back her old role from Miss Stewart. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Roger Rico is now playing the cultured Frenchman to Martha Wright's Nellie Forbush. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Top Banana—Phil Silvers, Rose Marie, and Jack Albertson head the cast of this musical by Hy Kraft, with words and music by Johnny Mercer. The producers are Paula Stone and Mike Sloane, and the director is Jack Donohue. Opens Thursday, Nov. 1. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dinosaur Wharf—A play by Joel Wyman, with a cast including Lois Wheeler and Leo Penn. Produced and directed by Terese Hayden. Opens Thursday, Nov. 8. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at

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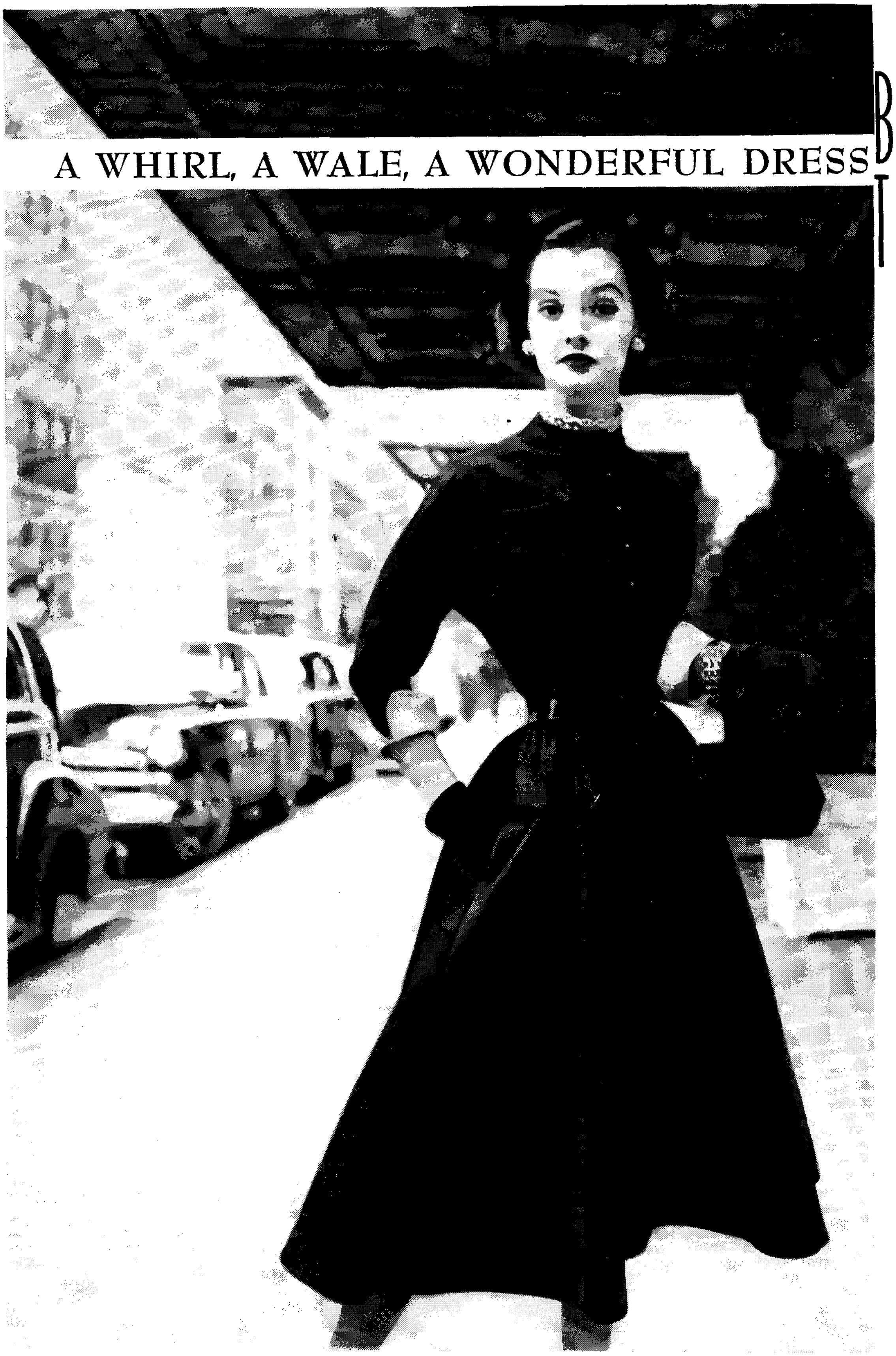

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

José Greco and His Spanish Ballet—Ballet, along with flamenco and other Spanish dances, by a company that includes Nila Amparo, Carola Goya, Teresa Maya, and La Quica. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Saturday, Nov. 24.)

MISCELLANY

Vaudeville—Judy Garland, Smith and Dale, Giselle and François Szony, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées daily, except Mondays, at 2:40.)

Borscht Capades—If you understand Yiddish and happen to be amused by its rather special humor, you may be entertained by this fairly elaborate floor show. Otherwise, you will certainly be far happier somewhere else. Among the more acceptable performers are a lady simply known as Raasche, the Barry Sisters, Phil Foster, and Dave Barry. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—On the floor of the sedate Trianon Room, except Sundays, there's dancing to Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band, and, at cocktail time, William Adler plays prowler violin in the rotunda.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's quartet provides string music during dinner in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays. Except Sundays, the quartet plays at cocktail time in the Palm Court. No dancing anywhere.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—The ceilings of this lineal descendant of the Ritz are a lot closer to zero than they were in the old place, but Emery Deutsch's musicians are still on hand at dinner in the big restaurant to make the transition as painless as possible. No dancing, and no music Sundays.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A resplendent new job of landscaping enhances the vistas from this regal hunting lodge, where Ted Straeter and his dance orchestra and Pancho's rumba band make the night merry from nine-thirty on. In the small, good-looking Plush Room, George Feyer's piano, which is European in flavor, begins at eight. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Always something new, even in ice shows—puppets, in the case of the Terrace Room. There's also a great deal of tenoring and not quite enough of Alice Farrar, the prima ballerina, who zooms about like an unguided missile. Adrian Rollini's trio and Tommy Reynolds' band. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Sally De Marco, an elegantly gowned wisp of thistledown, floats in and out of the arms of Tony De Marco, whose choreography has never been better. The guests in the Cotillion Room dance to Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band, and listen to the soprano pipings of Jen Nelson. On Sundays there's a show at dinner only. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper every night in the Café Pierre.

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Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Carl Brisson, a picture of what the well-dressed tenor will wear, and the dances of Federico Rey and Pilar Gomez are on display in the Persian Room. Dick LaSalle's and Mark Monte's orchestras play for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully period-piece, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras glide from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: Guy Lombardo and his assorted music-makers in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, an extremely sumptuous boudoir, Margaret Phelan produces the bird notes. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw noodle around all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The tunes played by Hugo Pedell's small but merry dance band, in the Carnaval Room, are largely collectors' items. There's also Hélène François, lovely to look at and nice to listen to. Her ballads are mostly French. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ralph Flanagan's solid dance orchestra plays during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. On Monday, Nov. 5, Jimmy Dorsey, one of the best of the big bandsmen, replaces Mr. Flanagan. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A place you may have heard quite a bit about. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A lot of youngsters—among them Bill Norvas and the Upstarts, who sing, and Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine, who dance—out for an evening's fun, which is just what this ancestral hall has been needing. Carmen Torres, who's also involved, has a Metropolitan voice and some lively Spanish arias. Emile Petti's orchestra alternates with Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Mary Raye, Naldi, and Vanya dance in the Empire Room at dinner and supper, and Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands are on hand all evening. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at twelve. . . . ¶ Don Rodney's dance orchestra starts warming up in the Peacock Lounge at seven. Closed Sundays.

Note—A romantic view of lovable, fantastic, improbable old Manhattan is just outside the windows of the Rainbow Room, now a cocktail lounge, open from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Incidental music, too. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, the inventor of the débutante dance tempo, displays his indestructible grin and energetic dance band here from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): The magnificent Pearl Bailey declaiming her stringent patent remedies for love among the high mammals. There's also dancing to the trios of Harry Rosenthal (ah, yesteryear, yesteryear!) and Ernie Warren. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): An up-and-coming playground where Hugh Shannon and Louis Hawkins sprinkle their special brands of joie de vivre over their pianos and their guests. Both are around after eleven, and Mr. H. also does a stint from six to nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain is now, except Mondays, embellishing the dark hours between ten and one with his piano recitals. . . . **THE ALBERT,** 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): The décor looks as if it's about to climb into your lap, but, after ten, except Mondays, there's Cy Walter in splendid rapport with his piano, plus an unobtrusive string trio. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a nimble collection of table-hoppers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except on Sundays, this guys-and-dolls trysting place has Sonny Kendis, bent double over his piano as he drives his enthusiastic trio through a passel of after-dinner music. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): This worldly pantry and bar affords, as always, Harry Meyerowitz's piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney plays an excellent grade of drawing-room piano from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A newcomer, Johnny Mehegan, is at the piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, that earthy raconteur and racing man, proving that it is indeed money that makes the mare go. On Thursday, Nov. 8, Carmen Miranda and her Latin-American hurly-burly will return. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Sophie Tucker, the Mistinguett of the Americas, thundering along through her fiftieth or sixtieth farewell tour. The rest of the doings, except for a small collection of leggy French dolls, are a trifle soporific. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Nellie Lutcher has her foot on the loud pedal as she sings her rough-and-tumble sonatas. The dance music comes from Terry Gibbs' excitable band. On Thursday, Nov. 8, a new show, headed by Art Tatum's new trio, which has Slam Stewart on bass, settles down. . . . **GILDED CAGE,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (PL 7-1317): A great big floor show in which, according to Broadway custom, the female population far outnumbers the male. What goes on (and on, and on) is partly well-costumed Gay Nineties, partly primeval burlesque in which Ben Blue and Sid Slate are heavily involved. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): A new assortment of parody melodrama, foolish silent movies, singing waiters, singing customers, sawdust, and gags by Paul Killiam, plus, as an added starter and startler, a few rowdy but acceptable bits of burlesque. Closed Sundays. . . . **SUGAR HILL,** 209 W. 51st St. (CI 5-8980): Harlem has come downtown again. The humor suffers from total recall, but the dancing of the cast and the paying guests is of the fine old devil-take-the-hindmost variety.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, Kaye Ballard's witty comments on life, love, and the pursuit of happiness; Stan Freeman's frisky paraphrases of current musical comedies; and Doodles' and the Spider's caricatures of some notable recording artists. Betty George is the incumbent canary; the music is by the Ellis Larkin Trio and Stuart Ross. Saturdays and Sundays, at cocktail time, the same sort of thing goes on. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Tuesdays, Bart Howard provides some nice piano music at the dinner hour, and Eadie and Rack play their celebrated piano duets after the theatre, except Saturdays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronny Graham, whose life-

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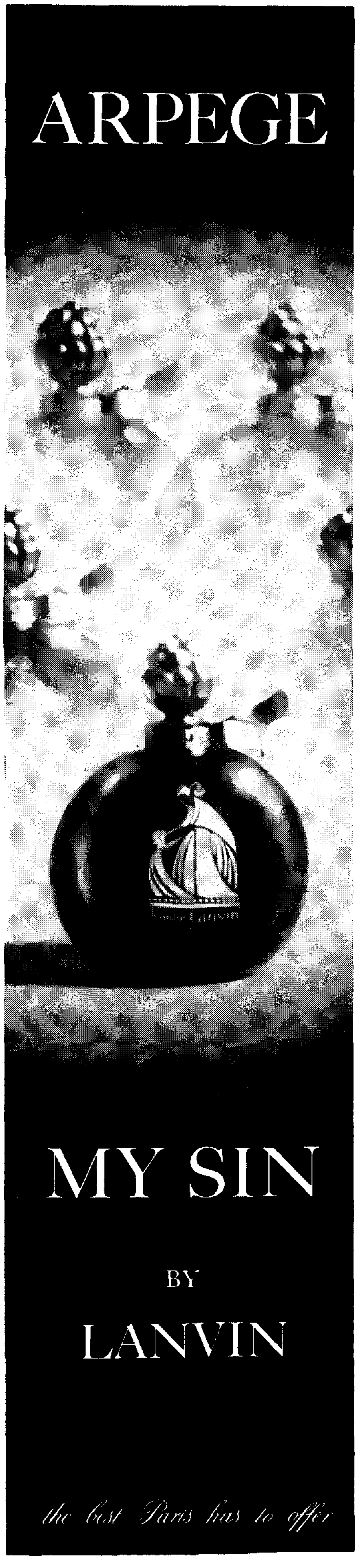

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MY SIN

BY

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the best Paris has to offer

BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

work is setting Freud to music; the Three Riffs, whose hearts, ballads, and footwork are light and gay; young Miss Pat Carroll, who can rightly be called a *diseuse*, and a good one; and Ellen Hanley, a decorative soprano objet d'art. The Norman Paris Trio plays celestial music, and Julius Monk plays nostalgic piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Harry Belafonté in his new role as folk singer, Royce Wallace doing her seductive ditties, and Phil Leeds telling funny stories on everyone, including himself. Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bibi Osterwald bursts like a bombshell over this sedate cloister, and rollicking is the word for her ballads. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play crackling piano duets, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The mixture as before—steam-calliope songs by Mae Barnes, romantic ones by Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate. The Three Flames, more recent arrivals, have a sheaf of catalytic ballads to add to this potpourri. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the Hogarthian Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's portfolio of songs on the how-can-I-go-on-living theme. Sam Hamilton plays piano.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon—as energetic a crew as ever graced this storied old firehouse. Ralph Sutton tears off some pyrotechnic piano in between their sessions of mass therapy. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding group of visiting firemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Except Sundays, Erroll Garner's trio (which contains Shadow Wilson and John Simmons) and Red Norvo's trio (which has Tal Farlow on guitar) turn out quiet but persuasive essays in progressive modern jazz. On Thursday, Nov. 8, Teddy Wilson's band and another group will take over. Sundays, Bobby Hackett and his light cavalry take the field. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier and pals are telling the world how hot music used to sound in South Chicago. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's new and honestly traditional band, up to and including a banjo (Danny Barber), is working out here. Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore are also in the troupe. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Thursday, Nov. 8, there'll be Billy Taylor's fine piano, topping his quartet, and Stuff Smith's madman violin, topping his trio. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On Nov. 2, the parade will involve Muggsy Spanier, Wild Bill Davison, Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Lou McGarity, Frankie Newton, and Sonny Greer. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night rioting. This week (Nov. 2), the marksmen will include Billy Butterfield, Willie the Lion Smith, Gene Sedric, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, and the band of Conrad Janis will sound off. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—A number of pieces assembled from various European collections and including masks, statues, and a series of ceremonial goblets; through Nov. 29. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

AUDUBON—A loan showing of animal paintings, largely water colors, along with two portraits of the artist and some memorabilia; through Nov. 30. (Audubon House, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ A group of water colors of bats, on public exhibition for the first time, by Audubon and by his son John Woodhouse Audubon; through Nov. 18. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MILTON AVERY—New paintings, smoothly stylized and handsome in color; through Nov. 3. (Borgenicht, 65 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Monday evenings until 10.)

A. S. BAYLINSON—A memorial exhibition, comprising thirty-six paintings and ten or so drawings by an American artist who died last year; through Nov. 10. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4:30.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Recent canvases, painted here and in France, by this Lithuanian-born artist; through Nov. 10. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

BRANCUSI TO DUCHAMP—Oils and sculptures by these and other European modernists, in a spirited and illuminating show; through Nov. 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

WINSLOW EAVES—Abstract sculptures, characterized by a good deal of perceptiveness and feeling beneath their exact design; through Nov. 2. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30.)

HARVEY FITE—Recent sculptures, somewhat harsh and arbitrary in their textural treatment but extremely well executed technically; through Nov. 3. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Oils by modern French artists, among them Léger, Picasso, and Lanskoy; through Nov. 15. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Twenty-ninth Annual Founders' Exhibition, consisting of paintings and sculptures by Robert Brackman, Maurice Sterne, Hobart Nichols, and others; through Nov. 8. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Oils by the gallery group, including James Penney, John Heliker, Vaughn Flannery, and Louis Bouché; through Nov. 3.

MERVIN JULES—Recent paintings, their occasionally sharp social commentary tempered by a consistently gentle and observant approach; through Nov. 3. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ—Eight sculptures and about forty drawings, in a loan exhibition; through Nov. 17. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

LEE KRASNER—New works, concealing careful attention to form and pattern beneath rather misty outlines; through Nov. 3. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

IBRAM LASSAW—Abstract metal sculptures, most of them in bronze, dated 1946-51; through Nov. 10. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

GERHARD MARCKS—Sculptures, drawings, and other works, 1935 to the present, by one of the contemporary German masters; through Nov. 10. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—Twenty-four water colors and drawings, dated 1914-45; through Nov. 3. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A selection of original ceramics, mostly vases, made in 1950; through Nov. 3. (Delius, 18 E. 64th St.)

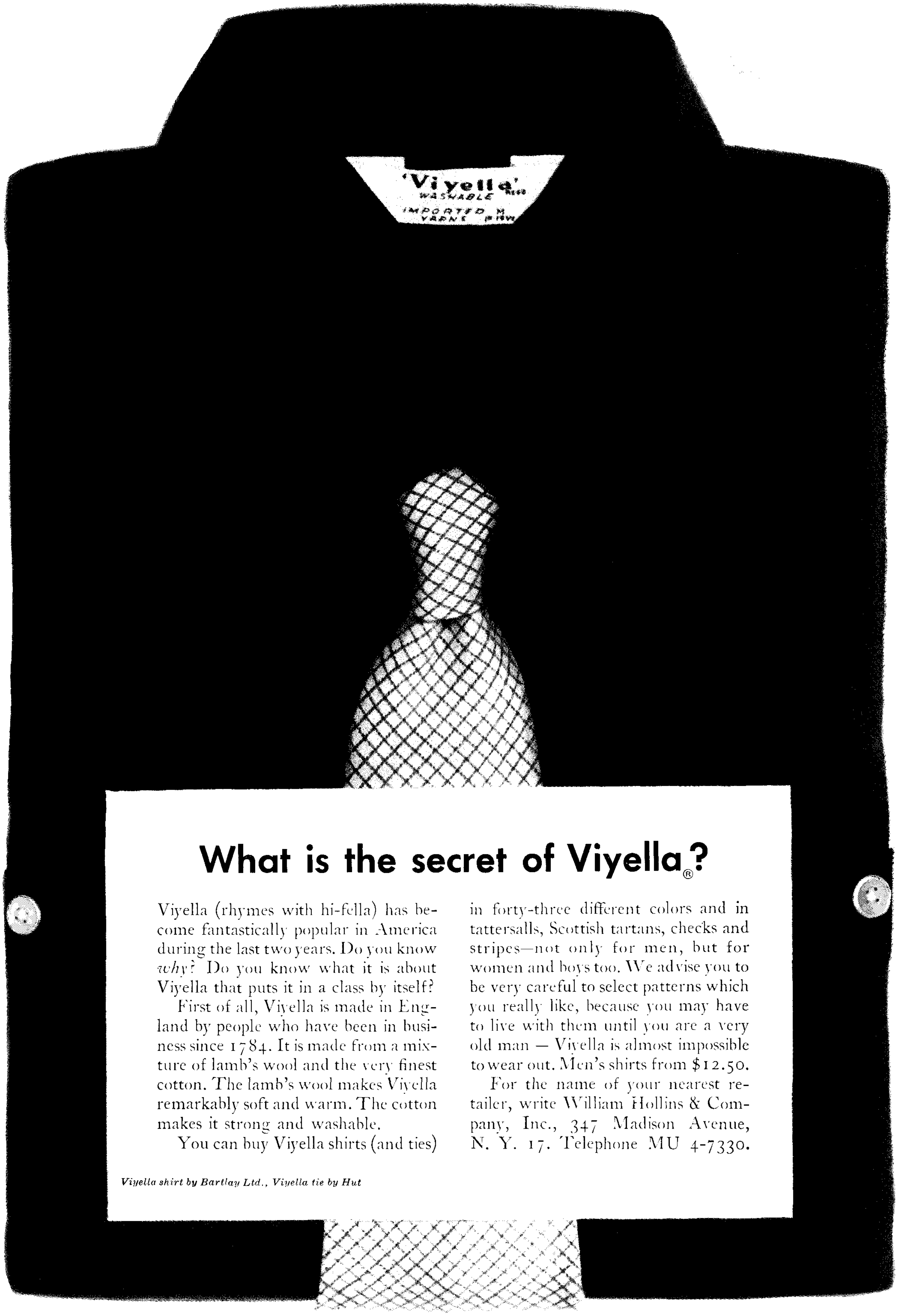
ODILON REDON—Pastels and drawings, on loan from European collections, and most of them dated 1900-16; through Nov. 10. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

ANNE RYAN—Collages, muted in color and unpretentiously tasteful in arrangement; through Nov. 3. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

AMAR NATH SEHGAL—Sculptures, sometimes a bit obscure philosophically but on the whole quite effective, by a young Indian artist now living in this country; through Nov. 2. (Newton, 11 E. 57th St.)

MORRIS SHULMAN—Paintings, hazily delicate in color and treatment, by a young abstractionist; through Nov. 3. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

SIAMESE SCULPTURES—An exhibition of pieces dating from the ninth through the fifteenth cen-



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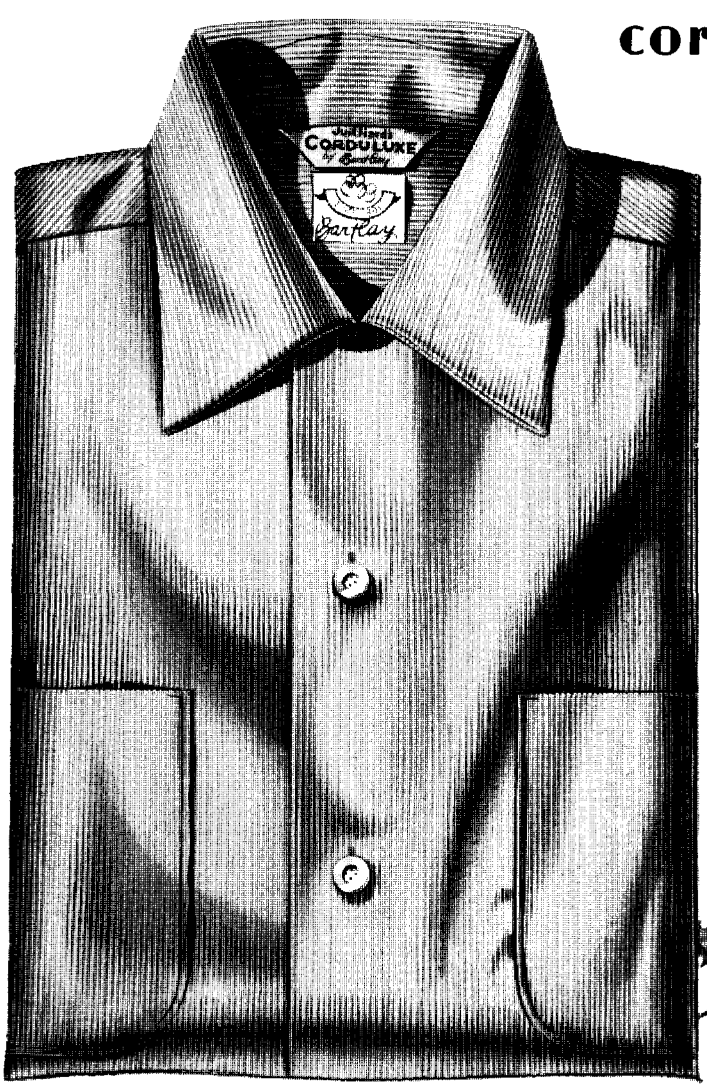

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

turies; through Nov. 3. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

PIERRE SICARD—Landscape studies of Paris and Versailles that have a kind of sunny straightforwardness; through Nov. 10. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

STEEL SCULPTURES—A selection of work by Barbara Lekberg, William Talbot, and others; through Nov. 3. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

WILLIAM THON—Water colors and oils painted in Maine, some of them dealing with Maine subjects, some with reminiscences of a recent trip to Italy; through Nov. 3. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

MARK TOBEY—A small display of his paintings, most of them new works; through Nov. 3. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.) The Tobey exhibition at the Whitney Museum may be of interest in this connection, too.

VILLAGE ART CENTER WATER-COLOR SHOW—This lively and growing downtown group's ninth Annual is marked by some unusually good pieces; through Nov. 2. (Village Art Center, 44 W. 11th St. Daily, 1 to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 10.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **BERÈS**, 6 W. 56th St.: Abraham Bosse; through Nov. 24.... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Karl Zerbe; through Nov. 17.... **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Old Master drawings; through Nov. 24.... **HEWITT**, 18 E. 69th St.: "The New Reality;" through Nov. 17.... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Portrait drawings by Lucas Cranach the Elder, and by Lucas Cranach the Younger; through Nov. 17. For the benefit of the Rheims Museum, France.... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Modern French group show; through Nov. 24.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Will Barnet; through Nov. 17.... **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Carlyle Brown, Kay Sage, and Joseph Glasco; through Nov. 24.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings and sculptures by Ben Shahn, Reuben Tam, Milton Hebald, and other members of the Museum's art-school faculty; through Nov. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Lithographs and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, chosen from the Museum's collection, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his death; through Nov. 25.... ¶ A selection of paintings by Old Masters, plus Oriental and Egyptian objects of art, all given or bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness; through Jan. 1.... ¶ Paintings and other works from the Lewisohn collection, which comprises Impressionists, post-Impressionists, and contemporary European and American artists; starting Nov. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of eight European and American cars, among them a 1931 Mercedes, a 1949 M.G., and a 1951 Army jeep, chosen as examples of the well-designed automobile; through Nov. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-seventh annual showing by the New York Society of Women Artists; starting Nov. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A comprehensive retrospective of paintings by Mark Tobey, the Seattle abstractionist; through Nov. 4. A good complement to the exhibition is the Tobey show at the Willard, 32 E. 57th St. ... ¶ The 1951 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting; starting Nov. 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 6-7.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

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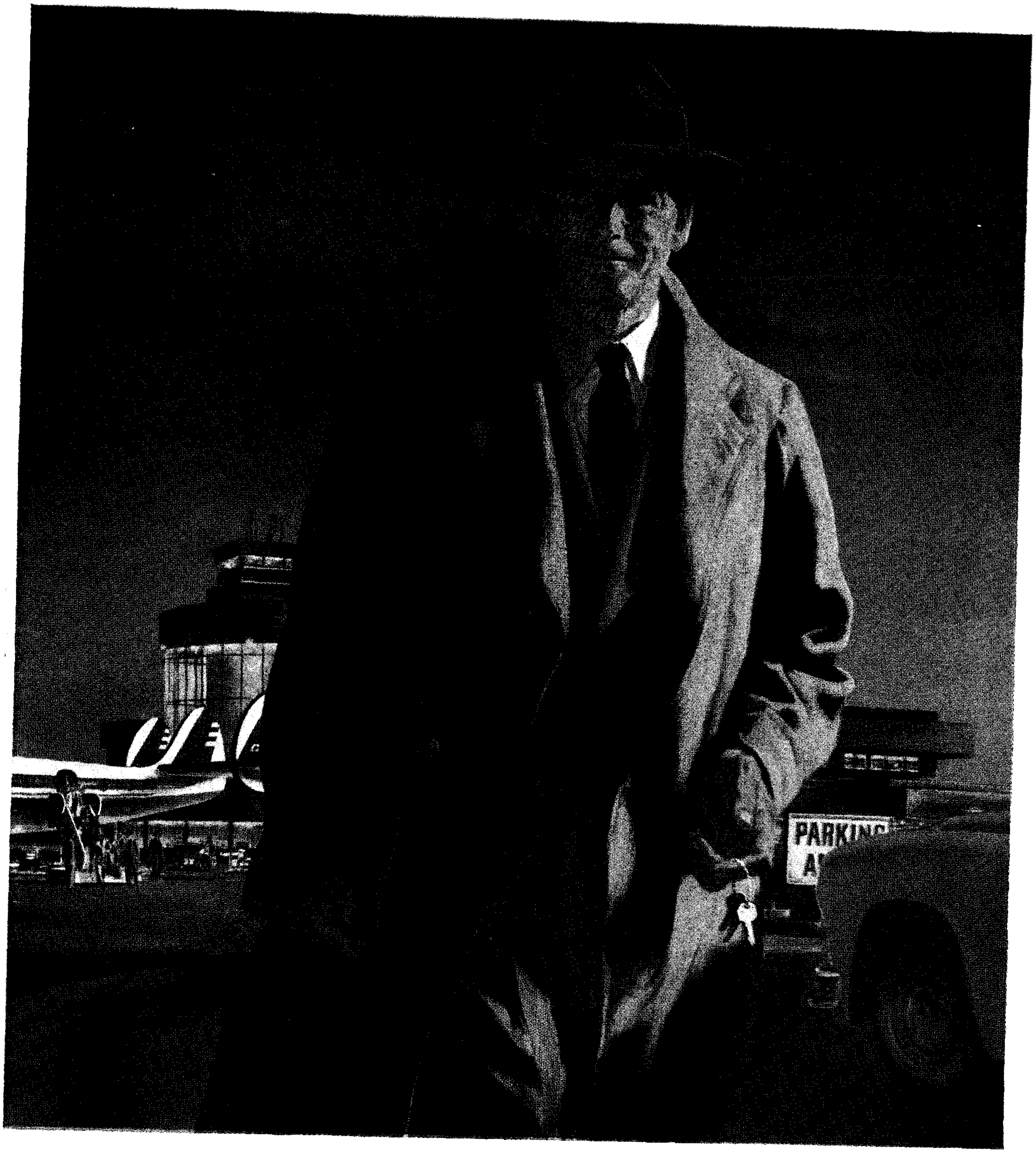

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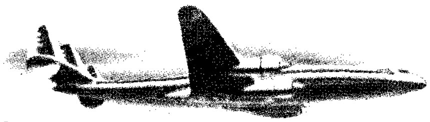

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AIRLINES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

evening, Nov. 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."...¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 3: "The Dybbuk" (in English)....¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 3: "La Traviata."...¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 4: "Aïda."...¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 4: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English)....¶ Monday evening, Nov. 5: "The Dybbuk" (in English)....¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 7: "Manon."...¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 8: "Carmen."...¶ Friday evening, Nov. 9: "Aïda."...¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 10 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English)....¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 10: "Madame Butterfly." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—Through Saturday, Nov. 3: "The Mikado." ...¶ *Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 8-10:* "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Evenings at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:45; Friday, Nov. 2, at 2:30; Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:45; and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2:30 (all with Gregor Piatigorsky, cello); and Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 9, at 2:30 (both with Gina Bachauer, piano).

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Gerald and Wilfred Beal, violins, and Elliot Phillips, trombone. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Boys Town Choir—Father Francis P. Schmitt directing, with Christopher Lynch, tenor. A benefit for Father Flanagan's Boys Town, Neb., and the Mt. Carmel home for the aged, in New York. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Ania Dorfmann—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Burl Ives—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Amparo and José Iturbi—Duo piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Ossy Renardy—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Kurt Baum—Tenor. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—Hazel Grazell, soprano; Arpad Sandor, piano; and others, in a program of music by such composers as Jack Beeson and Charles Griffis. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

New Friends of Music—Opening program of the season—Joseph Szigeti, violin, and Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, as well as the Quartetto Italiano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 5:30.)

Solomon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 8:40.)

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Daniel Saidenberg conducting an all-Bach program. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 8:40.)

Schneider Quartet—The second performance in a sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, Nov. 5, at 8:40.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Frieda Hempel—Soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Frances Magnes—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200,

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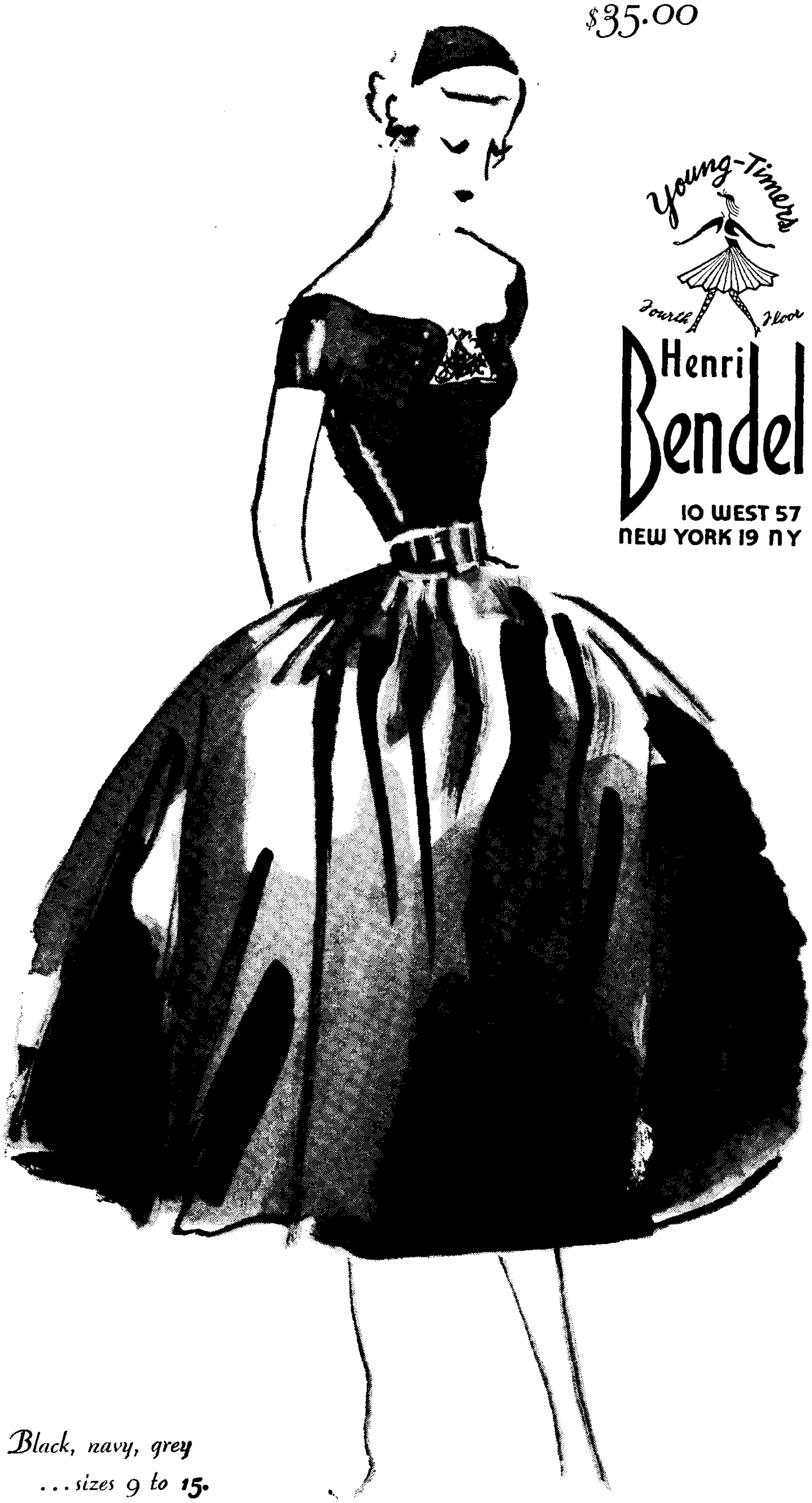

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Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

EUGENE LIST—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

GUIOMAR NOVAES—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 3.)

MARJORIE LAWRENCE—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

RICHARD DYER-BENNET—Tenor and guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Knicks vs. Minneapolis, and Philadelphia vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 7:15.)

BOXING—Roland La Starza vs. Dan Bucceroni, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 9. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, NOV. 3:** Army vs. Southern California, at Yankee Stadium, at 2.... ¶ Boston University vs. N.Y.U., at Boston, at 1:30.... ¶ Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 2.... ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30.... ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Baltimore, at 2.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. William and Mary, at Philadelphia, at 1:30.... ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Fordham, at New Brunswick, at 2.... ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30.... **SATURDAY, NOV. 10:** Army vs. Citadel, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Brown vs. Rutgers, at Providence, at 1:30. ... ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field, at 1:30.... ¶ Cornell vs. Michigan, at Ithaca, at 1:30.... ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30.... ¶ Navy vs. Maryland, at Baltimore, at 2.... ¶ Temple vs. N.Y.U., at Philadelphia, at 2.... ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Yanks. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 6. Performances daily at 2 and 7:45.)

HUNT RACING—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Nov. 3.)

RACING—**EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Nov. 15. The Empire City Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3; the Comely Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 6; and the Butler, Saturday, Nov. 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) ... **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, Nov. 3. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track at 10.) ... **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: Weekdays at 1:15; through Friday, Nov. 16. The Pimlico Futurity, Friday, Nov. 2, and the Pimlico Cup, Saturday, Nov. 10.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40; through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Trains leave Grand Central Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:53, 7:28, and 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:20.)

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—The New York City Opera Company presenting a special children's performance of "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2:30.)

PLAYS—By the **PLAYMART:** "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) ... **SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 3.)

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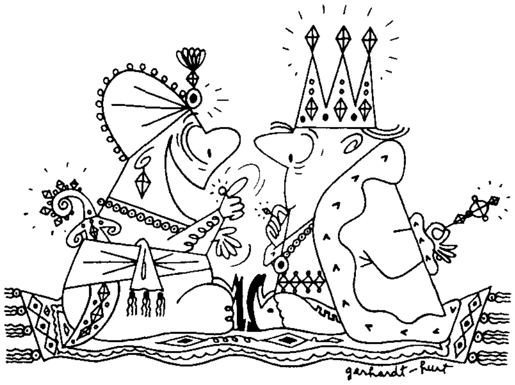

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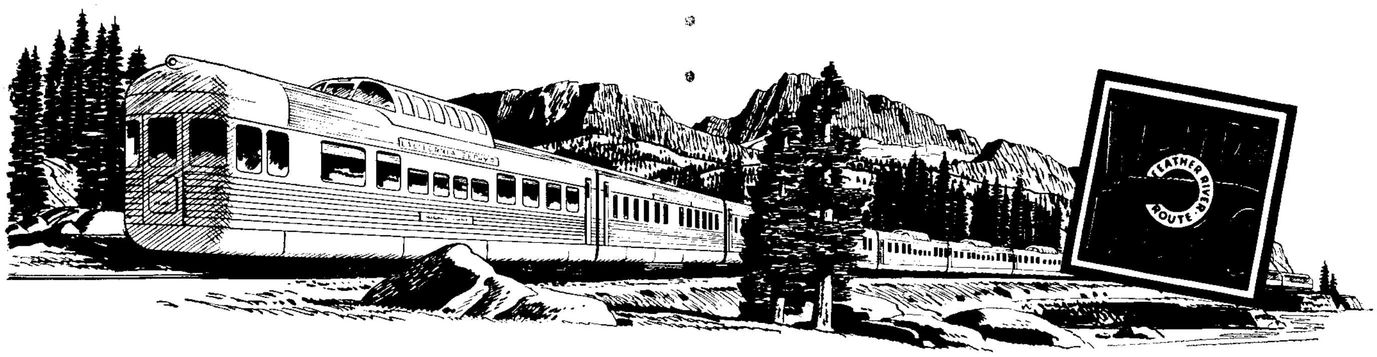

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

puppet revue. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 3.)

Movies—Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, Second Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

Election Day—The hours for voting on Tuesday, Nov. 6, are from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M.

United Nations—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until after the meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, which starts Nov. 6 and is expected to wind up around Feb. 1.

Flower Show—The forty-fourth annual autumn exhibition of the Horticultural Society of New York; for the benefit of the Hospitalized Servicemen's Committee and the Chaplains' Fund of the United States Army, Navy, and Air Force. (Essex House, 157 W. 58th St., at Seventh Ave. Thursday, Nov. 8, from 2 to 10; Friday, Nov. 9, from 10 to 10; and Saturday, Nov. 10, from 10 to 4.)

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "Conquest of Space," and deals with an imaginary trip by space ship to some of our neighboring planets. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Through Nov. 30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—French furniture of the eighteenth century; Flemish, French, and other tapestries; and porcelains, bibelots, and other decorations; the property of Reed A. Albee and others. (Thursday, Nov. 1, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2-3, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Etchings and engravings by artists of the fifteenth through the twentieth centuries, among them Pollaiuolo, Dürer, and Rembrandt, from the collection of Edwin A. Seasongood. (Exhibition Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 1-3, and Monday, Nov. 5, from 10 to 5. Auction Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 5-6, at 8.)

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Note—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers have been opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

College Basketball—Season begins at Madison Square Garden with games on Dec. 1, 6, 8, 13, and 15.

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square

Garden on Nov. 17, 22, 24, and 29, and Dec. 2, 11, and 18.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Dec. 8.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 17:** Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 24:** Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, DEC. 1:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.

Professional Football—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Nov. 11; Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Nov. 18; and Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Dec. 2. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yanks vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, Nov. 25, and Yanks vs. Chicago Bears, Dec. 9.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 11, 14, 18, 21, 25, and 28, and Dec. 5, 9, 12, and 16.

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 17.)

Indoor Polo—Opening games of the season, at Squadron A Armory, Dec. 1.

Music—**OPERA:** The Metropolitan Opera season will open Nov. 13, with "Aïda," and will run through April 12. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL:** The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through April 20. . . . ¶ Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 13 and 27, and Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 14 and 17, and Dec. 5 and 8. . . . ¶ Earl Wild, piano, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ José Iturbi, piano, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Jascha Heifetz, violin, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Szymon Goldberg, violin, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Giovanni Bagarotti, violin, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Ray Lev, piano, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Billy Eckstine and George Shearing, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Ossy Renardy, violin, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Maryla Jonas, piano, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Graciela Rivera, soprano, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Alexander Brailowsky, piano, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 15. . . . **TOWN HALL:** New Friends of Music, every Sunday afternoon. . . . ¶ Martial Singher, baritone, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony Young People's concerts, Nov. 17 and Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Todd Duncan, baritone, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Nov. 26 and Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Winifred Cecil, soprano, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Chamber Art Society, Dec. 1 and 15. . . . ¶ Olga Coelho, folk singer, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Musicians' Guild, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ New York University Glee Club, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Josef Marais and Miranda, folk singers, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ American Bach Society, Dec. 11.

Ballet—New York City Ballet Company, at the City Center, Nov. 13-Dec. 16.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: James Barton and Olga San Juan in a musical, "Paint Your Wagon," for which Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics and Frederick Loewe the score. . . . ¶ A comedy by Roger Macdougall, "To Dorothy, a Son." The cast will include Ronald Howard, Hildy Parks, Stella Andrews, and Martin Rudy. . . . ¶ A dramatization by Anita Loos of Colette's novel "Gigi," with Audrey Hepburn in the principal role. . . . ¶ Charles Boyer, Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Agnes Moorehead in a four-week engagement of Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell." . . . ¶ "I Am a Camera," a new play by John van Druten, based on Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories." Julie Harris and William Prince will head the cast. . . . ¶ Gloria Swanson and David Niven in "Nina," a play brought here from Paris. It was written by André Roussin and adapted by Samuel Taylor. . . . ¶ A new play by Elmer Rice, "The Grand Tour," with Beatrice Straight and Richard Derr in the leading roles. . . . ¶ Katharine Cornell, Brian Aherne, and Grace George in a revival of Somerset Maugham's comedy "The Constant Wife." . . . ¶ Henry Fonda starring in "Point of No Return," a play by Paul Osborn based on the John P. Marquand novel. . . . ¶ "Lo and Behold," a new play by John Patrick, with Leo G. Carroll and Jeffrey Lynn heading the cast.

Other Dates—Armistice Day is Sunday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Nov. 16-18. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 22.

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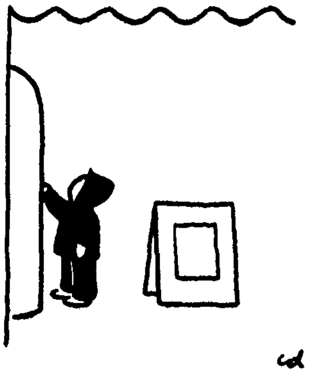
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



An American in Paris—Gershwin's lively tunes, plenty of nimble dancing, and a book that moves effortlessly all help to make this one of the best musical films in a long time. Gene Kelly is our compatriot abroad. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Browning Version—The hard times of a professor of Greek, who finds after twenty years of trying that he can't convey to his pupils his own enthusiasm for the classics. The professor, remarkably portrayed by Michael Redgrave, also has his domestic troubles. Mr. Redgrave has the assistance here of a competent cast. An English film. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Force of Arms—Striking battle scenes of the late Italian campaign and fine acting by William Holden and Nancy Olson compensate for a somewhat uneven script. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 1.)

Kon-Tiki—The documentary account of a journey from Peru to Polynesia on a primitive raft. The six Scandinavian travellers who made the trip hoped to prove that Peruvians had settled Polynesia. Whether they proved it or not, they assuredly had a fascinating voyage. The narration that accompanies the picture was written and is delivered by Thor Heyerdahl, leader of the expedition. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 1.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—How a mild little fellow in the Bank of England manages to do his employers out of a million pounds, amid the nicest sort of hilarity. Alec Guinness is the employee of the bank, and Stanley Holloway is his redoubtable colleague in the swindle. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

M—David Wayne in a remake of Fritz Lang's chilling old German film. As a lunatic who devotes himself to killing children, Mr. Wayne is often frightening, but the script is a very wordy business. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 6-7.)

The Magnet—An English picure that tells of the troubles of an imaginative small boy when the hard adult world begins to impinge upon his fantasies. A cut below "The Fallen Idol," to which it bears a slight resemblance, but nevertheless worth while. William Fox is excellent as the boy. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 2-3.)

Oliver Twist—A handsomely mounted English adaptation of the Dickens novel, in which Alec Guinness makes a powerful Fagin. John Howard Davies is the Oliver of the piece, and Robert Newton, Francis L. Sullivan, and Kay Walsh are on hand as some of the other colorful characters. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7241.)

The Red Badge of Courage—The Northern Blues against the Southern Grays in a picture, made by John Huston, that somehow doesn't seem as interesting as the Stephen Crane novel upon which it is based. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The River—A film made by Americans in India. Distinguished by striking topical detail and a script based on a novel by Rumer Godden that makes a most absorbing business of adolescent love as experienced by three young ladies. Directed by Jean Renoir, the film includes Arthur Shields and Nora Swinburne in its cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Show Boat—As if you didn't know. The tunes are still appealing, even if the craft is a bit top-heavy in this version. William Warfield, with "Ol' Man River," establishes himself as the best singer of the piece, and Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, and Ava Gardner kick the other celebrated numbers around. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 4-6.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—An effective movie interpretation of Tennessee Williams' story of a bedraggled Southern woman and her hardboiled brother-in-law, thrown together feverishly in a New Orleans slum. Vivien Leigh is the wilted lady, and Marlon Brando her coarse relation. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900; through Nov. 6, tentative.)

Tales of Hoffmann—Opera, ballet, pantomime, and what-have-you, all stirred up into a big British batter that never really rises. With Robert Rounseville, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, Leonide Massine, and Robert Helpmann. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Well—Race difficulties preceding and attendant upon an accident in which a small colored girl disappears into an abandoned oil shaft. Not without its moments. The participants include Henry Morgan, Richard Rober, Barry Kelly, and Maidie Norman. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through Nov. 4.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Capers in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Nov. 1.)

The Astonished Heart (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 7, tentative.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Nov. 3.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Nov. 1.)

Kiss of Death (1947)—Gangster homicide in New York. With Victor Mature and Richard Widmark. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 7, tentative.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's British thriller involving spies, the Gestapo, and the like. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 4.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo full of laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Quartet (1949)—A collection of Somerset Maugham short stories. An English film, with Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Nov. 6, tentative.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Nov. 4-6.)

Trio (1950)—More Maugham short stories. A British picture, with Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 3-6. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 6-7. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Nov. 7.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Nov. 3.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 4: "Flesh and the Devil" (1927), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 5: "High and Dizzy" (1920) and "The Freshman" (1925), both with Harold Lloyd. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Nov. 6: "Here Comes the Groom," Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman. (Theatre will be closed Nov. 7.)

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Nov. 7: "Angels in the Outfield," Paul Douglas, Janet Leigh.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"The Blue Veil," Jane Wyman, Charles Laughton.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Desert Fox," James Mason, Jessica Tandy.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Nov. 5: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.
From Nov. 6: "Detective Story," Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Nov. 6: "The Mob," Broderick Crawford, Betty Buehler.
From Nov. 7: "Behave Yourself," Farley Granger, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"David and Bathsheba," Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Nov. 6: "Anne of the Indies," Jean Peters, Louis Jourdan.
From Nov. 7: "Let's Make It Legal," Claudette Colbert, Macdonald Carey.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Nov. 5: "Texas Carnival," Esther Williams, Red Skelton.
From Nov. 6: "Across the Wide Missouri," Clark Gable, Ricardo Montalban.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Ten Tall Men," Burt Lancaster, Gilbert Roland.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through Nov. 6 (tentative): **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.**
From Nov. 7 (tentative): "Come Fill the Cup," James Cagney, Phyllis Thaxter.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Mill on the Po" (in Italian).

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"History of Mr. Polly," John Mills.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Nov. 5: "His Kind of Woman," Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell; and "The Basketball Fix," John Ireland, Vanessa Brown.
From Nov. 6: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal; and "Tarzan's Peril," Lex Barker.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 3: **M**; and "Five," William Phipps, Susan Douglas.
Nov. 4-6: **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival.
From Nov. 7: "People Will Talk," Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain.

Murray Hill, Park at 42nd. (MU 2-1431)
Nov. 1: **M**; and "Five," William Phipps, Susan Douglas.
Nov. 2-3: "The Secret of Convict Lake," Glenn Ford, Gene Tierney; and "As Young As You Feel," Monty Woolley, Thelma Ritter.
Nov. 4-6: "Sleeping Car to Trieste," revival, Jean Kent; and "Adventure in Manhattan," revival, Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea.
From Nov. 7: "People Will Talk," Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain; and "Fury of the Congo," Johnny Weissmuller.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8700)
Through Nov. 5 (tentative): "The Wooden Horse," Leo Genn; and "The Facts of Love," revival, Gordon Harker.
From Nov. 6 (tentative): **QUARTET**, revival; and another feature to be announced.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Nov. 4: **THE WELL**; and "Kind Lady," Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans.
Nov. 5-7: "Mr. Imperium," Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza; and "Criminal Lawyer," Pat O'Brien, Jane Wyatt.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE BROWNING VERSION.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 5: "His Kind of Woman," Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell; and "The Basketball Fix," John Ireland, Vanessa Brown.
From Nov. 6: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal; and "Tarzan's Peril," Lex Barker.

Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE LAVENDER HILL MOB.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Nov. 2: "As Young As You Feel," Monty Woolley, Thelma Ritter.
From Nov. 3: "People Will Talk," Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7241)
OLIVER TWIST.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"The Man in the Dinghy," Michael Wilding.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through Nov. 2: **SHOW BOAT**; and "The Painted Hills," Paul Kelly, Lassie.
Nov. 3: "Kentucky," revival, Loretta Young, Richard Greene; and "Here Come the Co-Eds," revival, Abbott and Costello.
Nov. 4-5: "The Tall Target," Dick Powell, Adolphe Menjou; and "Little Egypt," Rhonda Fleming, Mark Stevens.
Nov. 6-7: "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film; and "Cavalry Scout," Rod Cameron, Audrey Long.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 4: **NIGHT TRAIN**, revival.
From Nov. 5: To be announced.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Nov. 4: **THE WELL**; and "Kind Lady," Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans.
Nov. 5-7: "Mr. Imperium," Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza; and "Criminal Lawyer," Pat O'Brien, Jane Wyatt.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
NINOTCHKA, revival.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Nov. 3: **SHOW BOAT**; and "The Painted Hills," Paul Kelly, Lassie.
Nov. 4-5: "The Tall Target," Dick Powell, Adolphe Menjou; and "Little Egypt," Rhonda Fleming, Mark Stevens.
Nov. 6-7: **M**; and "Five," William Phipps, Susan Douglas.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Nov. 1: **FORCE OF ARMS.**
Nov. 2-3: **THE MAGNET.**
Nov. 4-6: **SHOW BOAT.**
From Nov. 7: **TRIO**, revival.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 5: "His Kind of Woman," Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell; and "The Basketball Fix," John Ireland, Vanessa Brown.
From Nov. 6: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal; and "Tarzan's Peril," Lex Barker.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 4: **THE WELL**; and "Kind Lady," Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans.
Nov. 5-7: "Mr. Imperium," Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza; and "Criminal Lawyer," Pat O'Brien, Jane Wyatt.

Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Through Nov. 2: **SHOW BOAT**; and "The Painted Hills," Paul Kelly, Lassie.
Nov. 3: "Pittsburgh," revival, Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne; and "Green Hell," revival, Joan Bennett, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Nov. 4-5: "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film; and "Cavalry Scout," Rod Cameron, Audrey Long.
Nov. 6-7: "Little Egypt," Rhonda Fleming, Mark Stevens; and "The Tall Target," Dick Powell, Adolphe Menjou.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Nov. 1: **KON-TIKI**; and "The Tall Target," Dick Powell, Adolphe Menjou.
Nov. 2-3: "The Secret of Convict Lake," Glenn Ford, Gene Tierney; and "Happy Go Lovely," David Niven, Vera-Ellen.
Nov. 4-5: "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film; and "The Guy Who Came Back," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell.
Nov. 6-7: **TRIO**, revival; and "Rhubarb," Ray Milland, Jan Sterling.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 2: "Five," William Phipps, Susan Douglas.
Nov. 3-6: **TRIO**, revival.
From Nov. 7: "People Will Talk," Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Nov. 1: **ADAM'S RIB**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.

From Nov. 2: "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson; and "The Blue Lamp," revival, Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 4: **THE WELL**; and "Kind Lady," Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans.
Nov. 5-7: "Mr. Imperium," Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza; and "Criminal Lawyer," Pat O'Brien, Jane Wyatt.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 3: "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," Susan Hayward, William Lundigan; and "The Guy Who Came Back," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell.
Nov. 4-6: "The Velvet Touch," revival, Rosalind Russell, Leo Genn; and "An Ideal Husband," revival, Paulette Goddard, Michael Wilding.
From Nov. 7 (tentative): **THE ASTONISHED HEART**, revival; and **KISS OF DEATH**, revival.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Nov. 5: "His Kind of Woman," Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell; and "The Basketball Fix," John Ireland, Vanessa Brown.
From Nov. 6: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal; and "Tarzan's Peril," Lex Barker.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Nov. 3: **M**; and "Five," William Phipps, Susan Douglas.
Nov. 4-5: "Fury of the Congo," Johnny Weissmuller; and "The Bribe," revival, Ava Gardner, Robert Taylor.
From Nov. 6: **TRIO**, revival; and "Rhubarb," Ray Milland, Jan Sterling.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE RIVER.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 4: **THE WELL**; and "Kind Lady," Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans.
Nov. 5-7: "Mr. Imperium," Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza; and "Criminal Lawyer," Pat O'Brien, Jane Wyatt.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 3: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA** (in French and Italian), revival.
Nov. 4-6: "Panic" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance; and "Children of Paradise" (in French), revival.
From Nov. 7: "Monelle" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "Heart of Paris" (in French), revival, Raimu.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Nov. 5: "His Kind of Woman," Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell; and "The Basketball Fix," John Ireland, Vanessa Brown.
From Nov. 6: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal; and "Tarzan's Peril," Lex Barker.

Carlton, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through Nov. 3: "The People Against O'Hara," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "The Law and the Lady," Greer Garson, Michael Wilding.
Nov. 4-6: "The Secret of Convict Lake," Glenn Ford, Gene Tierney; and "As Young As You Feel," Monty Woolley, Thelma Ritter.
From Nov. 7: "Circle of Danger," Ray Milland, Patricia Roc; and "Three Steps North," Lloyd Bridges, Aldo Fabrizi.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Nov. 4: **THE WELL**; and "Kind Lady," Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans.
Nov. 5-7: "Mr. Imperium," Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza; and "Criminal Lawyer," Pat O'Brien, Jane Wyatt.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Nov. 5: "His Kind of Woman," Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell; and "The Basketball Fix," John Ireland, Vanessa Brown.
From Nov. 6: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal; and "Tarzan's Peril," Lex Barker.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Nov. 5: "His Kind of Woman," Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell; and "The Basketball Fix," John Ireland, Vanessa Brown.
From Nov. 6: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal; and "Tarzan's Peril," Lex Barker.

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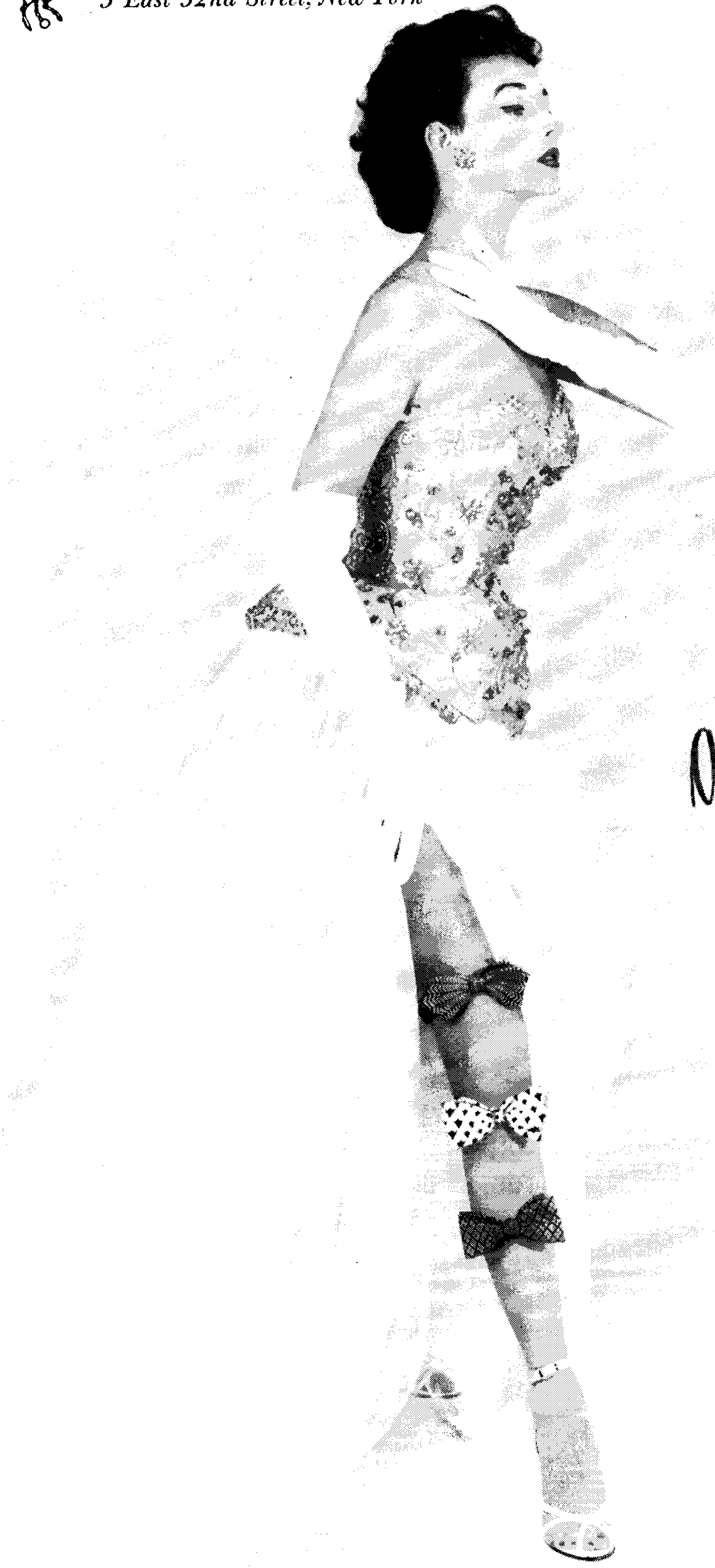

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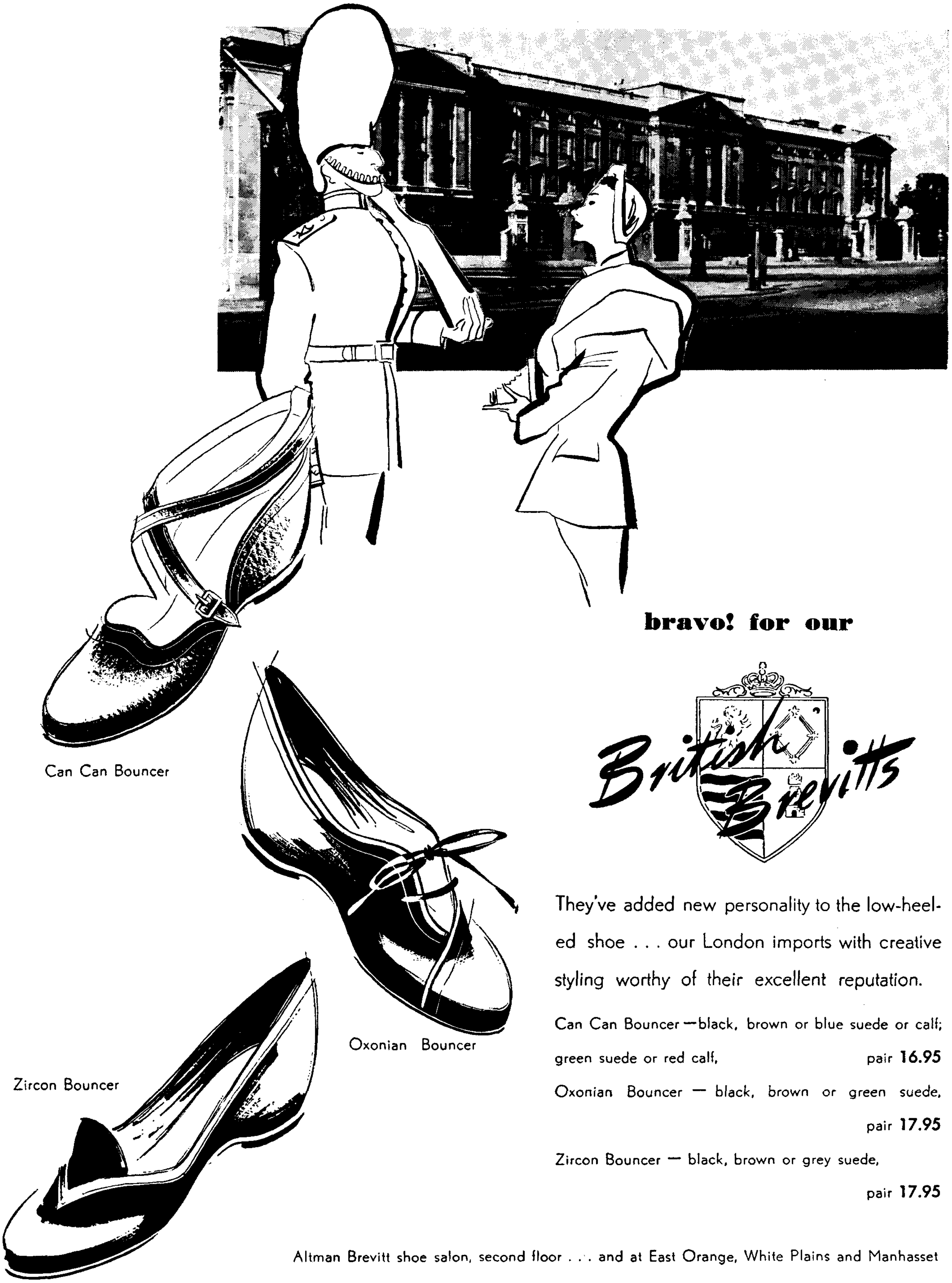

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

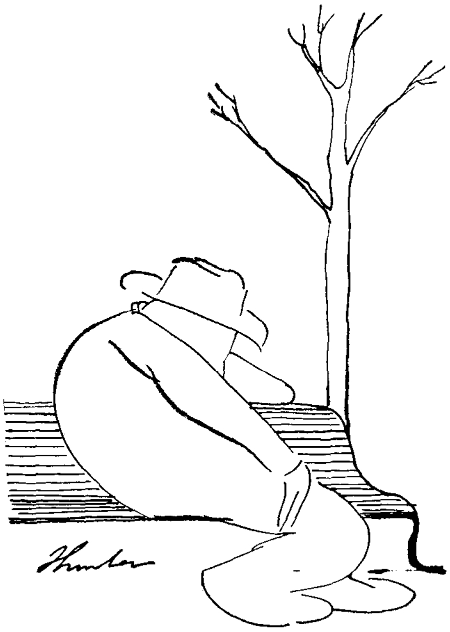
MAGAZINES accumulate in our office as though we were a dentist. We make an honest effort not to read them, but the temptation is great, the rewards are considerable. We have just mooched through the pile and herewith submit a brief report.

READER'S DIGEST. The *Digest* comes full circle with its October issue. Its lead article, a footnote says, "appeared in abbreviated form in *Harper's Bazaar.*" Apparently some editor in Pleasantville, driven off his rocker by a lifetime of cutting things down, suddenly seized a piece and blew it up. We don't know how such an act ends, in Pleasantville, unless the crazed editor plunges the scissors into his heart.

LIFE. Louis Bromfield, the only writer in America who is in perfect health, appears in a *Life* double-page spread endorsing Ballantine's Ale. Mr. Bromfield's latest novel, "Mr. Smith," is a study in dry rot—an analysis of the baleful effect of our huckster civilization on an American husband. We can only conclude that after polishing off the hucksters, Bromfield poured himself a glass of ale and, in the delirium of the moment, wrote, "The golden sun, the warm rains, the richness of the earth itself . . . all lend their goodness to this delightful drink." Here again, as in Pleasantville, the end is perhaps tragic: Bromfield, like the hero of his book, hands the manuscript to the nearest sergeant, steps outside the door, and gets shot by a sentry.

COLLIER'S. *Collier's* devotes its October 27th issue to a preview in color of a third world war. All the articles and stories are imaginary—written as though the war were over and we had won. One of the purposes of this messy project is "to sound a powerful call for reason and understanding between the peoples of the West and East." Whether the vivid fantasies that illuminate the pages of *Collier's*, showing how the West beats the daylights out of the East, will foment understanding is debatable. *Collier's* is clearly in a majestic mood, ready to change the course of history (it says). Thumbing through the issue, we surmise that the pages that will be of most interest to the Kremlin are, as always, the advertising pages, those uncontradictable fantasies of our culture: the Sealed Power piston ring, the vacuum-cup tire, the liquid-process duplicator, the headlight that does not grow dim. Such true fairy tales are probably more unsettling to the Russian mind than any synthetic account of a war that hasn't happened.

We observe, in this issue, how durable is the dream world of the creative artist and writer. *Collier's* gleams with the slightly fishy dawn of a new day (circa 1960)—clean-limbed athletes of all nations, their arms around each other's shoulders. Even the illustrations for the so-called "fiction" pieces show the familiar undamaged, immaculate heroine, unmussed in the midst of atomic rubble. Equally dreamy is *Collier's* scheme for fun-in-the-aftermath—a production of "Guys and Dolls" in a Moscow theatre. It's just possible that some of those heavy-footed Russian intellectuals, released from labor camp only to be confronted with Harry the Horse, might turn around and trudge solemnly back to camp.



LOOK. We are indebted to *Look* for an article summarizing Senator Taft's political philosophy, a task that is best performed by Taft himself, as it is here. The Senator, who has long been unhappy about our foreign policy, believes that our policy should be "to protect the liberty of the people" and to maintain peace. This sets us to wondering whether a candidate for the Presidency can successfully protect liberty without dissociating himself from McCarthy—a step Mr. Taft has not yet bothered to take. It is strange that he hasn't, too, because of all public figures, Taft would be one of the easiest to knock down if anybody wanted to accept the breezy McCarthy concept that public servants who are wrong are traitors.

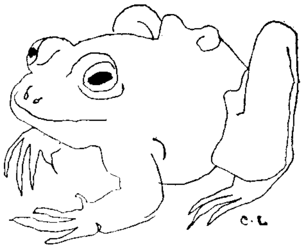
Toward the start of the Second World War, Taft was quite generally opposed to the United States' getting entangled in Europe's affairs. He said so in clear tones. Today it would seem to many of his compatriots, looking back, that Taft was wrong about that, just as our policymakers in 1945 were wrong about playing soft with Russia, and that if his advice had been followed, Hitler might have succeeded. In Senator McCarthy's lexicon, Taft was not merely wrong, he was in the enemy's camp and was showing a "peculiar affinity" for Nazism. Everybody knows this is nonsense. But Mr. Taft has not gone out of his way to state how nonsensical it is, and how cancerous.

◆

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Crazy Water Crystals, a proprietary escape from such afflictions as nervousness, insomnia, loss of appetite, and lack of energy, are advertised by their makers, the Crazy Water Company, of Mineral Wells, Texas, as providing "quick, ephemeral relief."

O.K.

THE first Sumōs, or Japanese wrestlers, ever, so we are told, to leave Japan for professional purposes are putting on some exhibition matches in this country and have been in and out of New York. In the presence of the promoter of the trip, Al J. Richardson, we had a talk with one of them the other day, aided by a young man named Yoshima Imai, who acts as referee for their bouts and as their interpreter. The Sumō we met, in the lobby of the Astor, stands five feet eight, is twenty-seven years old, weighs three hundred pounds, was wearing a dark silk kimono tied with a scarf ending in a couple of large tassels, and wrestles under the name of Fujitayama. "All Sumōs take *noms de guerre*," Richardson told us. "It's a highly ritualistic sport, and that's part of it." The other Sumōs here are Maedayama, who weighs three hundred and fifteen; Onoumi, who weighs two-ninety; and Yakatayama, who weighs three-sixty-five. They are all in their thirties. "Fujitayama is the Japanese Tony Galento," Richardson said. "Maedayama, the former champ, is still the old master." In Teaneck, New Jersey, where the Sumōs had just put on an exhibition, Fujitayama had beaten Yakatayama, Onoumi had beaten Fujitayama, and Maedayama had beaten Onoumi.



Imai explained to us that all Sumō matches take place in a circle slightly more than fifteen feet in diameter (in this country usually drawn with black chalk on the canvas of a regular wrestling ring), and that in Japan a wrestler wins a match when any part of his opponent's body except the soles of his feet touches the ground or when he steps or is thrown out of the ring. On their tour, the Sumōs have been wrestling two falls out of three. At that, the matches are much shorter than the average one-fall wrestling bout here, for many times a fall is accomplished in five minutes, and a ten-minute joust is an unusually long one, pretty well doing both wrestlers in. "The crowds have been going wild over the Sumōs," Richardson said. "In L.A., we seated ten thousand four hundred and had to turn them away after that. In Teaneck, we had fifteen thousand." Richardson told us that the members of his string have been eying American wrestlers and their performances and are going to indulge in some extracurricular activity here, for the hell of it. "The boys are ready, we think, to wrestle American style," he said. "Onoumi will wrestle an American pro in the St. Nicholas Arena on November 6th—American rules. It's entirely different, and their reflexes have had to be reconditioned, but they learn quick. One thing—there isn't an American who could stand up to these boys Sumō style."

Imai and Fujitayama conveyed to us the information that Sumō is the Japanese national sport; that Sumōs are generally at their best around thirty and quit at around forty; that theirs is the fourth oldest sport in the world, ordinary foot racing being the oldest, stone-throwing the second oldest, and ordinary wrestling the third; that all Sumōs wear a topknot, both to denote what they are and to protect them when they hit the ground headfirst (in Japan the ring is of clay, and has a roof over it like a temple's); and that if one Sumō grabbed another's topknot as a stratagem, he'd be disqualified. Before a bout, Sumōs always open their hands and exhibit them to show that they have nothing concealed in them, take a mouthful of water and spit it out to signify that they're spiritually clean, and cast salt, which Shintoists regard as a purifying agent, in four directions. There are forty-eight basic holds in Sumō, Fujitayama told us, and we asked him what his favorite is. He said butting, and added that Yakatayama, who has a vast stomach, likes to attack with it.

All Sumōs are giants, comparatively, and that, we learned, comes about in this wise: They are scouted, like baseball and football players in this country, and are selected for stature and huskiness. After they get together with the management, they attend one of a score of Sumō training camps, all of them near Tokyo. They train and are fattened up on enormous meals of rice, fish, and pickled delicacies. Imai was born in Japan and came to America in his youth, with his family. He was visiting Japan at the time of Pearl Harbor and, being of sufficient size, was given his choice of joining the Japanese Army or a Sumō camp. (Sumōs and Sumō apprentices were exempt from Army duty in Japan.) He chose the latter. He returned to Los Angeles after the war, and when Richardson first presented the rest of the troupe in this country, in Los Angeles, he paid a visit to their dressing rooms. Richardson hired him on the spot.

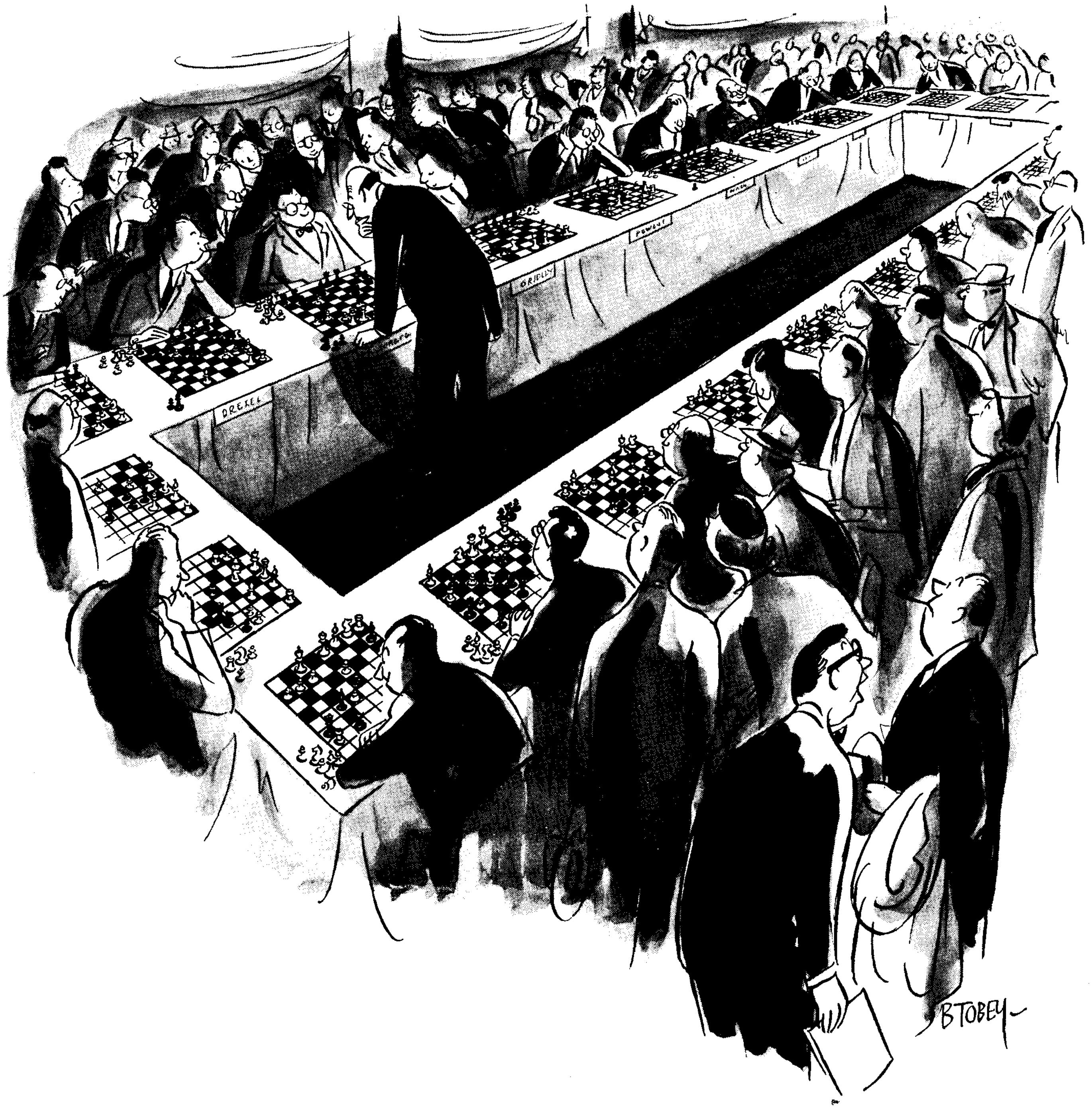
Richardson is a native of Melbourne, Australia, and has been an international sports promoter for many years, during quite a few of which he tried to coax some Sumōs to make a foreign tour. He didn't get a break until the Japan Wrestlers' Association disqualified Maedayama, champion at the time, for failing to enter a tournament and then rubbing it in by appearing at a baseball game to watch Joe DiMaggio and Lefty O'Doul; baseball is competing with Sumō, and the Japan Wrestlers' Association is touchy about it. Approached by Richardson, Maedayama agreed to come to the United States. He subsequently persuaded Onoumi and Fuji to join him. Faced with a reality and a possible loss of face, the officials of the Association pleaded with Richardson to take a man of their nomination along, and that's how Yakatayama comes to be here. Richardson told us that the results of all the American matches are cabled back to Japan and printed in the newspapers. "These boys hate to lose," he said. "When they wrestle, they're always levelling." Imai told Fujitayama what Richardson had said, and he nodded vigorously and said, "O.K."

Mot Juste

A CAREY airlines-terminal bus, caught in a Madison Avenue traffic jam athwart a crosswalk at Forty-fourth Street when there was a green light across the avenue, was circled to the rear by an old lady who thwacked it soundly with her cane and, with an inflection ordinarily reserved for oaths, said, "Jaybus!"

By the Foot

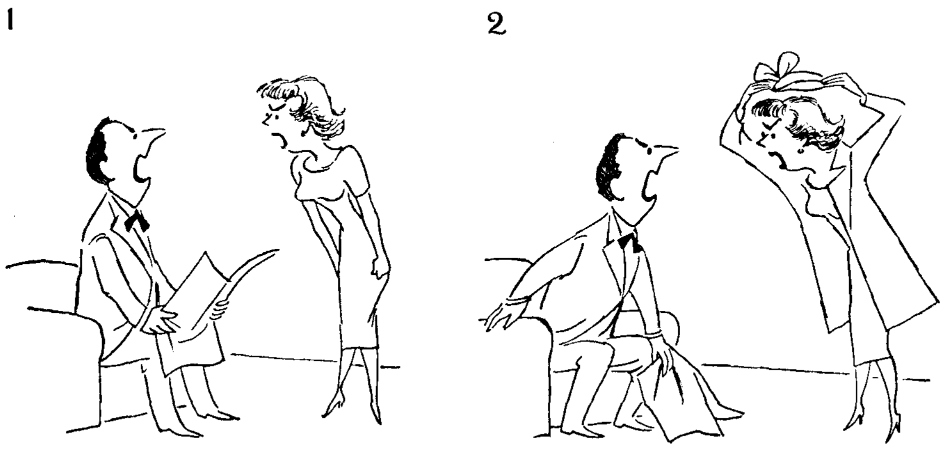
YOUNG as it is, the United Nations Secretariat has already piled up over twelve thousand cubic feet of official records, which are now sequestered on the nineteenth and twentieth floors of the Secretariat Building. Having heard about this mass of material, we dropped



"Quite an upset. He's losing to everybody!"

in at the Secretariat the other day and, in the absence of Robert Claus, the head archivist, who was off archiving in Geneva, had an illuminating talk with his deputy, Irving Schiller, an earnest young man with horn-rimmed glasses. Schiller warmed up for his present job in the papery purlieus of the National Archives in Washington. He told us that besides amassing its own records the Secretariat has inherited the documents of several recently defunct international organizations, among them Unrra, the United Nations War Crimes Commission, and the United Nations Information Organization. The United Nations headquarters has also taken over more than a third of the records of various agencies of the League of Nations and is expecting to receive the archives of the International Refugee Organization and the International Penal and Penitentiary Commission. "One of our biggest worries is how to keep from bursting out of house and home," Schiller said. "We're destroying obsolete records—old employment applications, stores orders, and things like that—at the rate of one or two hundred cubic feet a month. We're very proud of the fact that in the past year we've managed to throw out even more stuff than we've taken in, without, as far as we know, discarding a single scrap worth saving."

Schiller invited us to have a look at some of the archives and led us into a room filled with large metal bookshelves. These were jammed to the last inch with ledgers and cardboard filing cases, most of the latter in a fetching light blue, the official United Nations color. We asked Schiller about a sign that hung from the ceiling: "ATTENTION: EVACUATE ROOM IMMEDIATELY UPON SOUNDING OF ALARM BELL." "That's in case of fire," he explained. "Archivists are almost as much afraid of water as they are of fire, so instead of the usual



sprinklers we have a system here that releases a gas if fire breaks out. It's supposed to smother fire without damaging records. It also might very likely smother anyone who's hanging around." The majority of the documents in the archives are of administrative rather than historical interest, Schiller told us. "Printed and mimeographed documents go to our library, in that small building at the southwest corner of the U. N. lot," he said. "We keep the source material—cables, letters, working papers, vouchers, and so on. Such as this." He took down a file labelled "Stores Orders, 1948, 8-5680–8-7099" and, opening it, showed us a notation of the fact that on 7 June 1948 Mr. Jacques Rapoport, member of the United Nations Visiting Mission to East Africa, requisitioned a briefcase, leather, zipper type, with push-in handle, tan. "That's the sort of thing we destroy from time to time," he said. "Some of the things we plan to keep for *many* years have been microfilmed, to save space. We'll eventually have a total of twenty-five thousand feet of shelves here, and mean to make it do for years."

At the far end of the room, we passed a set of steel shelves visible behind a locked metal grille. "Classified material," Schiller said. "We don't mark anything 'Confidential,' because we figure that would just arouse the snooping instinct." He led us into a room crammed with files and said, "All Unrra here. Sooner or later, these records will be given a drastic pruning, but right now they're useful in prosecuting claims against transportation companies that damaged Unrra goods. We've recovered over a million dollars to date." In a third room, we came on a roll of paper two feet long and a foot in diameter, which Schiller identified as a petition asking for a plebiscite in Kashmir. "That's to be thrown out," he said. "We couldn't possibly store all the petitions we get. We keep the heading and a record of the number of signatures." He paused near a large wooden packing case and added, "We get a lot of gifts and curios, too. These are gifts brought back by U.N. missions that visited Africa and Western Samoa—model canoes, straw hats, drums, shark boats, and I don't know what. I suppose someday there'll be a U.N. museum, and we'll be able to pass this stuff along."

Ushering us into a room dominated by two big safes, Schiller opened one and removed two onyx pen sets. The pens, he told us, were used to sign the United Nations Charter in San Francisco. We inquired as to the whereabouts of the Charter, and Schiller told us that the State Department has it. "The United States, as host country at San Francisco, was entitled by protocol to keep the Charter," Schiller said. "Still, it would be nice if we could have it."

•

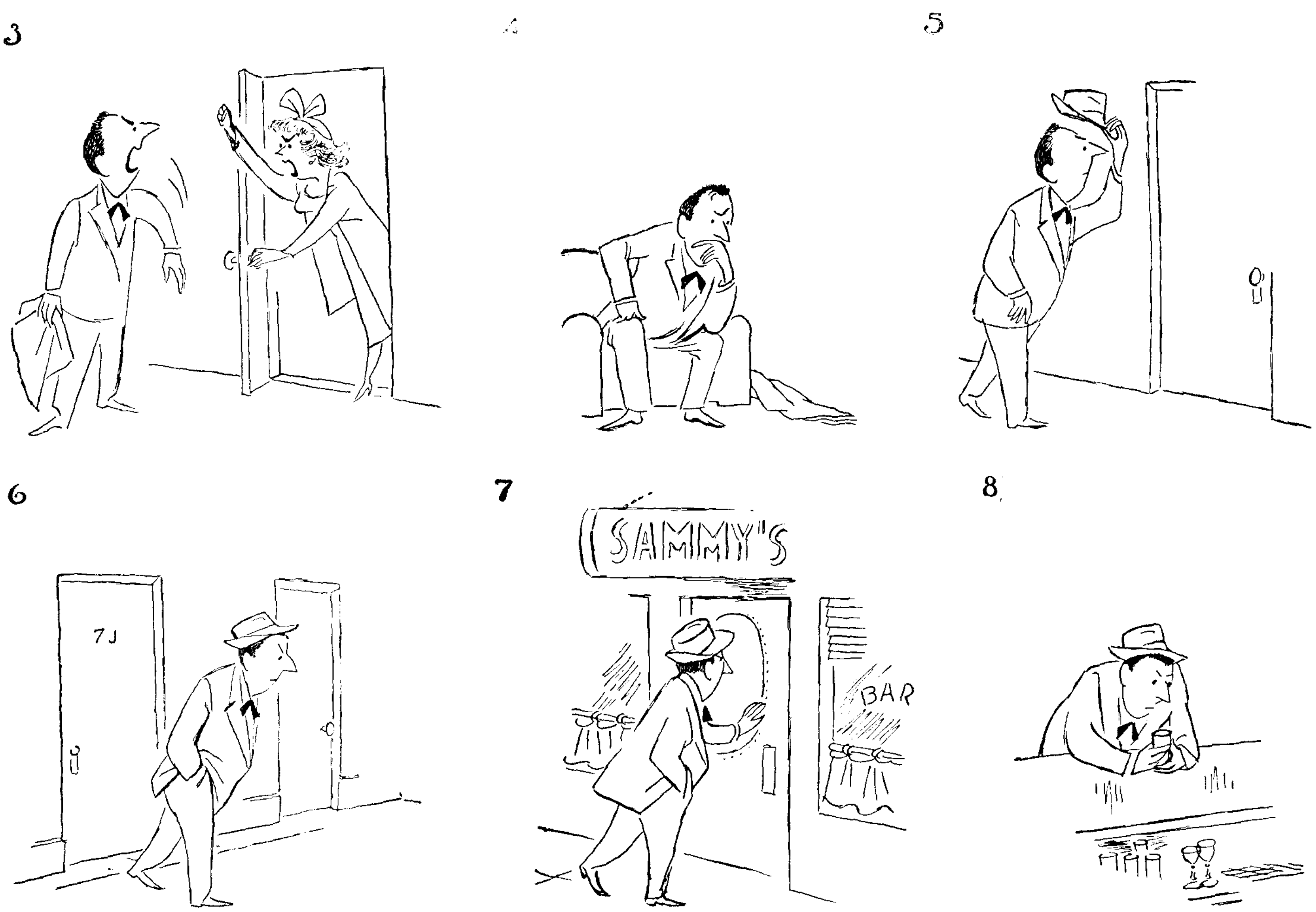
EXCERPT from instructions to passengers posted in cabins of the Nieuw Amsterdam: "Life Belts Will Be Found Under the Porthole Against the Ceiling Under the Bed."

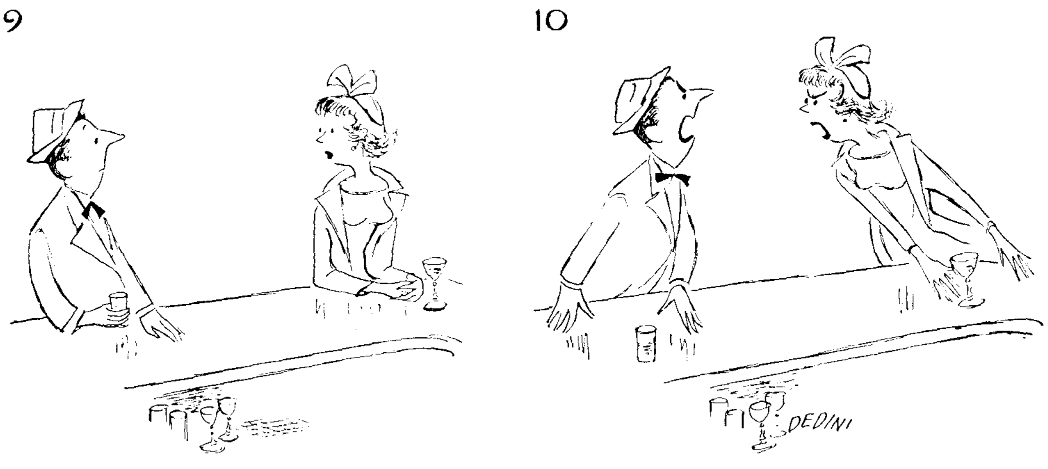
No Return

UP to August, the ancient financial institution at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, known for seven decades as the Fifth Avenue Bank of New York, and for the last three years, following a merger, as the Bank of New York and Fifth Avenue Bank, was remarkable for its inveterate and complacent dowdiness, inside and out. The jumble of buildings of which it was composed had been done over several times in earlier, thriftier days and looked it; one could still trace the original configurations of the three old mansions whose high-ceilinged parlors were consolidated into the main floor, and through the wide-silled windows one saw dim nooks and crannies deep within, their walls a solemn brown winking with golden fleurs-de-lis; solemn, brown-suited vice-presidents, unwinking, at roll-top desks; and a tellers' cage that was all shining brass and wine-dark mahogany wainscot. Now, after two strenuous months, the bank has completed the most thorough remodelling in its history and the staff is getting used to the results. We paid a visit to it the other day, and can report that both officers and customers looked pleased at all the wonders wrought.

The exterior is structurally the same, but the brick walls have been steam-cleaned to rosy brightness and the once drab limestone trim and scattered patches of brownstone have been painted a giddy buff. As for the interior, it is totally transformed. Gone are the fleurs-de-lis, the roll-top desks, the tellers' cage, and the fireplace near the front door, on whose hearth a fire was kept burning throughout the winter. The mahogany panelling has been painted dove gray, draperies of dove gray hang at the windows, and the chandeliers, which used to give off a dull-orange glow, now blaze with light. We were taken on a tour of the premises by Richmond P. Gardner, a vice-president, who said he couldn't get over how big the bank had suddenly become. "Never knew we had all this space," he said. "Big as a golf range in here now!" Mr. Gardner made it apparent that a conclusion expressed in these columns last week to the effect that the bank didn't know what it was up to in the reconstruction was without foundation. It knew exactly what it was up to. "We figured out how to do the remodelling all by ourselves," said Mr. Gardner. "We just decided what we needed and where we needed it, and then went ahead and got it."

We told Mr. Gardner that what struck us most was the businesslike, go-getting air of the altered quarters, and asked if it wasn't true that the bank is something of a family affair, specializing in the rich in general and in rich old ladies in particular. Mr. Gardner threw up his hands. "That's precisely what we *don't* want people to think," he said. "The reason we fixed the place over is so we could make more business loans and handle more accounts. We're a commercial bank, like any other." He went on to say that years ago the neigh-





borhood around the bank was almost entirely residential, with well-to-do women as thick as— that is, on every side. Leading the way to the rear of the bank, he permitted us to glance into the ladies' drawing room, where lady customers retire to write checks or clip coupons. It is handsomely decorated with gold brocade on the walls, and has a gleaming parquet floor. It was once a carriage house, Mr. Gardner told us. "We changed it into this in 1910," he said, "and I doubt if we ever change it into anything else—too beautiful just as it is."

Mr. Gardner noted that the remodelling had given the description of the bank in Marquand's novel "Point of No Return" a certain historical value. "Charley Gray, the hero of the book, would still recognize the vaults, if nothing else," Mr. Gardner said. He escorted us down a long flight of wooden stairs leading to the basement and showed us about the vaults with expressions of displeasure at the condition of the walls, the floor, and the furnishings, "Everything looks so dingy after what we've done upstairs," he said. "Care to go to the very bottom?" We said we'd be delighted, and Mr. Gardner took us down another stairway, this one of iron, into a brick-and-concrete cellar, dark and cool. In one corner was a well, covered by a stone slab. "I believe that connects with a brook of some sort," Mr. Gardner said. "Nobody knows much about this part of the building." We took a penny from our pocket, slipped it through a crack in the edge of the slab, and heard it splash a couple of moments later. The splash sounded a long way off—ever so far from Fifth Avenue and all that dove-gray dazzle two stories above.

Preference

ONE of a pair of schoolgirls, discussing college choices, said she was thinking of Bennington, because its curriculum included interpretive dancing. "I'd rather go to Radcliffe," said the other. "I think it's more fun to dance with boys."

OVERTURE

AS my wife lay writhing contentedly into wakefulness in the next bed, I lay quietly in mine trying to evolve some morning pleasantry with which to greet her, some dallying, companionable nonsense. Not, I reminded myself, that that is easy; nonsense may be one of the lowliest of the arts but it is certainly one of the trickiest, since the penalty for its failure is silliness.

My wife lay on her side with one leg bent over the other, an arm outflung on her pillow. Think of the languorous organization of power in a woman's limbs, I said to myself; how unlike a man's body, which in repose suggests only latent locomotion. Latent locomotion and power in repose indeed! I told myself. This is rubbish—where's the nonsense?

I sorted through the probable events of the coming day. These would include the planing of the front door by a handyman named Mr. Crèvecoeur. A long spell of humid weather had warped and swollen one door after another, and now Mr. Crèvecoeur came every Saturday to plane something, always bringing a tin of stain to coat over the newly exposed surface. But the damp always got into the wood again, and for a week now I had had to heave the front door shut at night with my shoulder. Soon the winter would come and the dry furnace heat would shrink the doors back hopelessly short of the jambs, so in the end they would probably all swing clear, like the doors of saloons. I examined these facts as raw materials for some usable jest, turning once to glance at my wife, who had kicked the covers down to the foot of her bed.

Settling my hands under my head, my fingers laced, I looked up at the ceiling and spoke. "When Mr. Crèvecoeur comes," I called over softly, "when Mr. Crèvecoeur comes, and he insists on painting the planed part the deep-mahogany stain that is all he ever has, that I keep telling him doesn't match the light finish we've got on the rest of the wood, if he refuses to pay any attention to me and does the same thing over, I'm going to say to him, 'Go away, and never darken my door again.' "

There was an extended murmuring as my wife stretched, pleasurably curling her fists over her shoulders and mingling with the act a nod of domestic agreement. She singled the sheet from the blankets at the end and drew it up to her chin, after which reorganization of her nest she lay momentarily at rest once more.

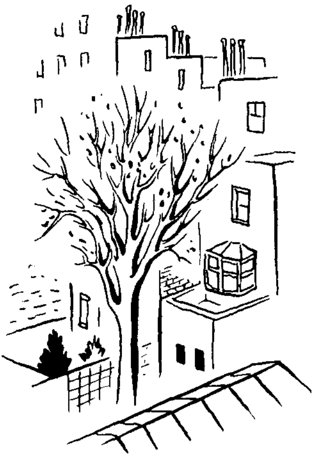
"Why," I tried again, putting a riddle, "are these things—these botherations with a house in the country—like a tin can tied to a dog's tail? Because they're bound to occur."

I heard no sound.

"Bound to a cur," I said.

I had passed into general humor with no more detectable profit than in the case of nonsense, and I lay reflecting that next in order—supposing I wished to continue this double-or-nothing pursuit through levels of subtlety—was the calculated anecdote. I presently saw that my wife had rolled her head on the pillow and was now gazing past me with a dreamy imprecision at the wall, a moist tendril of hair pasted down her forehead like an inverted question mark. Perhaps she was thinking of the cocktail party of yesterday afternoon. I was thinking of it myself.

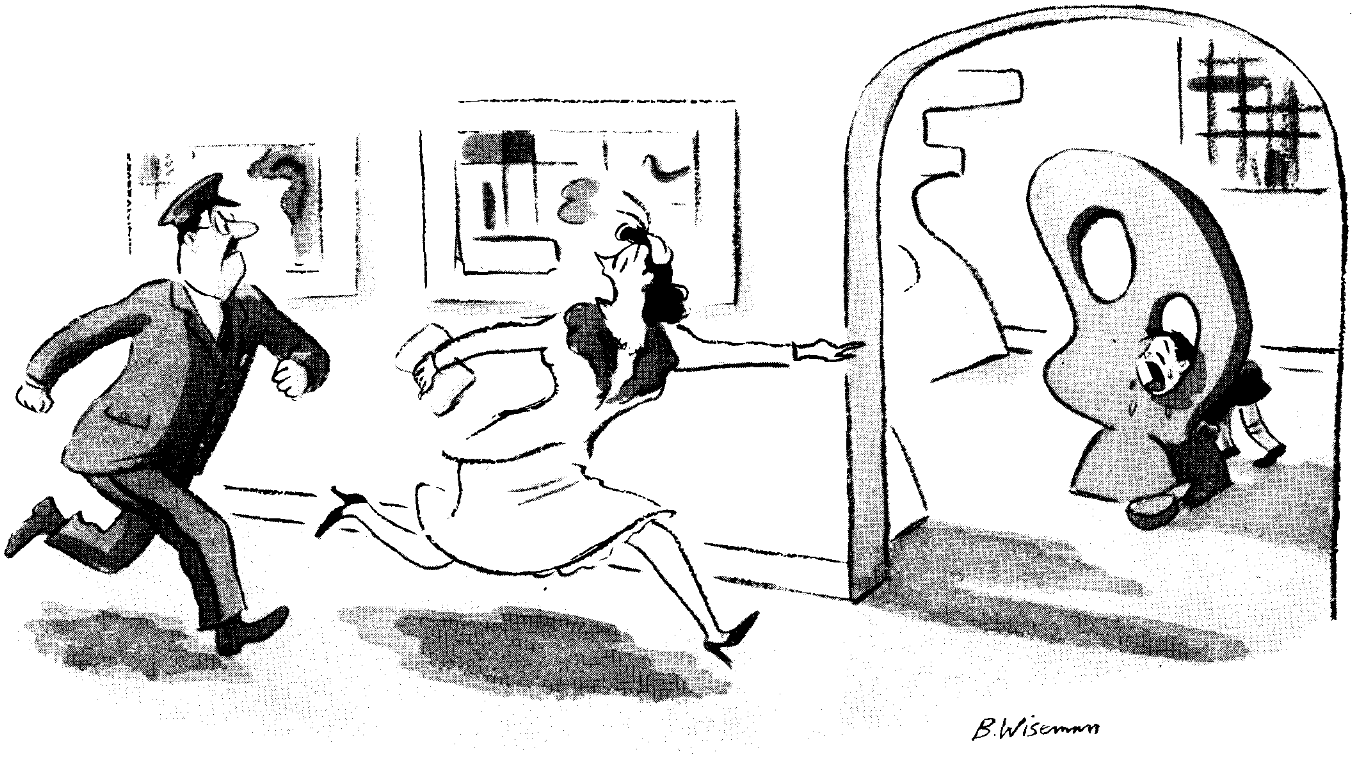
There she had harvested laughter, as she often had before, not only without effort but, as it seemed to me, without design. Of winter sports, she had said that they left her cold. Of our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Shepherd, "She goes to church religiously." (There must be, as well as unconscious humor, such a thing as unconscious wit, or how could my wife have acquired the local reputation she has as a wag?) The news that a rather unambitious acquaintance had finally, after several years of idleness, taken a job, albeit a part-time one, had once prompted her to remark, "Half a loaf is better than none." I had joined in the laughter that followed, but not without secretly smiling. I smiled now as, with fresh resolve, I sat up in bed and, looking through the window and across the intervening lot to the Shepherds' garden, told a funny story.



"I will not ask you to believe I know a man named De Peyster," I began, "but I do. Harry De Peyster. Well, I was having a beer at Micklejohn's, across from the railroad station, one evening several weeks ago when in walks this Harry De Peyster. 'Harry De Peyster!' I said. But he was in no mood for gaiety, and after a few drinks he told me he was having trouble with his wife. Oh, nothing serious enough for a divorce or anything—luckily, because," I went on, very carefully, as though feeling my way through the task of assembling particular ingredients, "otherwise you would have De Peyster seeing de shyster. Well, anyway, I said, 'Harry, why don't you take her some flowers tonight when you go home?' When he protested that there were no florists open in town at that hour, I said, 'Steal some. Why not? A lyric idea—flowers stolen for her by moonlight from somebody's garden.' 'Whose?' he said. 'Anybody's. The Shepherds',' I said. 'People next door to me. They've got a garden with some beauties. Win prizes every year at the flower shows. Come on, we'll pile in my car and drive over.' So we did. I parked a hundred yards or so down the road. 'Now, right on this edge of the garden, in back there, are some phlox that are out of this world,' I said to Harry. 'You go on help yourself. I'll wait here in the car.' So he slipped over, keeping in the shadows as much as possible, and picked himself some of those giant blue phlox—that special breed that's the apple of the Shepherds' eye. When he had a good armful, the kitchen door opened, the porch light went on, and a man's voice—I don't know whether it was Old Man Shepherd or one of the sons—called out, 'Who's there?' Harry dropped the flowers and high-tailed it for the car. He got in and slammed the door and I started off. 'What the hell did you go and tell me to do that for?' he said. He was panting and puffing. I shifted the car into second, then into high, and settled back behind the wheel. 'Oh,' I said, 'I just wanted to show you how Shepherds watch their phlox.' "

MY wife had commenced her morning ritual, and was brushing her hair. She did it, as usual, sitting on the edge of her bed, from which she could see her reflection in the dresser mirror. Perched tailorwise on mine, I could see it, too.

"I think it's 'special' myself, but that's no matter now," I said. "Maybe you don't like the merely acoustical pun—think only the pun with a point or meaning is worth while. Well, how's this one for size? 'Sweet are the uses of perversity.' You don't have to laugh," I went on, when she didn't. "The humor I'm in now isn't really



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humor, but more like wit. Intellectual."

She changed hands and did the left side of her hair. Getting off the bed, I drew on my robe, which had been hanging on the back of a chair, and tied the cord. I walked over and stood behind her, watching her ply the brush with leisurely, deliberate strokes, fluttering the ends of her hair upward at the conclusion of each one. "The next level," I said, "is formal epigram."

She rose and set the brush down on the dresser and went over and reached into the closet for a dressing gown, murmuring something into it that was indistinguishable but that seemed to me to resemble the single word "God."

"God," I said, "like Alfred Hitchcock, vouchsafes us only glimpses of Himself. I have often thought of this. And also that we make a game of trying to spot Him in this scene and then that, till we've squandered the revelation of the whole instead of simply accepting and enjoying what He has created. We're in philosophy now. I hope," I added sardonically, "I'm not keeping you up."

She drifted by, trailing the shred of a smile, which seemed to linger in the glass, where I caught sight of it, like a skein of smoke. She brushes her teeth before breakfast, too, and as she brushed them now I stood at the mirror and combed my hair, which was mashed in every direction, like grass after a storm. My wife emerged from the bathroom, spruce, with a brisk yawn. I set the comb down and followed her out of the bedroom and downstairs to the dining room.

"As I see it, there's only the last level—Ultimate Beauty," I said. She turned with an expression of concern, which I overrode. "The hell with that now. If you're going to fall on your face, it might as well be from the top of the mountain. There Truth is Beauty and Beauty Truth," I continued, following her on into the kitchen. "There the mathematician resorts to letters and the poet uses numbers. Think of the New England mathematician who covered the blackboard with abstract theorems while tears were streaming down his cheeks. So the juice that flows from visceral laughter is squeezed from the brain as well."

I watched her set coffee to brew and halve a honeydew, which she carried on two plates into the dining room. This had the quality of a feat of balancing, from which I tried to extract some hope of collecting and coördinating the fragment of the morning.

"It's an old joke of your own—correct me if I am mistaken—that if my nose were a quarter of an inch shorter, I would look like Cyrano," I said. "As I remember it, not the least of his accomplishments was the ability to improvise in strict verse forms." I closed my eyes and drew a deep breath. "I'll take— the sonnet."

When I looked again she was at the window. She twitched a cord, and the drapes flew apart with a dwindling swirl like that of a dancer's skirt. I pointed an arm toward the window, and began:

"The flash of drapes that lets the morning in,
Smartly adjuring us to be about,
Gives tacit promise of its better twin—
The pensive pull that shuts the evening out;
When we may listen for, eventually catch,
The sound of guests for dinner and for talk,
Music for which there is no earthly match,
Save that of their departure down the walk.

For this there crow apocalyptic cocks!
This rigmarole of Time, for which we heed
The ticking gizzards of monotonous clocks.
O Vanity! At least you spell my need:
The strength to keep, for my ephemeral doom,
One candle nourished on eternal gloom."

Having paused to listen, she now paused a moment longer to assess my expression and find it in correspondence with what I had uttered. Then she came over to me. All woman, she put a hand to my cheek, and when her two arms slipped around over my shoulders, her embrace no less than her voice was that of one who had never shirked her obligation to encourage, comfort, and sustain. "Darling, that's nonsense," she said, drawing my head down to hers. Her fingers on my face and through my hair conveyed the most delicate sense of ministration. "It really is, you know, it's perfect nonsense."

I had done it at last.

—PETER DE VRIES

THE ARGONAUT

AT about half past two on a late September afternoon—the afternoon of the day before his ship would dock at New York—Arnold Graham, of East Orange, New Jersey, looked up from rummaging through a suitcase that lay open on his berth, and stared with some resentment at his reflection in the washstand mirror of his cabin. He was twenty-five years old. He had gray eyes, a wide and amiable mouth, prominent ears, and dark hair that covered his head like a short, soft growth of fur, and at the moment he was taxing himself with the fact that in the six weeks of his European travels nobody had taken him for anything but exactly what he was. Clean-cut, he thought derisively. The college type. He would greatly have preferred to see a sharper, more mental face in the glass, or the image of a man made spacious by his travels. He shook his head and went back to his rummaging, and among shirts and socks, maps of cities and rolls of exposed film, he eventually made contact with the book he had come to his cabin to consult—a small one, bound in yellow paper and entitled "The Wines of France."

Even before he opened it, he knew he would find that the Rumanian had been right. The Rumanian—the totally bald man with the cigarette always pasted to the center of his lower lip, the blue-and-purple scarf tied high about his throat, and the British manner—sat at Arnold's table (second sitting, Cabin Class) and invariably was right. At lunch, a short while before, when Arnold had courageously remarked that he considered a good Bordeaux the best wine of Europe (an opinion recently tendered him by an American friend of his who lived near Paris), the Rumanian had asked why Arnold didn't *drink* Bordeaux, then. And when Arnold had answered that Bordeaux was what he *had* been drinking, the Rumanian, affecting bewilderment and speaking to his wife rather than to Arnold, had said that Pommard had always, in his experience, been a Burgundy. Of course, he had been right once more. "The Wines of France" now made it bleakly apparent to Arnold that he had been confusing Pommard with Pomerol the whole way from Southampton.

The Rumanian had gone on for a while, elaborately distinguishing Burgundy from Bordeaux. Fortunately, the ladies from The Hague, the elegant and haughty Miss De Grauw and her hooting mother, had already left the table for the afternoon bingo game. Miss De Grauw would scrupulously and unsmilingly have translated the whole unhappy business for her mother, who would then have had a glorious few minutes. Whenever Mrs. De Grauw was amused—and it was always, inadvertently, Arnold who amused her—she would sit staring down at her plate, strangling politely for a while, then burst forth. "Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!" she would say ecstatically through pursed lips, after which she would cover her mouth with her napkin and look at him contritely.

It was just as well, therefore, that the Dutch ladies had left. The Austrian priest had still been there, but he was never quite as disconcerting as they were. Father Maierhofer was a friendly, precise young man, a teacher, on his way to a year's study in the Midwest, about which he inquired constantly, his strong teeth bared in a courteous, anxious smile. On this occasion, he had interrupted the Rumanian to plunge into a series of questions about Ohio wines, of which Arnold knew absolutely nothing. As a matter of fact, he hardly ever knew the answers to Father Maierhofer's questions, but today it had made no difference. The notion of American-made wine had driven the Rumanian and his wife precipitately from the table, and Father Maierhofer had been able to answer himself from his own abundant knowledge of the oenological statistics of Ohio.

ARNOLD put "The Wines of France" back in his suitcase, and was stowing it beneath his berth when the door swung open and Mr. Barber, his cabinmate, hurried in. He waggled a cordial hand at Arnold and, declaring that he ought to have had the sense to know it was going to be cold, went to his closet and got out a topcoat. He was a slight, middle-aged man, white-haired, energetic in his walk, and angular in his gestures. He had told Arnold that his wife was in another cabin—that they'd taken the only accommodations they could get when he had been called back from his vacation to his business in Syracuse on short notice. Arnold had seen them together now and then, but only around mealtimes. They were never in the lounges or on deck.

"Missed you before dinner last night," Arnold said. "That brandy finally scare you off?" For Mr. Barber had an astonishing predilection for raw apple brandy. Arnold was taking a bottle of the stuff home with him, more as a joke than anything else. His American friend who worked in Paris and rented a country house in a village on the Marne had given it to him as a kind of souvenir, saying it had been made from his own rented apples. The bottle was a shabby-looking thing—green, of an odd shape, with a sheet of *France-Soir* tied clumsily around its neck in case of leakage—and Arnold had felt it called for an explanation the first time Mr. Barber saw it. He had told him about it and offered him a drink, and Mr. Barber, accepting instantly, had sipped with relish, and twice thereafter had asked for it again.

"That's some stuff, all right," Mr. Barber said now, beaming softly. "Very interesting stuff."

"Have a drink?" Arnold said. "Any time you like, you know."

"No, thanks," said Mr. Barber. "I appreciate it, but I guess I'd better be shooting along." He waved once more to Arnold and went out.

I wonder what that Rumanian would say about *him*, Arnold thought—and the disheartening scene in the dining saloon slid back into his mind, dispelling the engaging thought of Mr. Barber and his outlandish taste, and bringing to Arnold once more the sense of disappointment that had been growing ever since his second day in Europe.

Perhaps, he thought, digging in the closet for his own topcoat, perhaps he had expected too much. Lake Garda, for instance. *Lago di Garda.* "Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row," the poem began. He'd had to memorize it in high school, primarily because his English teacher had once been

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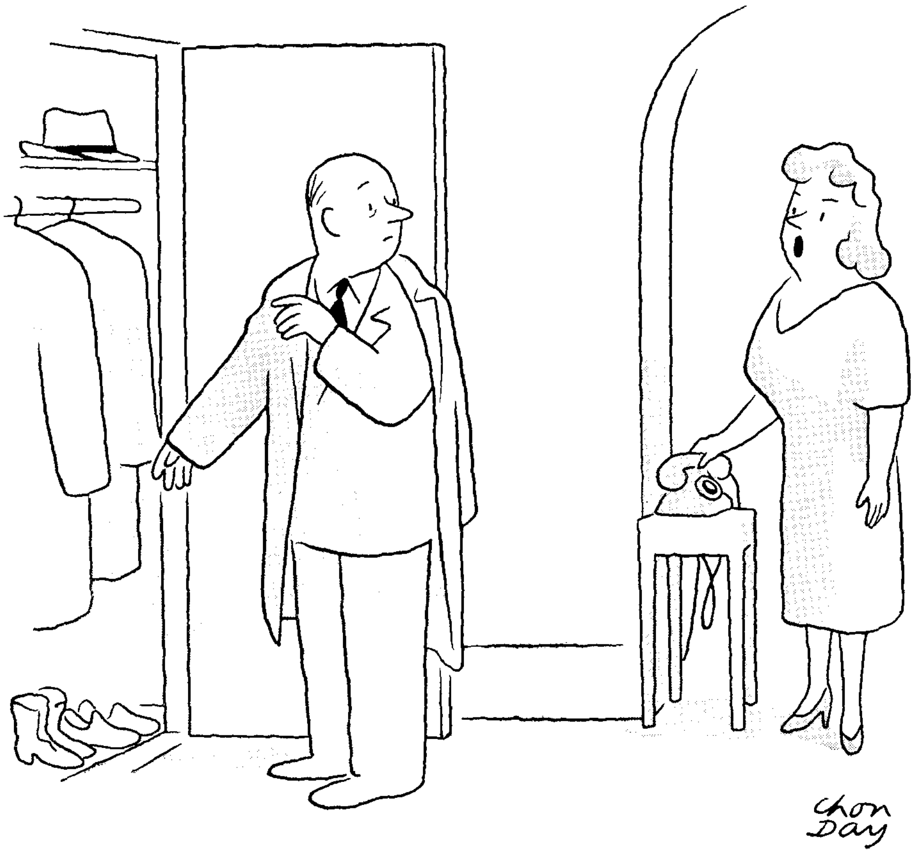

"That was your poor, sick, dying Ed. He said for you not to forget the chips."

there and had fallen in love with the place, as she had, years before, with Tennyson. The names had entangled themselves in Arnold's fancy, and he had longed ever since to visit the lake where Desenzano and Sirmione were—a body of water that apparently had been absolutely cerulean for every poet since Catullus and every traveller but himself. Two months before, the Dolomite Alps had risen, regal and aloof, in his imagination, and there, in East Orange, in advance, he had conquered them. But not in Italy. In Italy it had been a different matter.

Perhaps he had waited too long to go to Europe. There had been the Army—a little of it at the end of the war—and that had made him a trifle old to be getting out of college. Then his father had thought it already past time he began to learn the family paper-box-and-carton business, and Arnold had managed to squeeze out only this late-season trip between a six-month stretch in the factory and the front-office job he was to take over as soon as he got home.

Perhaps because of this lateness all along the line, he had tried to go too fast, crowded his time too full.

"Think of all the marvellous things you'll bring *back* with you," his mother had said, referring to spiritual enhancements.

"Be sure to look up the Cuginis in Venice," his sister had said importantly eight or nine times, assuring him that Paolo Cugini, the cousin of an acquaintance of hers, would be overjoyed to show him around that town. "They're expecting you. They know when you'll arrive. Now, you go *see* them, Arnold."

And other people—relatives and friends—had bound him to see relatives and friends of theirs in Paris or in London. So Arnold had sailed for Le Havre with too full a schedule and possibly too staunch a determination to bring back as many marvellous things as he could manage to absorb.

ARNOLD put on his coat and went out along the corridor and past the group of elderly women who always sat in the foyer between the lounge and the purser's office, waiting shyly, patiently, for the voyage to be over, their hands folded in their laps. He went down a carpeted stairway and out onto the games deck, where a couple of teen-age girls were playing ping-pong and a tall, blond young woman strode powerfully to and fro pushing a low-slung pink-and-silver perambulator, around which a froth of ruffles shivered in the wind.

Dropping into an empty deck chair and watching the hypnotic coming and going of the ping-pong balls, Arnold decided that he might as well face it now as later: He wasn't bringing much of anything back, and he began to mull over his trip and consider why. He couldn't say that he regretted it. It hadn't all been bad, but enough of it had gone wrong—particularly the things that were to have been the high spots—to spoil it. There was the whole episode of Venice, for instance. Along with Lake Garda and the Dolomites, Venice had been what he was most looking forward to.

He had spent one night in Paris with his friend, testing the electric air of Europe, and the next evening had ridden off on the Simplon-Orient Express, his excitement greatly fortified by the name of the train. Staring out the window at France that night, as long as he could see anything, knowing that later he might catch glimpses of Switzerland, and that the next day he could have his first, and perhaps most beautiful, sight of Lake Garda, from the station at Desenzano, he slept hardly at all. He saw very little of Switzerland, but in the early morning Italy was wonderful indeed, its cypresses and ochre roofs sliding back past his open window, where he sat facing the rear of the train, smelling the cool air that he kept reminding himself was Italian and that grew swiftly warmer as the day rose.

He fell asleep while the car sat in the station at Milan, and when he woke again, he found himself choking and filthy, and almost at Venice. The car had been shifted in Milan, and now he was riding forward with all the smoke and cinders of the train, so it seemed, and all the hot dust of an Italian noon pouring in on him. Some while before, he had gone past Desenzano.

He'd arrived in Venice hungry and still half asleep. At his hotel, he learned that the midday meal was over, but the *maître* agreed to have something ready by the time Arnold was done with a bath. Half an hour later, stepping out of the small black cage of the elevator, he found that the Cuginis had come to pay him a courtesy call and were in the lobby, while two waiters stood ready to serve him a substantial dinner in the dining room just off it.

The Cuginis were a tiny couple, and Arnold, who had never before regarded himself as hulking, felt that he must seem to loom over them oppressively. His sister had neglected to say—if she knew it—that Paolo Cugini spoke very little English. His wife spoke none at all, but stood by smiling shyly and curiously, as if she were peeping out from behind a curtain or a half-open door. Arnold understood that they had come to offer to be of service, and he felt that he ought to ask some favor of them promptly. He managed to convey the idea that he would like to see the Piazza San Marco, and the Cuginis received the suggestion so eagerly that he thought for a desolate moment that perhaps he should cancel his meal and go there with them at once. The dark, stony face of the *maître* deterred him, however, and instead he asked the Cuginis to join him at the table. They refused, assuring him that they would wait, and Arnold went to the dining room and hurried as fast as he could through the five-course dinner that had been prepared for him.

He saw the Piazza with something less than half an eye, and in a state of heavy preoccupation. It was not far from the hotel, but all the way there, softly, insistently, and eventually rather desperately, the Cuginis kept conversation alive by asking such questions as: How did he like Italy? How did he like Europe? The canals? The shops? The weather? Venice? And Arnold, hoping in his heart to seem both grateful and companionable, could only keep on saying "*Sì*" and "*È bella*," "*Magnifico!*" and "*Molto, molto!*"

Finally, he suggested that they go to a café. He was hoping for a drink, but the Cuginis ordered ices and, later, *espresso*. Bogged down still by his dinner but far too polite to order anything else, Arnold had the same. Afterward, the Cuginis made their excuses and vanished, smiling, and Arnold wandered back through the Piazza, wearily aware that it was beautiful, but aware, too, that now he could never really see it for the first time.

The next day, Mrs. Gresham got him. She did it as he was pushing his way through the crowd leaving the boat at the Lido. "Excuse me," he was saying, in English, "Pardon me, please," when an excited voice cried "Oh! Oh!" and a hand clutched one of his arms while another fell fraternally on his shoulder. Arnold turned, startled. A wiry little woman somewhere near sixty had seized him. Her neatly curled gray hair was tinged with blue, and her eyes, also blue, blinked at him enthusiastically through her glasses.

"You're an American!" she said. "Isn't it awful? The heat, I mean, and nobody the length and breadth of the place to talk to. It's beautiful and all that, but I mean. I'm Mrs. Gresham. I'm from Los Angeles."

"I'm Arnold Graham," he told her. "You come from a long way off. I'm from New Jersey."

"Graham?" she cried. "*Graham?*" And the similarity of the name to "Gresham" pitched her into such a state of wonder that on the spot she invited Arnold to visit her in Los Angeles if ever he should get that far West.

She had left her husband in Rome, where he had business, and had come to take in Venice, with no intention of wasting time about it. It came to light that she was staying at Arnold's hotel, and when she learned that he was alone in Venice—an intolerable condition—she proposed that they do as much of their sightseeing together as they could. She told Arnold that he was a godsend. He could think of no friendly way to escape the honor, and so she began instantly to make plans. For the next few days, she led him at a good pace through churches, galleries, and palaces, enthusiastic about covering so much ground, affably critical of whatever she saw. She even insisted they ride in a gondola at night from the Rialto to the Riva degli Schiavoni. The moon was high, the scene almost platitudinously Venetian, but it was not as Arnold would once have pictured it. If he had not precisely supposed he would get to do this with a lovely Italian, he had certainly never reckoned on Mrs. Gresham. Her talk beat a staccato counterpoint against the high, plaintive voice of the gondolier pointing out the dwellings of the celebrated dead, and Arnold sat wondering what on earth the man was making of the strange American affinity over which he had been chosen to preside.

When Mrs. Gresham left Venice, Arnold found that he had seen most of the major sights in her company and consequently had been moved by almost none of them. He hung around seeing those that were left, but now loneliness set in. He went each day to the Lido. splashed in the warm, salty Adriatic, watched the other bathers—handsome, rich, scornful, he thought them, lolling before their beach houses, wearing next to nothing on their golden or bronze bodies—and always returned to the city unrefreshed. Each morning, he rose, sweaty, from his wrinkled sheets and went to his window to look at the mounting day. Outside was always the imposing fact of Venice—so much that he wanted to absorb but that seemed to slide away, to refuse to reach in and touch him. And he would close the shutter against the whistling, screaming swallows that streamed past at that hour, and against the clanging church bells, and he would try to get a little more sleep. He never could, of course, for the room was stifling, and going out into the open heat of the canals, with their great, cracking houses, seemed better than lying there wondering what it was he had been so sure of finding in Venice and of taking home with him.

ARNOLD looked at his watch. There was still nearly an hour before the bingo would be over and the dancing in the lounge would begin. He got up, went to his cabin, and washed his two nylon shirts. He turned on the punkah louver and hung one shirt over it, watching the cloth belly out on the rush of air, then flopped onto his berth to wait for the shirt to dry.

The other high spots had gone wrong, too, in their own ways, he thought. He'd visited Florence, Padua, and Verona, and then, with rucksack and motor bike, had started out for Sirmione and the Dolomites. He'd meant to take his time getting into Austria, stopping overnight at chance roadside inns. It was bright afternoon when he rode out of Verona, but by the time he

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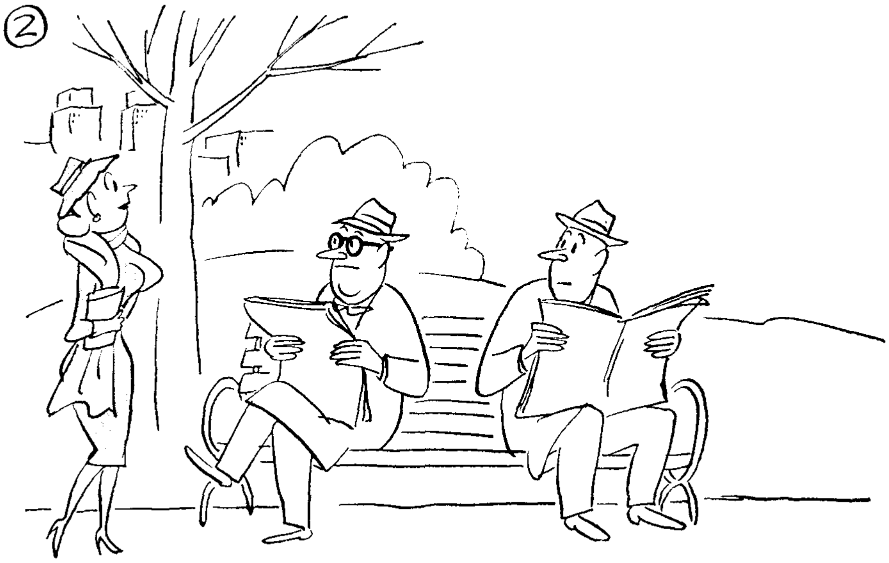

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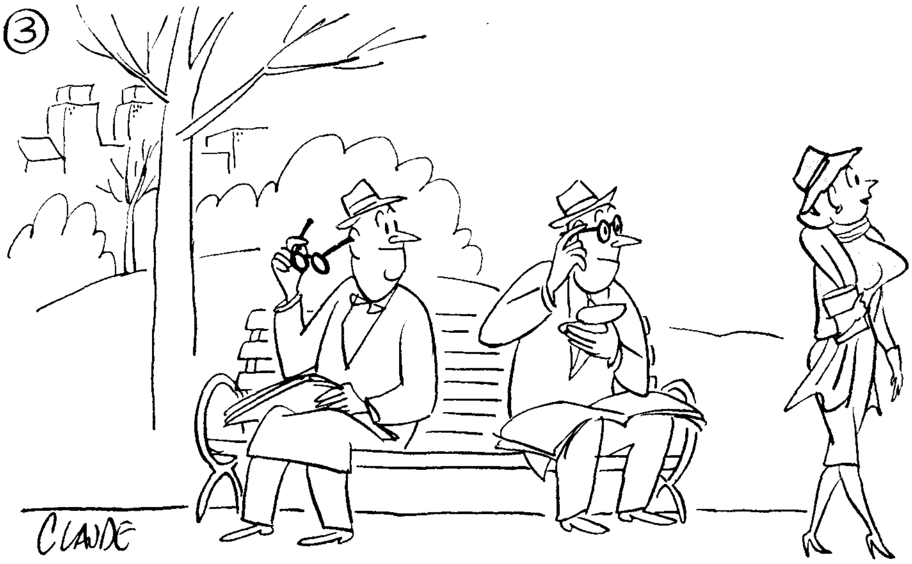

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reached Lake Garda, he was scarcely able to see it. It lay under a steamy haze, the air sullen and still. He drove down the long arm of land leading to Sirmione, and checked into a large, comfortable hotel, in which there seemed to be few other guests, and went to swim in the lake. The water was tepid and full of weeds. The waitress who brought him his dinner on the terrace spoke English. She told him eagerly that she had once waited on General Mark Clark, and she wanted to know if Arnold had fought under him. When she found he hadn't, she lost interest in him. A storm came on after dinner, and Arnold sat alone in the small bar of the hotel, sipping Chianti-and-Seltzer, until he had a headache and it was time to go to bed.

He'd stayed for a day or two, and though the haze had thinned occasionally, he never saw the lake approach the blue he had expected of it. On his way to the mountains, he had trouble with the carburetor of his bike, and he spent a long, tiresome day getting from Sirmione to Trento, improvising repairs as he went. In Trento, he got the bike fixed, bought a pair of *Lederhosen*, and, the next morning, set off with new hope, convinced that he was indistinguishable from a native.

By noon, he was very tired. He hadn't realized how hard motor-biking could be, nor had he counted on the altitude's making him short of breath and now and then giving him brief attacks of nosebleed. He stopped often to look back through the enormous, shadowy valleys or up at the reddish precipices ahead, but still his arms and legs ached, and by midafternoon his back seemed permanently bent.

He decided to stop early for the night. He found an inn beside a level stretch of the road, and, as he got off his bike and unslung his rucksack, saw that behind him a thunderstorm was gathering. He was dirty and terribly thirsty. Vague, bookish images floated in his mind—travellers of other centuries arriving at hostelries, brushing the dust or dashing the raindrops from their cloaks while obsequious landlords scurried to serve them—and he decided that he would just go in and have a whole bottle of wine before cleaning up and ordering his dinner.

He walked toward the inn hearing a blur of heavy voices, and almost simultaneously three faces appeared. One was at a window near the door—a man's face, red-eyed, unshaven, glowering; one at the door—the face of a black-haired woman; and one at a window above it—the face of someone in a white stocking cap and so old there was no telling whether it was man or woman.

The woman at the door stepped out as Arnold came near. "*Per favore*—" he began, wondering how he was going on.

"*Sì, signore?*" said the woman.

"*Prego*, a bottle of *vino*," Arnold said. "Also a room—*una stanza*."

The woman went inside and Arnold started to follow her, but she looked back and shook her head. After a minute, she returned bringing a small glass of red wine. She was followed by the unshaven man, who was carrying a little wooden table. He plumped it down beside the low bench that ran along the front of the inn, and the woman set the wine on it. The man grunted and plunged back through the door.

"*Per favore*—" Arnold began again.

"*Sì, signore*," said the woman. "*Ecco il vino*."

All at once, the head above the door began to chatter fiercely, and the woman spun around to answer it. "*È Americano*," Arnold heard in the midst of her stream of words, and he thought, or was afraid, that he also heard something like "*bambino*."

Now the noise inside took on a heavy, beating rhythm, one voice shouting, the others answering, in a furious litany. The head disappeared, still chattering, and the woman turned to Arnold. "No bed," she said, in English. "*No stanza*."

The men seemed to be shouting numbers: "*Cinque! Due! Otto! Cinque!*" Through the murky window Arnold could see a group of large figures in *Lederhosen* standing in the middle of the room. Their arms were rising and falling. At first, he thought the men were fighting, and then it seemed that they might be throwing cards onto a table, but he wasn't sure. A heavy thumping kept time with the voices, and the place seemed about to be shattered with violence and anger. "*Ubriaco*," the woman said. "Much *vino*."

The rising thundercloud had covered the sun. Arnold sat down to drink the glass of wine that apparently was all he was going to be allowed at this hostelry. Suddenly there was a crash of glass, and, peering in through the window, Arnold could see a tangle of swaying, flailing figures. "You go now," the woman said. "You go."

He couldn't help feeling that it was ignominious to leave, that it was too like taking flight, but he had no choice. He paid the woman, slung his rucksack on his back, and rode off once more, the thunderhead rolling up the sky behind him.

The storm had caught him, but it had not lasted very long. It lashed him a little and soaked him, but, having snarled and boomed among the nearest crags, it veered off, and Arnold reached Predazzo—a town where the hotels looked as if they would take in strangers—safely, just at dark. He was safe, but he was wet and miserable. His shoulders were raw from the straps of the rucksack, his legs raw from the saddle of the bike, and his nose, with infuriating cognizance of the altitude, was bleeding freely.

The hotel he chose was as empty as the one at Sirmione had been, and far drearier. He ate in a little dining room that had one electric bulb to light it and stained green walls. He asked the proprietor, who spoke fair English, to join him at coffee, and Arnold described what he had seen of the strange, violent pastime at the inn.

"*Mora*," said the landlord. "Is called *mora*. Peasant game." He thrust his right arm out, fist clenched, and shot two fingers at Arnold. "*Due!*" he cried, then thumped the table with five fingers, then with three. "*Cinque! Tre!*" he shouted in a deep, threatening voice, and explained, "They bet how many."

Arnold nodded slowly. "I know," he muttered. "Like 'odds-and-evens.' I played it in New Jersey." He felt cheated and belittled. The landlord was saying that of course the woman had not wanted to involve him in a brawl, and probably had no room anyway, but Arnold wasn't listening. He was thinking angrily that he had been shooed away from a noisy version of a child's game, as if he were a child himself, and that he was fed up with being lonely, with his aching limbs, and with the humiliating caprices of his nose. And he knew now for certain that he was not going to spend any nights at all in small Alpine inns chosen at random along the edelweiss-bordered roads of his imagination. From then on, he was going to stop at big hotels, and he would know no more about these mountains than any tourist could learn. The hell with it, he thought, and the next morning, with the landlord's help, he sold his bike and got a bus that took him into Austria by evening.

IN one way, that day had been the end, or as good as the end, of Arnold's trip. He had gone through the rest of it without much heart, though occasionally trying to redeem a piece of it. Finding himself a few days ahead of schedule, he had taken a train to catch a glimpse of Salzburg. The festival was over, so he was easily able to find a room, and unable to find much of anything to do. He paid his respects to the castle and to the Mozart museum, and he chatted with a number of disgruntled G.I.s. And it was in Salzburg that he first became aware of how swiftly the end of his stay in Europe was approaching. There were swallows in Salzburg as well as in Venice, and, standing on one of the bridges of the Salzach toward sunset, he watched them flying, high and tiny, in the fading sky. There was something melancholy about them, in spite of their exuberant flight, and something autumnal about the sky, and Arnold realized that the journey that a few days earlier had stretched limitlessly before him was actually running out.

He went from Salzburg to Paris, where he had to look up too many people, all of them Americans and all extremely kind to him and anxious that he sit in the requisite number of cafés. He spent a rainy, pleasant September day in the country with his friend, but his mind was full of timetables and train connections, and the day slid by too fast. He had hoped to get into the English countryside, but when he went on to London, he found that the remotest of his friends' friends lived no farther out of the city than a middling-close suburb, and England, too, slipped through his grasp, eluded him. And then it was sailing day.

The things that had been wrong were quite simple when they were summed up, Arnold thought—merely the vicissitudes of travel, on which he hadn't counted, and the loneliness he had not foreseen. Perhaps he just wasn't cut out for travel, he reflected gloomily, taking down the billowing nylon shirt and putting the other in its place, or at least he was cut out for nothing more rich and strange than Pullman cars and Statlers. All the way from Southampton, he had been trying to appear as travelled, as knowledgeable, as possible. But the people he had fallen in with—the Euro-

AFTER THE PERSIAN

I do not wish to know
The depths of your terrible jungle:
From what nest your leopard leaps
Or what sterile lianas are at once your serpents' disguise and home.

I am the dweller on the temperate threshold,
The strip of corn and vine,
Where all is translucence (the light!),
Liquidity, and the sound of water.
Here the days pass under shade
And the nights have the waxing and the waning moon.
Here the moths take flight at evening;
Here at morning the dove whistles and the pigeons coo.
Here, as night comes on, the fireflies wink and snap
Close to the cool ground,
Shining in a profusion
Celestial or marine.

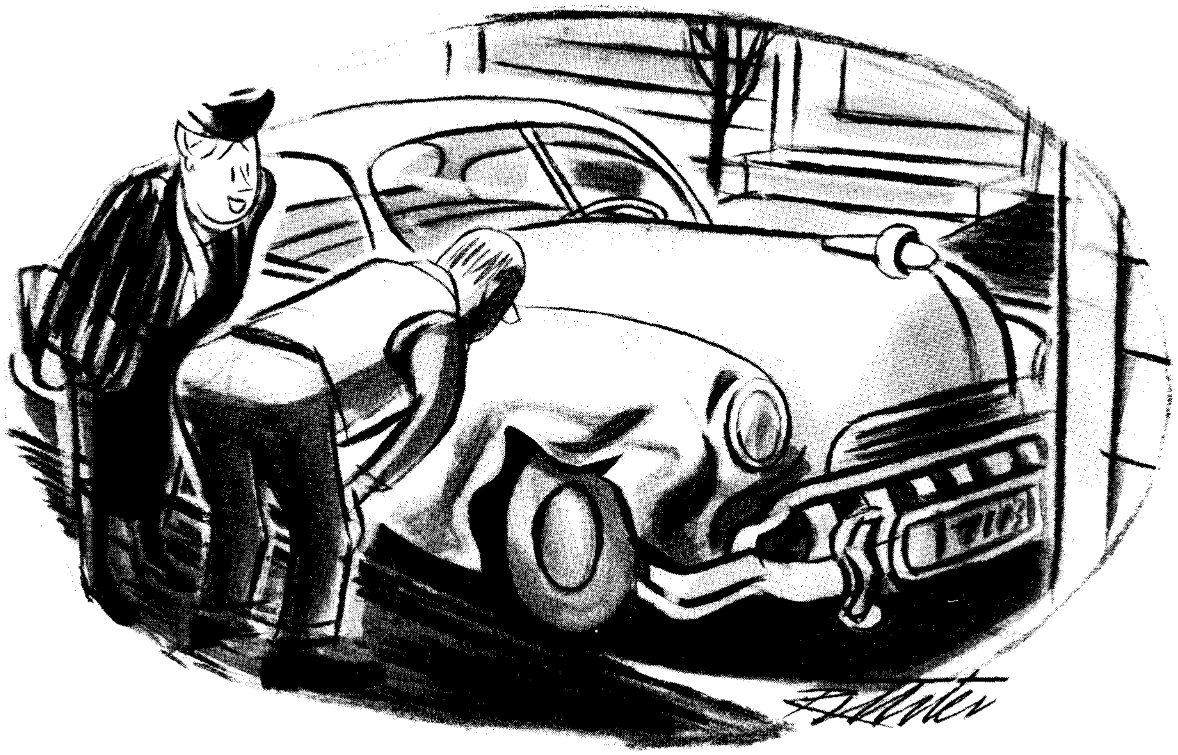
Here it is never wholly dark but always wholly green,
And the day stains with what seems to be more than the sun
What may be more than my flesh.

—LOUISE BOGAN

• •

peans at his table—never seemed to find him so. What he was bringing back, then, was a collection of small misadventures that had led to larger disappointments, and the most discouraging thing of all was that he had let them get out of hand and spoil his trip.

Leaving the shirt flying, he abandoned speculation and headed for the lounge.



"You ought to see the other car."

THE dancing had already begun, and Arnold stopped just inside the door of the lounge to watch it. He saw Miss De Grauw dancing with the Rumanian, the two of them executing a series of intricate steps with what struck Arnold as virtual perfection and nearly total ennui. Then a hand seized Arnold's arm and another descended lightly on his shoulder, making him think for an alarming instant that Mrs. Gresham was aboard, but it was only Father Maierhofer.

"Here is our young American," said Father Maierhofer. (He was perhaps two years older than Arnold.) "Here is the man who will have the answer to my question." He drew Arnold toward a semicircular banquette, where Mrs. De Grauw was sitting. "I am telling this lady that in America it is frequently the practice to teach by means of play—of games," Father Maierhofer said. "It is possible, I agree. It is not a law that learning must be torture. *But*—what I do not know—how long does this continue? In the kindergarten, *gut*. But in the *lycée*? In the *Gymnasium*? This is a matter I will have to study."

They sat down, and Father Maierhofer spoke to Mrs. De Grauw in German, laughing and nodding. She began to wring her hands in a tempest of hilarity, and the priest turned back to Arnold. "I am saying to this lady," he went on, "that I ask you these questions so that I will not have to work so hard in the United States."

"I couldn't exactly be sure about the games," Arnold told Father Maierhofer, wishing that, just once, he could speak intelligently to a European about his own country, if not about Europe. "I suppose it depends on the school. And on the subject. Some things would lend themselves better than others."

"Ah, *so*," said Father Maierhofer gravely. "Now, perhaps in your own experience you have encountered teaching by games?"

The music stopped, and Miss De Grauw and the Rumanian came to the banquette. Miss De Grauw sat down and the Rumanian lounged negligently beside her while Arnold searched hastily and fruitlessly in his memory. They all watched him—Miss De Grauw and the Rumanian idly, the priest eagerly, Mrs. De Grauw with a kind of doting tenderness and expectancy. When the interval had stretched too long, an idea—not an answer but a way out—came to Arnold.

"I don't recall such a thing," he said. "But anyway, speaking of games, I ran onto something recently that seemed interesting. I was up in the Dolomites—way off up there—and you know what I found?"

"*Ja, ja*," said Father Maierhofer. "Go on."

"I found the peasants playing a game I played when I was a child in New Jersey," said Arnold.

"*Aber, nein!*" said Father Maierhofer.

"I thought it was a fairly fascinating thing to come across," Arnold said, encouraged. "You close your fist like this, and you throw out fingers, like this, and—"

"*Mora*," said the Rumanian. "This way. *Due! Cinque! Quatro! Cinque!*" He smiled. "But it's an extremely common game, you know. Every country. Different versions. Every *child* in every country, after all. In Rumania, of course, and in England and France—"

"*Ja, ja*. In Austria, *auch*," said Father Maierhofer. He smiled kindly at Arnold, but he looked sad, as if he had been robbed of a prize—as if some unique nugget of information had been offered him and then denied him.

WHEN Arnold went back to his cabin a little later, thinking he had better take his shirt off the ventilator before Mr. Barber came by, he found Mr. Barber already there, finishing up his customs declaration for the morning. Apparently, he didn't mind the shirt. He seemed so friendly, so familiarly American and predictable—even reminding Arnold a little of his father, now that he had put on glasses—that Arnold felt a small wave of affection for him and invited him to walk along to the bar for a farewell drink.

"Why, that would be very nice," Mr. Barber said. "I'd like that very much. You wouldn't mind my bringing *Mrs.* Barber, would you?"

"Of course not," said Arnold.

Mr. Barber looked at Arnold ruminatively a moment. “As a matter of fact,” he went on, “I was wondering if I could ask you a favor. I’ve told Mrs. Barber about that brandy. We had some Calvados once at the St. Regis. It was different, of course. But I’d certainly like her to have a drop of yours.”

“Why, sure,” Arnold said. “By all means.”

“I’ll just go get her, then,” Mr. Barber said. “She’s up in First Class. We go up there. We went over on this boat, and we got to liking it. Made friends with the bartender up in the small bar off the lounge. You know? Cozy place. Mrs. Barber thinks it’s like the little bar at the country club back home, but I don’t know. Maybe. Well, we’ll be right down.”

When the Barbers came in a few minutes later, Arnold had a little of the apple brandy ready in each of three glasses. “Cheers,” he said as he handed Mrs. Barber hers. “I hope your husband warned you.”

“He did and he didn’t,” she said. She was a substantial, forthright woman, dressed in tweed and wearing glasses with wide gold rims flecked with rhinestones. “He said it was an experience but it was worth it. It’s what they were drinking in Normandy, isn’t it? I mean, didn’t I read a lot about it during the war?”

“It’s much the same,” Arnold said.

“Well, there you are,” said Mr. Barber. “That’s what I mean. It’s interesting. What have *we* been drinking the last two months? Scotch. What do we drink at home? Scotch.”

They all sipped, and Mrs. Barber, smiling fixedly, took out her combination lighter and cigarette case—a large, clicking engine—and lit a cigarette, at which she puffed vigorously. “It’s an experience,” she said, waving her hand to dispel the smoke before her face.

“I don’t say it’s good,” said Mr. Barber. “I just say it’s different. It means something. Look at that old bottle. Who knows where it came from? You said yourself it’s the same liquor the boys drank in Normandy. I get a kick out of things like that.”

“Kick is the word,” said Mrs. Barber. She turned to Arnold, smiling. “I judge you won’t be hurt if I don’t pretend to like it,” she said.

“Not in the least,” said Arnold. “How could you?”

“Polly, I want to tell you some more about this stuff,” Mr. Barber said. “The man that gave it to Mr. Graham got one of the farmers to make it for him out of apples that grew right smack on his own place. And you know where *that* is? It’s on the Marne. The Marne River.”

“I know,” said Mrs. Barber.

“I had a fraternity brother who did the same as Mr. Graham, here,” Mr. Barber said. “Travelled all over France. Talked to everybody. Got to know the country. Nice fellow.”

“I didn’t exactly travel all over France, Mr. Barber,” said Arnold.

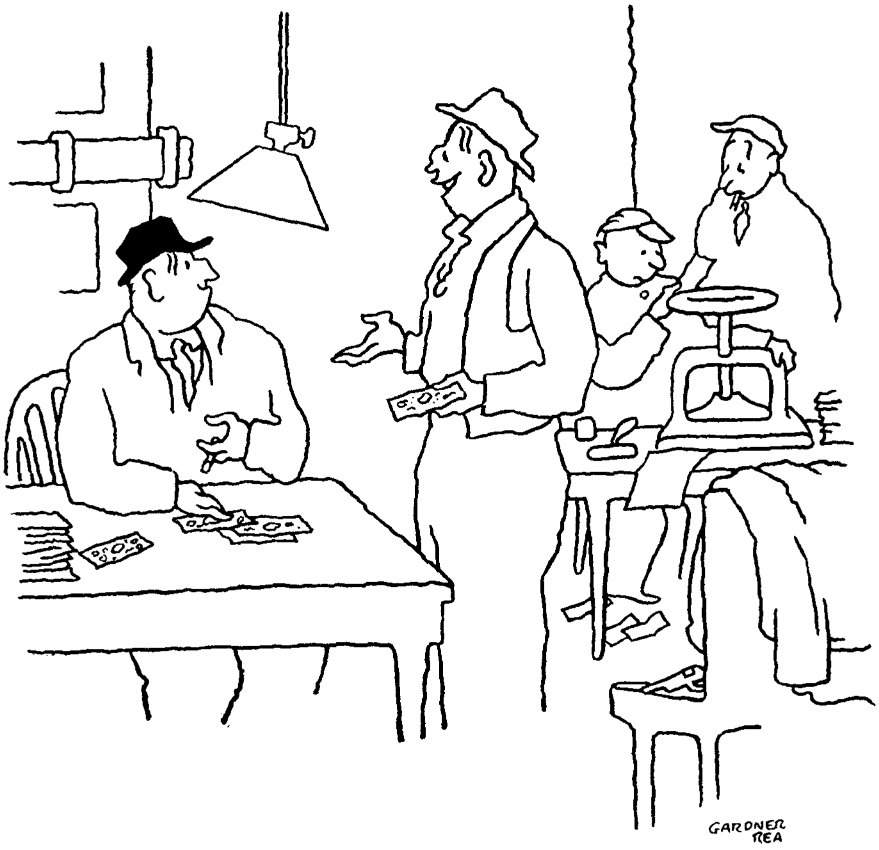
“*I* didn’t even travel all over *Paris*,” said Mr. Barber. “You told me you went around on a bicycle, didn’t you? Same as everybody else there. You saw the Marne River. Sat right on your friend’s front porch and saw it, I wouldn’t be surprised. You saw the trees this stuff came from, didn’t you? Maybe you talked to that farmer. Well, that’s what I mean. You know where *we* were? In hotels. Everywhere we went, everything was just like home. Scotch-and-soda, room service, everybody polite.”

Mrs. Barber laughed. “Now, Wallace, you know perfectly well you like your comfort,” she said.

“Absolutely,” said Mr. Barber. “I love it. But—” He took the bottle and held it up, examining it. “Some old wine bottle,” he said. “Probably been kicking around that farm for generations. How *about* that, Mr. Graham?”

“Just as likely as not,” Arnold said. And then, watching the green bottle turning in the light, he remembered the day it had been given to him, and the place. It had been a wet day, and he and his friend had been sitting just inside the house, with its big doors open, sprawled comfortably, looking out over a little, sloping orchard to the silver river, with its border of silver trees. He had watched the farmer—the one who had indeed made the apple brandy—arriving between showers at his own house across the road, pedalling up on his bicycle, half a dozen long loaves of bread strapped like a fagot on his back. Arnold remembered the lovely weather-beaten blue of the farmer’s door and shut-

RADIO AND TELEVISION
FINE TAILORING
BOARD OF ELECTIONS MEETS HERE
VOTE FOR ER
NO LOITERING OR ELECTIONEERING BETWEEN THIS POINT AND THE POLL



"How about running off a nice big contribution for the Red Cross?"

• •

ters, and the crushed stone of his solid walls, and was surprised to find that he had seen all these things on that one day and could recall them so clearly. He was pleased, too, and he described them in detail for Mr. Barber, who appreciated it.

"But it wasn't there that I had the bicycle," Arnold said. "It was on a trip through the Alps. I had a motor bike."

"You don't say," said Mr. Barber. "You really did get around, didn't you?"

"Well, some," Arnold said, and it began to seem to him that his two weary days with the bike had, after all, been somewhat more adventurous than he found them at the time. He went on to tell about the inn near Predazzo—about the strange, threatening game, the fight, the dark, impassive woman of the inn, and the demented old creature in the upper window. It was true—even the thunderstorm that was almost too theatrical a touch was true—but now it all became sinister, no longer wretched or humiliating, and it made his hasty departure seem a prudent retreat from what might well have been a nest of brigands.

The Barbers were listening with respect, and Arnold was beginning to be almost sorry for them. They had evidently had a colorless holiday. He wondered where they had been, and a trifle doubtfully, not wanting to embarrass them, he asked. They had been in London and Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, one or two other large cities.

"But not in Venice?" Arnold asked. "It's too bad you didn't get to Venice."

For a new Venice had just come into his mind, crowding out the old. The voice of Mrs. Gresham receded from the Grand Canal, and the palaces rose for him, ghostly and arrogant in the night beside the ancient water, while the moored gondolas below them nudged each other, clacking in the darkness. He saw himself back at his window, but it was not the heat he remembered so much as the morning swallows and the bells. He wanted to keep on talking about Venice, but it was time for the Barbers to go to dinner, and reluctantly he reminded them of it.

"I guess you're right," said Mr. Barber. "How about meeting us in that little bar upstairs after your sitting? I'd like to hear some more about what you did."

"Fine," Arnold said. "I'll be there."

"Didn't do a thing ourselves we couldn't have done in Syracuse," Mr. Barber said.

"He loved every minute of it, just the same," said Mrs. Barber. "We'll see you."

Mr. Barber waved his hand as they went out, and Arnold waved back at him, thinking that Mr. Barber was really extraordinarily like his father, as Mrs. Barber was somewhat like his sister in one of her better moods. Then, as the door closed behind them, it struck Arnold that what he had been telling the Barbers, what he had every intention of going on telling them as long as they would let him after dinner, was exactly what he would be saying to his own family in another twenty-four hours.

With a kind of excitement he had not felt since the days just before he sailed for Europe, he put on his coat and went out on the open deck. The raw afternoon had cleared. The sun was setting, and the water was smooth, giving the odd impression that the ship was already in soundings and slipping toward harbor. The crest of the wave moving out from the prow was gold in the light, and its dark inner side, where water seemed to be sliding over water, was streaked with rosy foam.

Arnold leaned on the rail, sorting out the refurbished memories that now came swarming to him in surprising color and diversity, and discovering that the marvellous thing he was bringing back from Italy and Austria, France and England, was the fact that he had been there. He had been in the water of Lake Garda as truly as Catullus or Alfred Tennyson. That would be enough for the Barbers, for his father and mother, for their friends and his own, none of whom had achieved this, and it no longer signified that a haze had covered it at the time. For himself, there was something else, he began to see—the mysterious fact that a person made a kind of invisible imprint on the air of a place, that one somehow left in trust with San Marco, or even with a hostile mountain inn, a portion of himself that could be reclaimed only when he returned there. That was the essence of it—the part you left behind you, Arnold thought exultantly, feeling quite as he had the other times he had fallen in love, the most recent of these having been with a sentimentally pretty girl from a teachers' college in Pennsylvania.

He straightened up and turned from the sunset and from New Jersey beyond it. The trip was over, irretrievably gone, and, looking toward the darkening sky in the east, he felt the first stir of a peculiar yearning, as if back there lay home. —ROBERT HENDERSON

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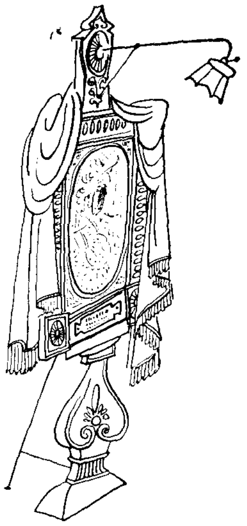
The theft occurred while guests were seated in the lard last night.—*Houston Chronicle*.

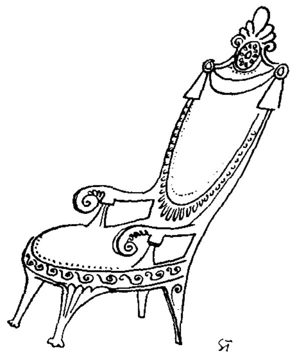
A deuced clever moment to strike, too.

PROFILES

THE DAYS OF DUVEEN

VI—THE SILENT MEN





ALL his adult life, Joseph Duveen, the most famous art dealer in history, ran a race with his clients' mortality. This race was a close one, for his major clients were well along in years, and from 1934 on it was complicated by his race with his own mortality. In that year, Duveen fell ill with cancer, and he knew from the beginning that he could not recover. For much of his remaining five years, he had to have a nurse with him constantly, and, one by one, he gave up all the little indulgences that for most people relieve the pangs of existence. The only indulgence he did not give up was selling pictures; here his tempo, if anything, accelerated. To many individuals the approach of a deadline has a paralyzing effect; to rarer ones it is a stimulus. In 1926, when Duveen went to San Marino, California, ahead of a freight-car load of his merchandise, to make sure that H. E. Huntington, one of his best clients, would not die without an additional several million dollars' worth of Duveen's taste to leave behind, Huntington's age and physical condition made speed essential. Previously, in similar situations—notably those involving the elder J. P. Morgan and Benjamin Altman and Henry Clay Frick—Duveen had lost out. Death had got there ahead of the pictures. Having learned his lesson, he worked fast with Huntington, and he did the same with himself. He was like an aging painter who feels he has to complete a masterpiece in the brief time left him. Duveen's masterpiece, and from his point of view his monument, is the National Gallery of Art in Washington.

Duveen's career had beautiful composition. Early in the century, as head of the firm of Duveen Brothers, which had galleries not only in New York but in London and Paris, he inherited from his Uncle Henry, the first Duveen to deal in art in this country, three gigantic clients—Morgan, Altman, and P. A. B. Widener—and thereafter time, and the swelling American prosperity, supplied new ones. There were great millionaires who spent little and small millionaires who spent vast sums. Duveen saw fortunes come and go. When they went, Duveen, following his lifelong principle of keeping the market up, usually bought his pictures back for more than he had got for them and sold them—at an increase over the increase he had paid—to clients whose fortunes were still intact. Even depressions were lucky for him, and so, finally, were the rising income and inheritance taxes. The era of big houses was ending, and as the artistic appetites of Duveen's clients increased, a new problem developed for them—a critical shortage of wall space—and that, too, Duveen turned to his advantage. Some collectors met the exigency by providing a building for their paintings and an apartment for themselves and their families. The pressure of space made it inadvisable for Duveen's customers to keep buying pictures for their homes; the pressure of inheritance taxes made it unattractive for them to leave valuable collections of pictures in their estates. Duveen had pegged the art market so high that no man was now rich enough to live with Duveens or to die with them. On the whole, Duveen was not interested in politics or political change—he cared not who wrote his country's laws so long as he could sell its pictures—but he was keenly sensitive to social change, and he saw before most people did that, between them, income taxes and inheritance taxes were going to make it impossible for men of wealth to buy art for themselves or leave collections to their heirs. The public bequest, impervious to taxation, was the way out. Specifically, the public bequest of Duveens was the way out. By earmarking his purchases for museums, a collector could afford to buy art; at least, he could let the art pass through his hands on the way to the museums from Duveen. Gifts to museums offered his clients not merely economy but immortality. Using Duveen's method, an aged American millionaire could, in good conscience, circumvent oblivion and the Collector of Internal Revenue at a single stroke. Under Duveen's spell, one after another of his clients—H. E. Huntington, Frick, Andrew Mellon, Jules Bache, Samuel H. Kress—took up this form of philanthropy. For Duveen the advantage was double; with museums as the terminal for his pictures, he no longer had to worry about the passing of the big houses—the museums were larger than the houses—and he no longer had to worry that the pictures would be dumped on the market at a time when it might be difficult for him to sell them, especially at the prices he would have to charge after buying them back at Duveen prices. Ultimately, in the National Gallery, Duveen provided a place that was big enough to absorb everything any client had bought or could buy. It was Duveen's final solution to the problem of wall space.

Most of the big names in American industry and finance—except those of the benighted millionaires who didn't collect anything and the benighted (and to Duveen snobbish) millionaires who collected first editions instead of works of art—appeared in Duveen's Callers' Book. Throughout his long and fantastic run, there was always someone to relight his torch. When Collis P. Huntington and Altman and Morgan and P. A. B. Widener died, Frick showed up, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and E. T. Stotesbury, Clarence Mackay, Bache, Henry Goldman, H. E. Huntington, Philip Lehman and his son, Robert, Elbert H. Gary, Joseph E. Widener, and a host of lesser collectors. And then, as late in his life as in theirs, Duveen met two men whom he was to help make almost as great collectors as he was: Mellon, the founder of the National Gallery, and Kress, the Gallery's most lavish contributor. In the case of the former, the word "met" is ludicrously inadequate. It is like saying that Napoleon ran into Alexander at Tilsit. Duveen and Mellon moved in different social spheres. They didn't belong to the same clubs; Duveen couldn't encounter him in the bar. For him to meet Mellon, a campaign was necessary. In his management of it, Duveen displayed that scrupulous attention to detail that has distinguished the careers of other celebrated generals.

IN a way, Duveen's determination to meet Mellon began with an extraordinary meeting with Henry Ford. For American art dealers, 1920 was a very bad year. The important buyers had been dying off, and their replacements were not yet visible. The year 1920 was one of crisis—of such acute crisis, in fact, that it forced the major dealers, for once, into solidarity. The lone wolves at last decided to pack up. Even Duveen consented to merge his talents with the talents of those he regarded as stumbling pedagogues whose function it was to prepare American art buyers for his finishing school. Looking around for new clients, the purveyors of art were discouraged. Save for one towering monolith, the horizon was blank. That monolith was Ford. The dealers—Duveen, Knoedler's, Wildenstein, Seligman, and Stevenson Scott—decided to make a mass assault on him. Ford was an objective so big that there would be enough for them all, and too big, they felt, for just one of them to tackle and risk fumbling. It was like annexing Texas. The five dealers reconciled themselves to pooling their inventories as well as their aggressiveness. They decided to prepare a list of the Hundred Greatest Paintings in the World and offer them to Ford; thus in one transaction they could convert America's richest man into America's outstanding collector. Like most other collectors, each of the five dealers had persuaded himself that the paintings he owned were better than any owned by his rivals, and the task of selecting the hundred greatest resulted in many acrimonious debates, during which the surf of controversy often rose so high that the scheme was in danger of foundering. But the gravity of the crisis and the grandeur of the objective made for compromise, and finally the hundred paintings were agreed upon.

The pictures, each of which was accompanied by a scholarly text, were reproduced in three magnificent volumes; the dealers were going to present these books to Mr. Ford as an invitation to the dance. Representatives of the five firms and the three magic books went, by appointment, to Dearborn. Representing Duveen Brothers, as always, was Duveen himself. The international worldlings from New York were astonished at the simplicity of Ford's style of living; compared to Duveen's house on Madison Avenue, or even to some of his clients' houses, Ford's house was almost primitive. Mr. Ford was unaffectedly pleased to meet them, and when they displayed the superbly illustrated volumes of the hundred greatest pictures, his delight was immeasurable. He jumped up and called Mrs. Ford in to share his enthusiasm. "Mother, come in and see the lovely pictures these gentlemen have brought," he said, as

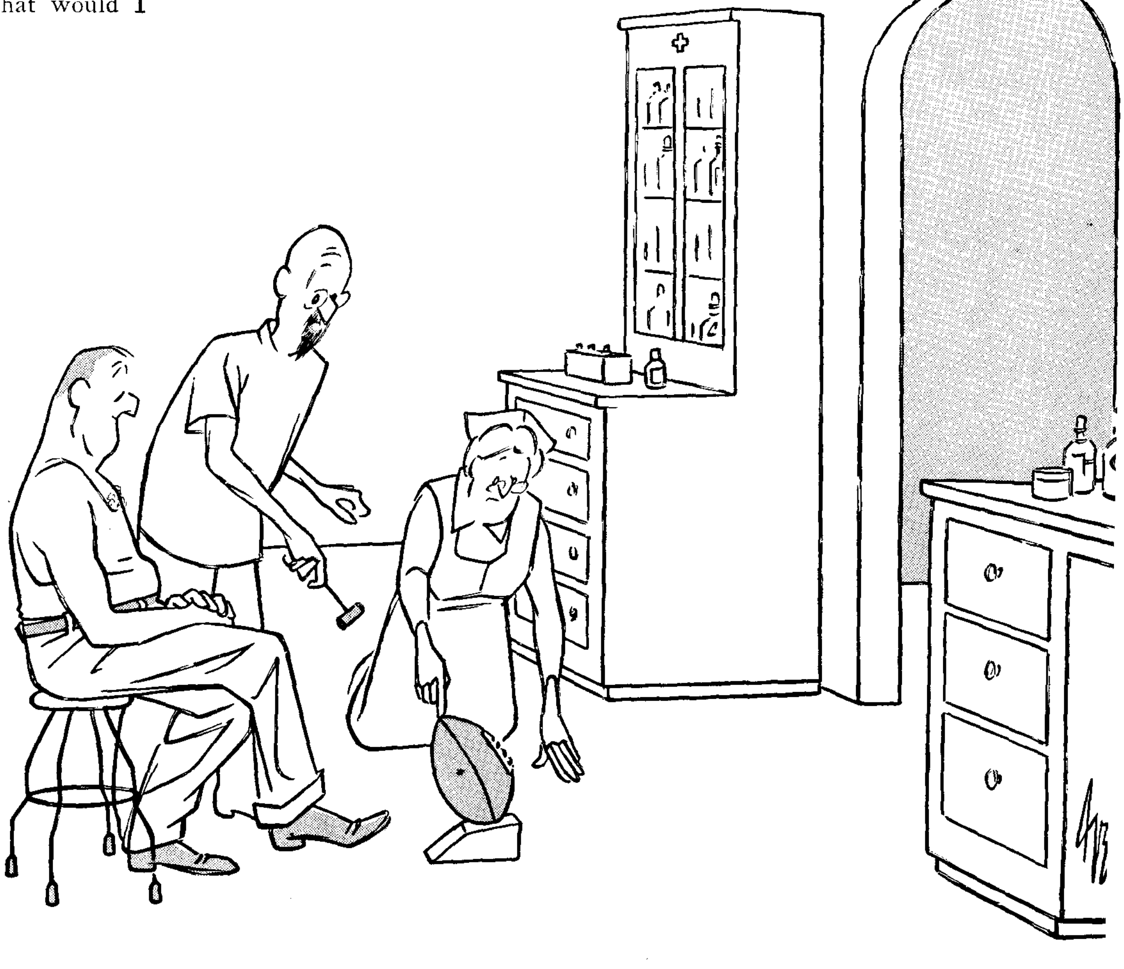
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

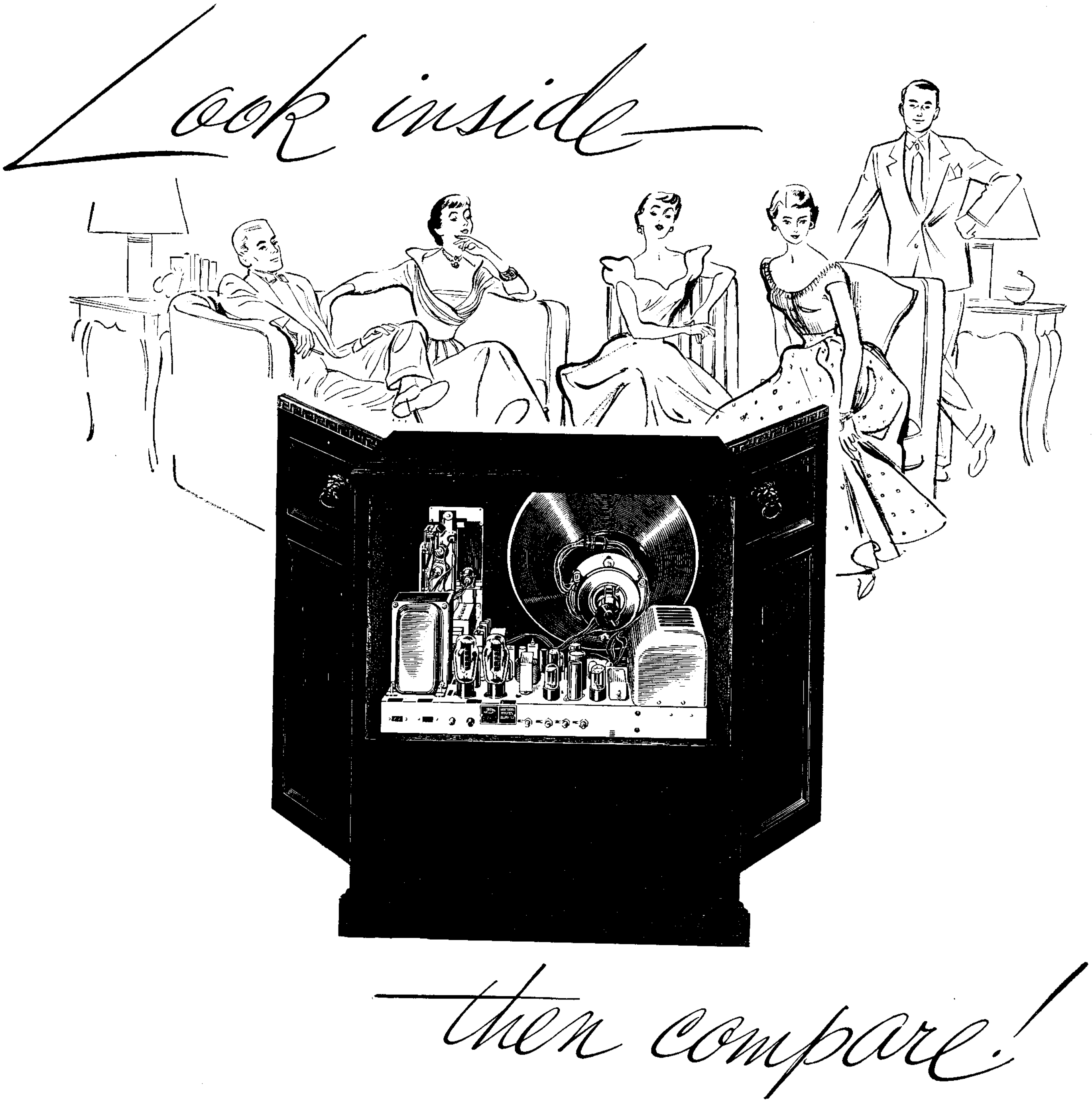
"How lovely, darling! And it would go just perfectly with some earrings I saw the other day at Van Cleef & Arpels."

Duveen later told the story. Mrs. Ford came in and admired the books as much as her husband had. "Yes, Mr. Ford," said Duveen, the spokesman for the delegation, "we thought you would like them. These are the pictures we feel you should have." Ford teetered on the narrow threshold between admiration and possession. "Gentlemen," he said, "beautiful books like these, with beautiful colored pictures like these, must cost an awful lot!" "But, Mr. Ford, we don't expect you to *buy* these books," Duveen hastened to explain. "We got them up specially for you, to show you the pictures. These books are a present to you." Ford turned to his wife. "Mother, did you hear that?" he said. "These gentlemen are going to give me these beautiful books as a present. Yes, gentlemen," he continued, "it is extremely nice of you, but I really don't see how I can accept a beautiful, expensive present like this from strangers." For perhaps the first time in his life, Duveen was inarticulate. Such innocence was confounding. It was a classic example of the worldling defenseless against the Man from Home. When at last he found speech, he explained that the books had been got up to interest Ford in buying the pictures whose simulacra they contained. At this revelation, Ford's amazement vanished and he became again a man of business. "But, gentlemen," he said, "what would I want with the original pictures when the ones right here in these books are so beautiful?"

The fiasco left the four other dealers in a state of dejection from which they did not recover for some time, but for Duveen it was just a tonic. Attributing his failure with Ford to his having broken his own rule against combining forces with other dealers, he decided to turn his attentions to the biggest potential collector of them all: Mellon. From the defeat of Dearborn, he went on to the conquest of Pittsburgh. Probably no other single episode in Duveen's career illustrates his nonchalance in the face of the impossible as well as his campaign to acquire Mellon. Mellon had never bought anything from Duveen; he was a confirmed client of Duveen's greatest rival, Knoedler's. Mellon had a standing arrangement with Knoedler's under which they acted as his exclusive agent on a fixed commission. Duveen thought the business of selling pictures on a fixed commission was thin, lacking in substance, texture, resiliency, promise—above all, promise. It made a dealer a mere merchant. It divested the game of adventure, of the mystery of the incalculable. Duveen was advised by a friend to give up any idea of selling to Mellon; the advice contained a strong hint that there was something about Duveen that the aristocratic Mellon would find uncongenial. "Not only will Mellon buy from me but he will buy *only* from me," Duveen replied. "And it won't be on commission." In a commemorative article on the Frick Collection written in 1943 for the leading American publication dealing with art matters, *Art News*, H. G. Dwight, then assistant director of the Frick Collection, spoke of "the stormy human equations of collecting, the gnawing obsessions, stealthy pursuits, crushing disappointments, and intoxicating triumphs that lie in the background of the most beautiful things." The stratagems Duveen used to acquire and hold customers were not unique, but he used them better than anybody else. However little his clients knew about the masterpieces they bought, they did understand competition, but no more clearly than Duveen understood it. Monopoly was his method. Once he had cornered an Old Master, he knew that the "gnawing obsessions" from which his customers suffered would bring them to him.

What proved to be as helpful as anything else in enabling Duveen to gain the coveted entrée to Mellon was Duveen's unusual spirit of friendliness. He wore friendliness like a nimbus, and let it shine upon an enormous miscellany of people connected—sometimes directly, sometimes very indirectly—with art: critics, museum directors, restorers, architects, decorators, and servants of all grades, including deck stewards on ships. Accustomed to doing things *en prince*, he scattered largess, often for no specific purpose but with a touching faith in the emotion of gratitude. Unimpressed himself by sums that were less than colossal, he was continually being pleasurably surprised by the welcome that people who had a different scale of values accorded smaller amounts. Because he couldn't resist a lawsuit even when he didn't care particularly about winning it, he once found





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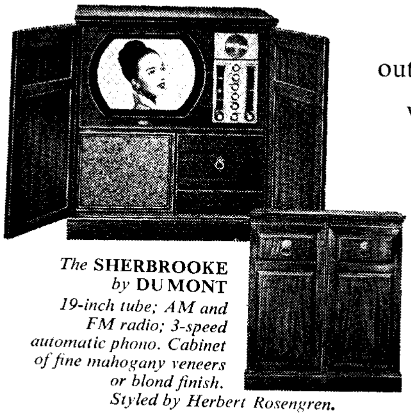

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himself mixed up in one over a claim made by a young artist who had been engaged to do some special work for him. The artist kept asking for more and more pay, until, at last, Duveen's comptroller gave him a check marked "In final payment." The artist accepted this check and cashed it, and then came back and asked for more money. The comptroller refused to give it to him, the artist brought suit, and Duveen spent several enjoyable days in court. (He said one time that he was sorry he hadn't become a lawyer, because he so loved a fight.) The case was thrown out, and Duveen and his comptroller left the courtroom together, flushed with victory. In the car on the way back, Duveen inquired what the amount involved was. The comptroller told him it was $14,095. This minuscule sum had a quaint sound to Duveen. "Why quibble over fourteen thousand and ninety-five dollars?" he asked. "Send him the money." To a man to whom fourteen thousand and ninety-five was nothing to quibble about, it seemed strange that a deck steward on a liner would be enchanted with a mere hundred dollars in return for putting Duveen's deck chair next to one reserved for an American millionaire, but that is what the deck steward was. Over the years, Duveen became very popular with deck stewards.

Among the American millionaires Duveen met through a deck steward who liked him was the late Alexander Smith Cochran, the Yonkers carpet man. Duveen and Cochran met on a boat going to Europe, and while they were chatting, Cochran happened to mention that he would like someday to see Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace. Duveen said casually that he would be delighted to take him through both places. When they got to England, Cochran found himself strolling through the two palaces; they seemed as accessible to Duveen as the lobby of Claridge's. While he was showing Cochran the royal pictures, Duveen spoke warmly of Queen Mary and told Cochran what a high regard he had for their absent hostess as a connoisseur of art. He never mentioned that he had things he considered as good as hers in his own galleries. In fact, he never mentioned his galleries at all. When they parted, Cochran felt a certain obligation to Duveen, a healthy respect for his connections, and a sharp curiosity about why a stranger should be so kind. They met again in New York, and Duveen took him to see the wonderful Duveens hanging in the private houses of some of his clients. But he did not tell

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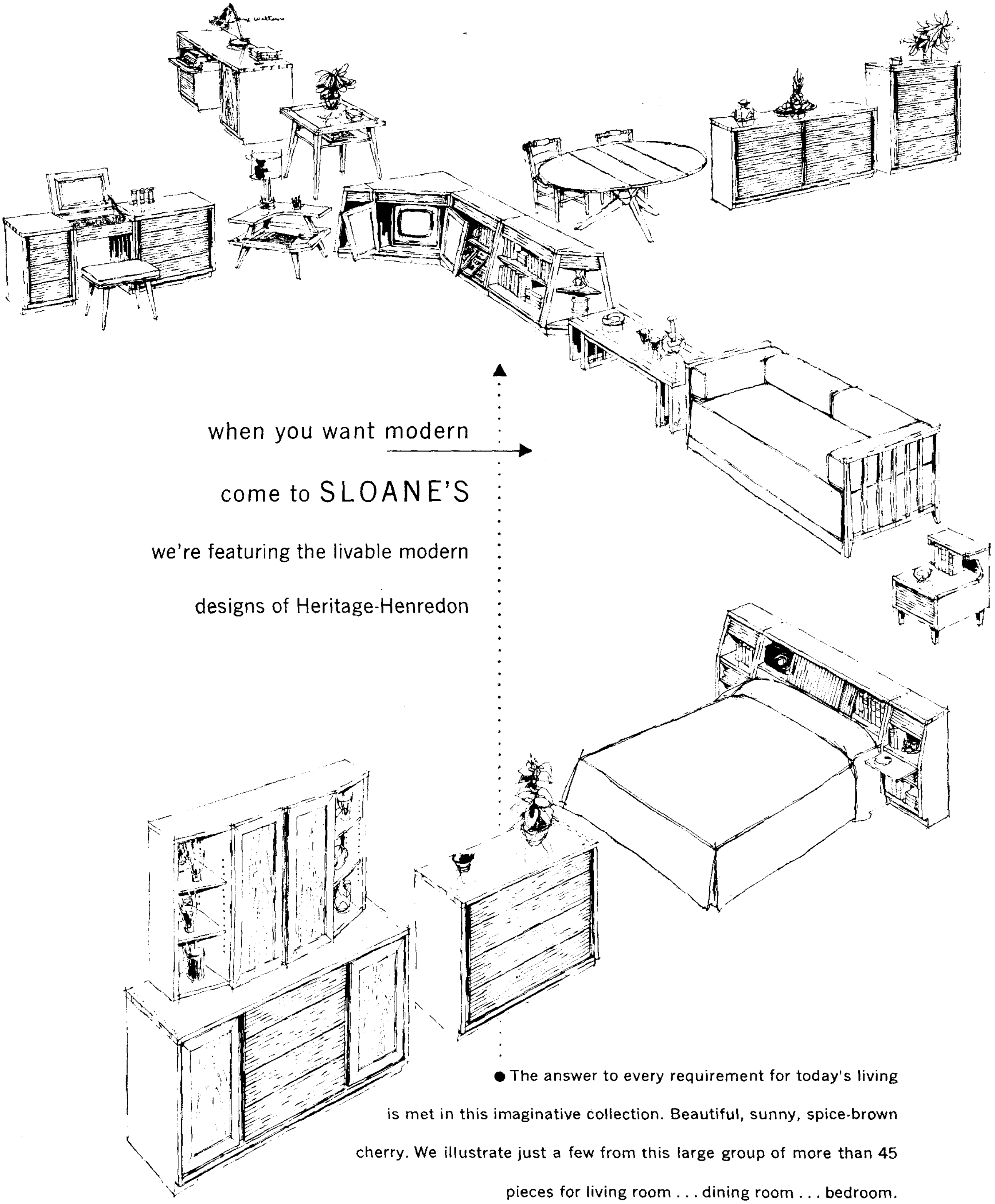

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him they were Duveens; he let them pass under the pseudonyms of Raphael, Botticelli, Donatello, and the rest. Again, he neglected to mention his great New York gallery. This display of benevolence went on for three years, in this country and abroad, until finally Cochran could not stand it any longer, and he broke down. "Lord Duveen," he said, "I would like to see some of *your* things!" His back to the wall, Duveen took Cochran to his gallery. He could not spare any paintings—they were all on reserve—but he did let Cochran have five million dollars' worth of art objects.

Duveen's generosity toward the household staffs of his clients equalled his generosity toward deck stewards, and it was no less endearing. He was aware that his sales to their masters and mistresses caused the servants a lot of extra work. When he felt that a room needed what he called "lifting," he would refurnish it entirely. The hanging of his pictures was an elaborate and intricate ceremonial, which he supervised in detail. All this meant work for the staffs, and Duveen was not one to allow services to go unrewarded. So he rewarded. He rewarded liberally. The staffs of the great houses hung with Duveens came to realize that he was a man they could rely on to pay time and a half for overtime, even when the shifting and heaving and wiring they had to do took place in their regular working hours. One rather celebrated butler in a Fifth Avenue house that stocked Duveens put in so much overtime that, before he retired, his emoluments from Duveen totalled over a hundred thousand dollars. The gratitude of servants was a fine silt from which burgeoned the flower of remembrance. They developed a feeling that it was only fair to transmit to the generous nobleman any information that might interest him: What rival dealers (who had no comparable sense of the value of a servant's time) had the effrontery to offer works of art to their masters, what purchases the masters were considering, what was said about Duveen's emissaries on the walls—in short, all the minutiae of relevant gossip that in the art world are as pregnant with significance as the secret memoranda exchanged by chancelleries. A rival of Duveen's who was a friend of Frick's found, for example, that he could never see Frick alone. Whenever he dropped in, Duveen was there. Another dealer had the same experience whenever he called on Bache. Duveen's generosity even extended to the household staffs of people who were not clients of his but merely potential clients. Eventually,

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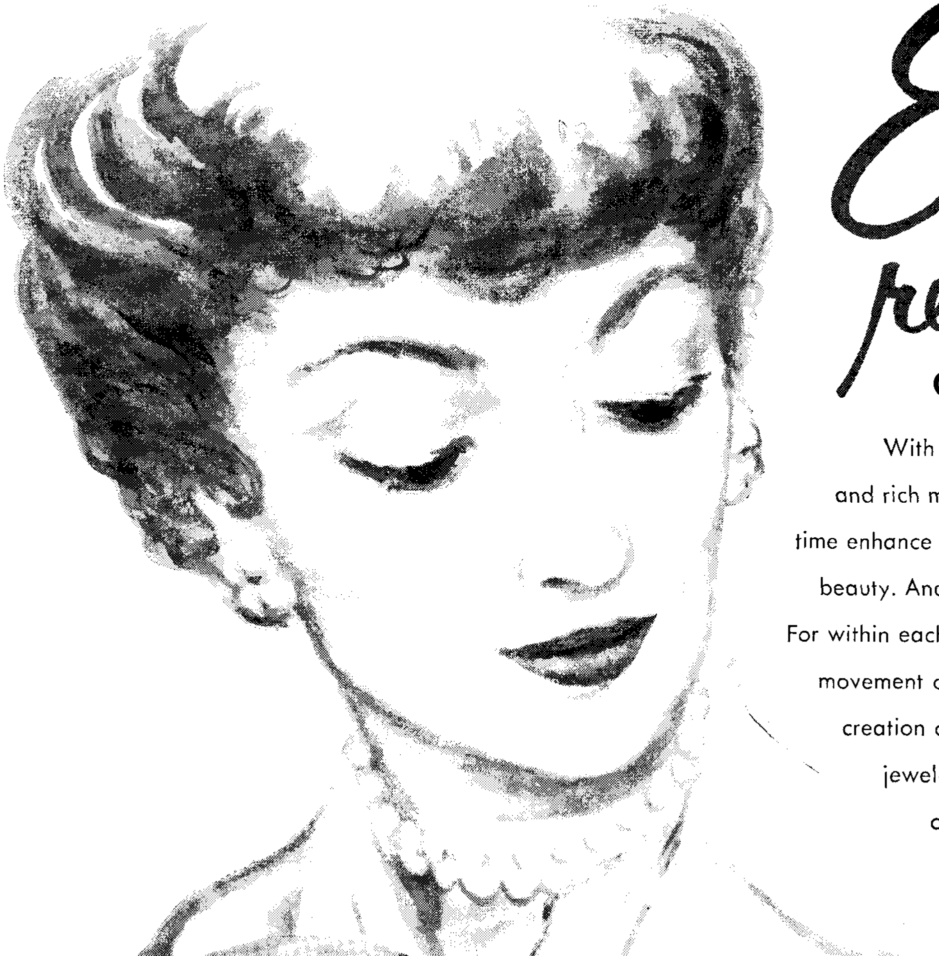

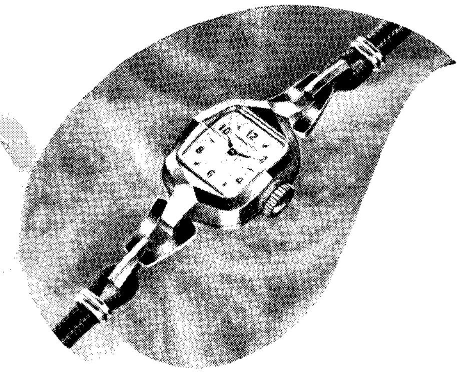

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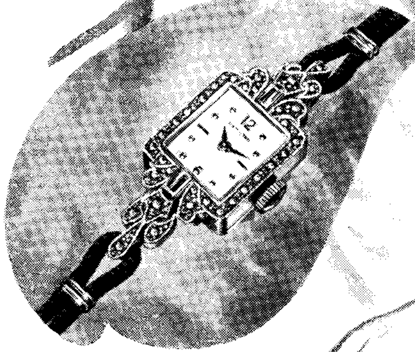

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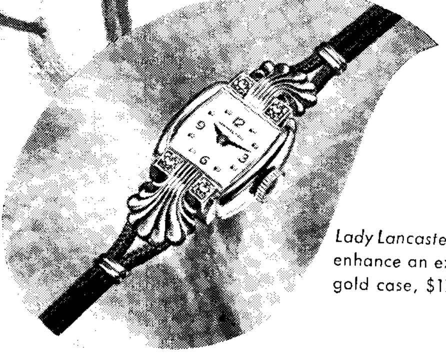

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his circle of friends included almost every valet and butler of any distinction whatever.

In the higher strata—with museum directors, say—Duveen assumed a helpful, avuncular role, and here, too, the emotion of gratitude asserted itself. It often happens that a museum director gets on the trail of some things that he would love to have for his institution but that his budget won't allow. In situations of that kind, Duveen could usually be counted on to help out with a cash gift. He loved the role of benefactor. One of his beneficiaries was the director of a museum in Dijon, France. As a result, the Dijon director, without realizing it, turned himself into an unpaid runner for Duveen. He came upon two early French masterpieces by artists whose names were not known but who were members of the Avignon school. The authenticity and the quality of the pictures were indisputable, but they were altogether beyond the range of the Dijon museum, and the director immediately put Duveen in touch with them; Duveen bought them, and sold them to Rockefeller for three-quarters of a million dollars.

With architects and decorators, Duveen was, of course, completely at home. Once an architect won his affection, there was almost nothing he wouldn't do for him—from his early favorite, Horace Trumbauer, to whom he gave the job of building, at Fifty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, the Duveen Gallery, a small reproduction of a wing of the Ministry of Marine in Paris; through Thomas Hastings, of the firm of Carrère & Hastings, whom he talked Frick into selecting to build Frick's house at Seventieth Street and Fifth Avenue; down to his last, John Russell Pope, for whom he performed a similar service in connection with the job of building the National Gallery, in Washington. Earlier, Duveen had donated to the British Museum a wing to house the Elgin Marbles, and he had given Pope the job of designing that, too. After the death of Mrs. Frick, in 1931, Pope, thanks to Duveen, was chosen to convert the Frick mansion into the Frick Museum. It is said that in the beginning Duveen's regard for Pope was not wholly disinterested. Pope was a stepson-in-law of an important Baltimore collector, Henry Walters, and Duveen hoped to get Walters as a customer. He failed in this but came to like Pope for himself alone. For Hastings, Duveen had a vociferous enthusiasm. Some of Frick's friends were skeptical about Hastings' plans for the partially one-story Frick house; they

NEW KINDS OF BRAKES GET TOUGH TESTS

How Chrysler Corporation engineered and built better brakes for the new cars and military vehicles

The picture story on this page was made by photographer Jerry Cooke, famous for "picture reporting" in leading magazines. He traveled 7000 miles to get a story on the development and testing of the latest thing in brakes for Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars, and the newest military vehicles built by Dodge Truck. Cooke shows you how safety is built into cars which play such an important part in the lives of Americans . . . and gives a glimpse of the way a big automobile company handles defense assignments.

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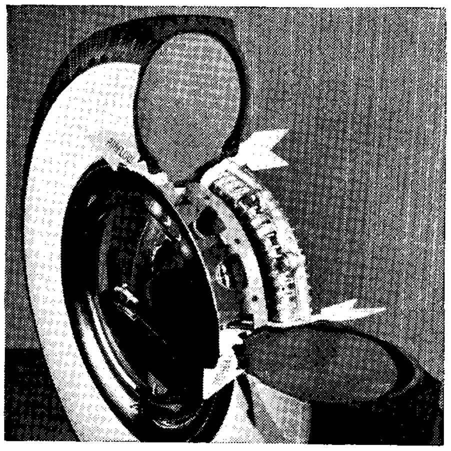

NEW DISC BRAKES. W. R. Rodger, brake development engineer, shows parts of Chrysler's new disc brakes. They operate with light pedal pressure, *never* need adjustment, stay effective even with many repeated stops. *At right* is cutaway of unique forced-air cooling system that makes new brakes last longer. Fins create cooling air current. "Cool" brakes mean safer driving.

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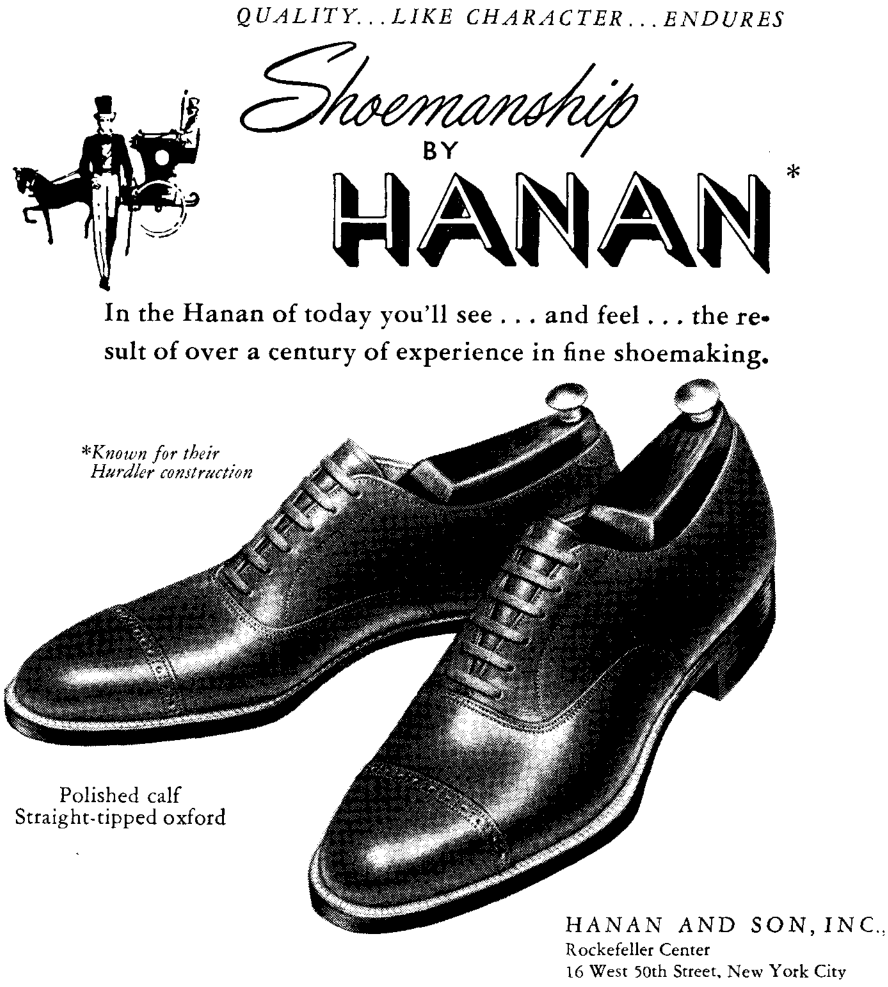

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thought it was too low for a city that went in for altitude. These skeptics Duveen demolished; to Frick he expressed as much satisfaction with Hastings' plans as if they were a Duveen, which, in a sense, they were to become. It was when Duveen, with his exhaustive solicitude, began worrying about the interior of the house that he had his great friend in London, Sir Charles Allom, brought in. Just as Duveen would sometimes furnish an entire room to sell a picture, so, conversely, he would sometimes sell a picture to furnish a room, as happened in the case of the famous Fragonard Room that he got Allom to set up for Frick. Not only did he inspire the emotion of gratitude in others, but he was capable of feeling it strongly himself. He never forgot Allom's appreciation of his taste in furnishing the Fragonard Room, and got him job after job: the Bache house; Mrs. Horace E. Dodge's house, which Duveen furnished entirely; and, for good measure, William Randolph Hearst's castle in Wales, so that at least once Allom wouldn't have to go too far to go to work.

Besides architects and interior decorators, Duveen had a great affection for restorers—those men who perform the nice task of revivifying pictures that have lost their bloom. Restoration evidently has its limits; it stops short of resurrection but, given sufficient skill on the part of the restorer, it can accomplish wonders. To those who suggested that, for instance, a Dürer that Duveen sold to Bache had very little of Dürer left in it, Duveen answered wistfully that anyway it *had* been by Dürer. Duveen had a pet restorer in Italy for Italian pictures, one in France for French pictures, and one in England for English pictures. Oddly, his pet restorer of all was a man born in New York City, Stephen S. Pichetto. Pichetto, who was of Italian parentage, attended Townsend Harris High School and then went to C.C.N.Y. He had ambitions to be a painter himself, but he gave them up in favor of restoring the works of other men, especially those who flourished in Italy during the Renaissance. Duveen began using him early in his American career; by 1928, Pichetto had an official position as "consultant restorer" to the Metropolitan Museum. As Duveen sold many more Italian pictures in America than anybody else sold, he had many more of them to restore, and Pichetto was kept busy. Duveen's generosity—that is, his conviction that anyone who worked for him, high or low, should be compensated in a manner commensurate with the dignity of the association—paid off marvellously in

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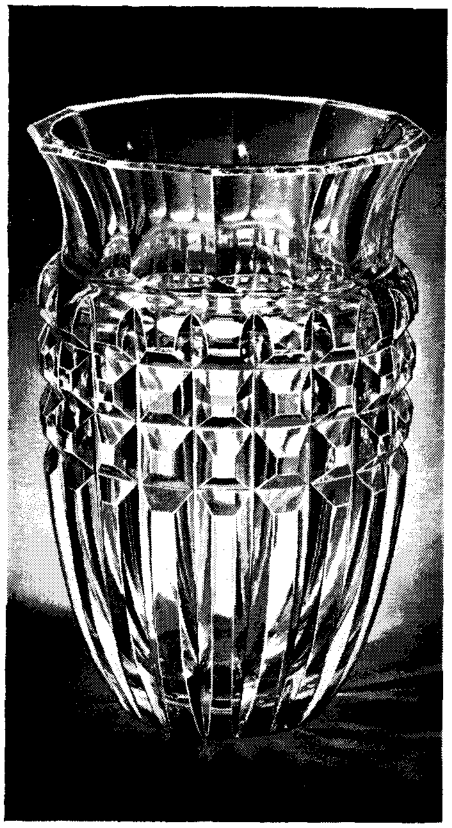

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Pichetto's case. Pichetto became not only restorer but art adviser to Kress. Kress came to rely on Pichetto's judgment, and it was convenient for Duveen that coincidentally Pichetto was (as a friend of both Kress and Pichetto once put it) "extremely Duveen-conscious." This adventitious awareness of Pichetto's came in handy for Duveen when he wanted to sell a picture to Kress, even if it didn't have to be restored. Pichetto, brimful of good will, must have outdone himself when he had to restore a picture that belonged, successively, to Duveen *and* to Kress. In Duveen's final years, when he was at his height, Pichetto was at *his* height; he was so busy that he leased an entire floor of the Squibb Building and had twelve men on his staff. When Pichetto died, in 1949, at the age of sixty-one, he was himself a wealthy man. Such was the era and such was the trade, as Duveen practiced it, that even a restorer who worked for Duveen could leave a fortune.

When at last the moment came for Duveen to meet Mellon, he found himself bountifully rewarded for his unremitting and democratic friendliness. For one thing, although Mellon knew very little about Duveen, aside from the fact that he didn't want to deal with him, Duveen was thoroughly informed about Mellon. Duveen was much better prepared to know Mellon than Mellon was to know Duveen. For another thing, the mechanics of the meeting were so much simpler than they would have been had Duveen been an unfriendly man. The meeting was effected by a delicate feat of coördination. Duveen could not depend on coincidence unless he himself created it. In 1921, Mellon, visiting London, occupied a suite on the third floor of Claridge's. Duveen had a permanent suite on the fourth floor of Claridge's. Stirred suddenly by premonitions of intimacy, he had himself moved to the floor below Mellon. Duveen's valet was, inevitably, a friend of Mellon's; the two valets seem to have wished the contagion of their friendship to spread to their masters. One afternoon, Duveen was apprised by his valet that Mellon's valet was helping Mellon on with his overcoat and was about to start down the corridor with him to ring for the lift. Duveen's valet hastily performed the same services for Duveen. The timing of the valets was so exquisite that Duveen stepped into the descending lift that contained Mellon. Duveen was not only surprised, he was charmed. "How do you do, Mr. Mellon?" he said, and introduced himself, adding, as he later

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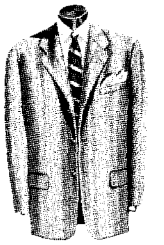

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All of which adds up to this: When it comes to meat, the lady with the market basket finally calls the turn.

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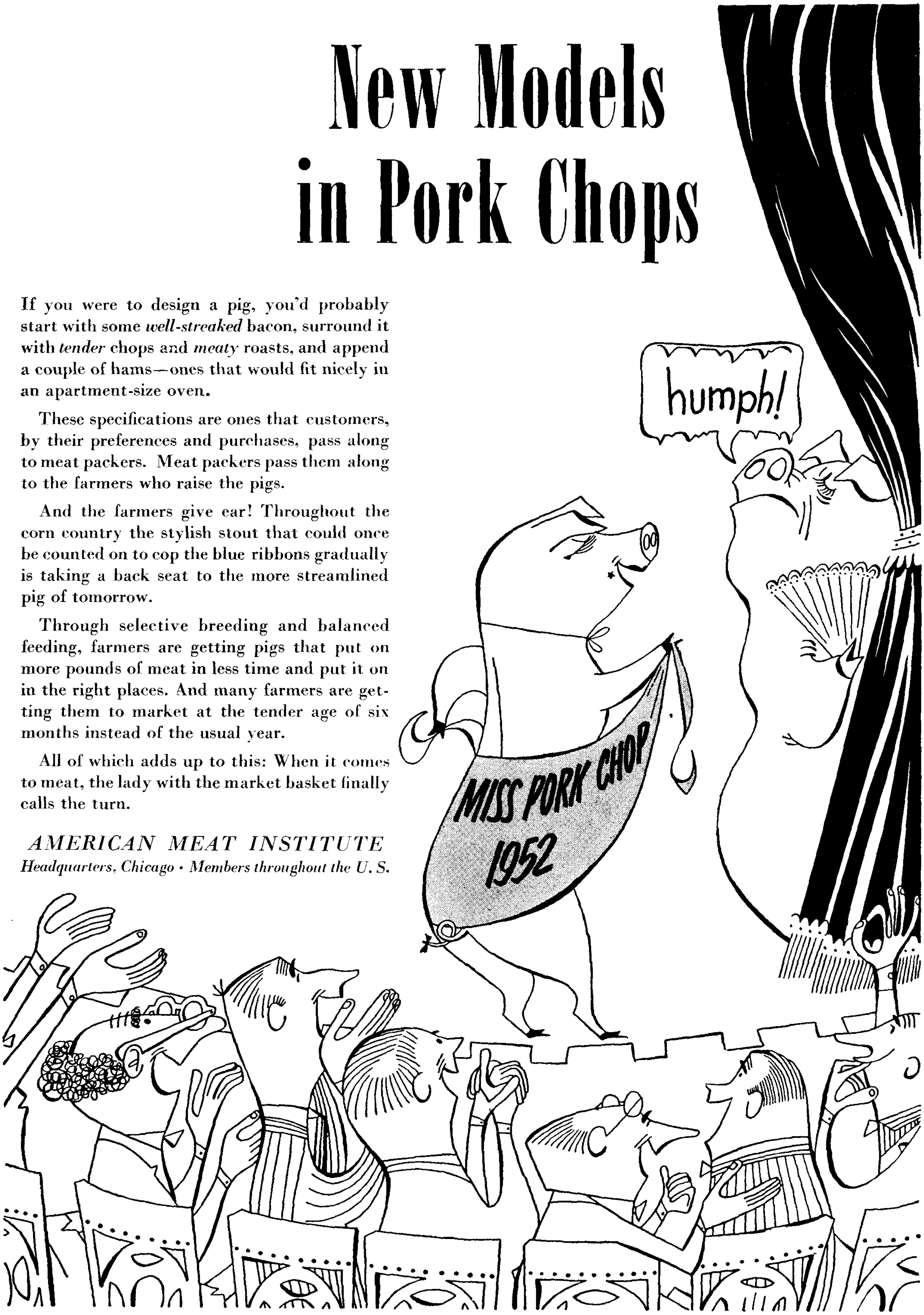
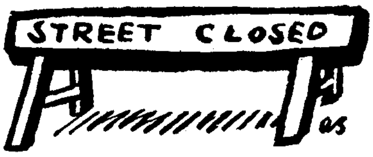
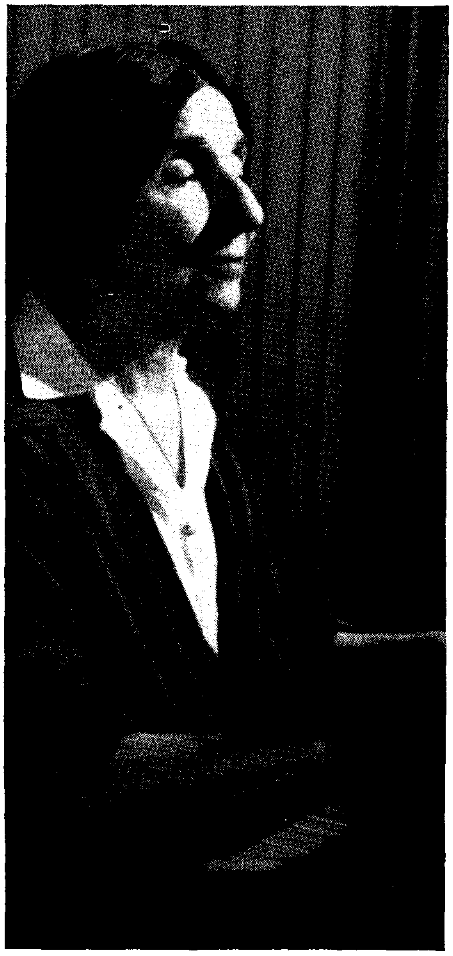


recalled, "I am on my way to the National Gallery to look at some pictures. My great refreshment is to look at pictures." Taken unawares, Mellon admitted that he, too, was in need of a little refreshment. They went to the National Gallery together, and after they had been refreshed, Mellon discovered that Duveen had an inventory of Old Masters of his own that, although smaller than the museum's, was, Duveen thought, comparable in quality. He gave Mellon, as he gave all his clients, the sensation of, in H. G. Dwight's words, "intoxicating triumphs" to come. So heady was this sensation that Mellon appears to have forgotten altogether that Duveen did not work on a commission.

THE personalities of Duveen and Mellon were widely disparate. Duveen blurted out everything; Mellon was the Apostle of Silence. When Mellon was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by Harding, he had to be introduced to the public; his footfall was so light that his name had rarely appeared in the papers, and then most inconspicuously. (At the time of the appointment, Duveen was asked how he felt about it. "I don't care whether Mr. Mellon is Secretary of the Treasury or not, as long as he keeps buying pictures," he replied. Duveen was not interested in what he called his clients' "outside jobs;" he was interested only in their *main* job, which was buying Duveens.) In 1928, Mellon was the featured speaker on Founder's Day at Carnegie Institute, in Pittsburgh. Carnegie Institute was hard up, and there was a rumor that Mellon would come through with a donation. The honored guest, reading almost inaudibly from a prepared text, had his audience straining for the news of a bonanza. Presently, the inaudibility became complete. Mellon had lost his place. He made an effort to find it, and then gave up. "That's all," he murmured, and sat down. The audience filed out not knowing whether Carnegie Institute had got anything or not. They didn't find out till the next morning, when the speech was reported in the Pittsburgh papers, and then they were disappointed. Mellon had been describing a monumental plan he had for rebuilding Washington.

In his Cabinet days, Mellon was a small, frail man with silver hair, a nar-

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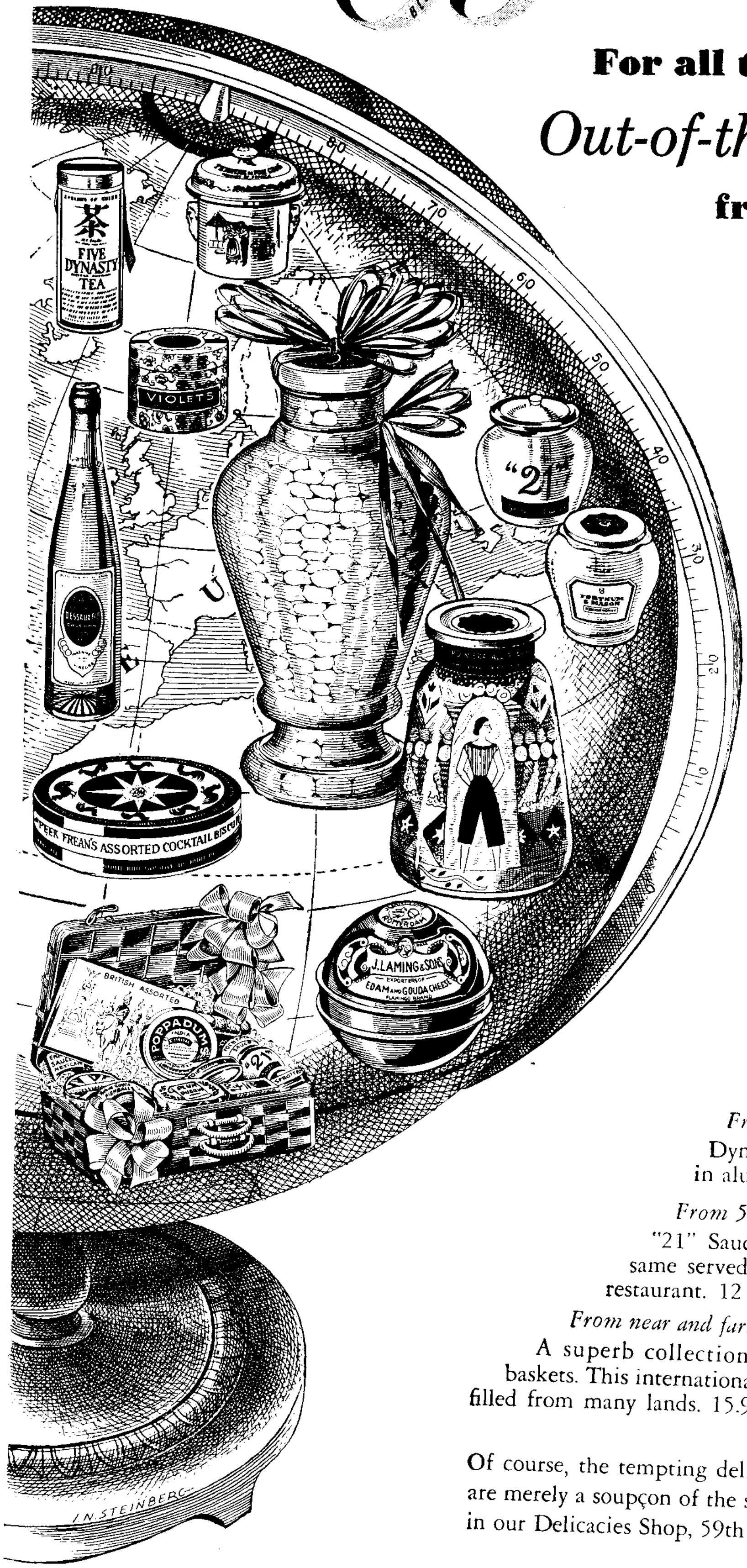
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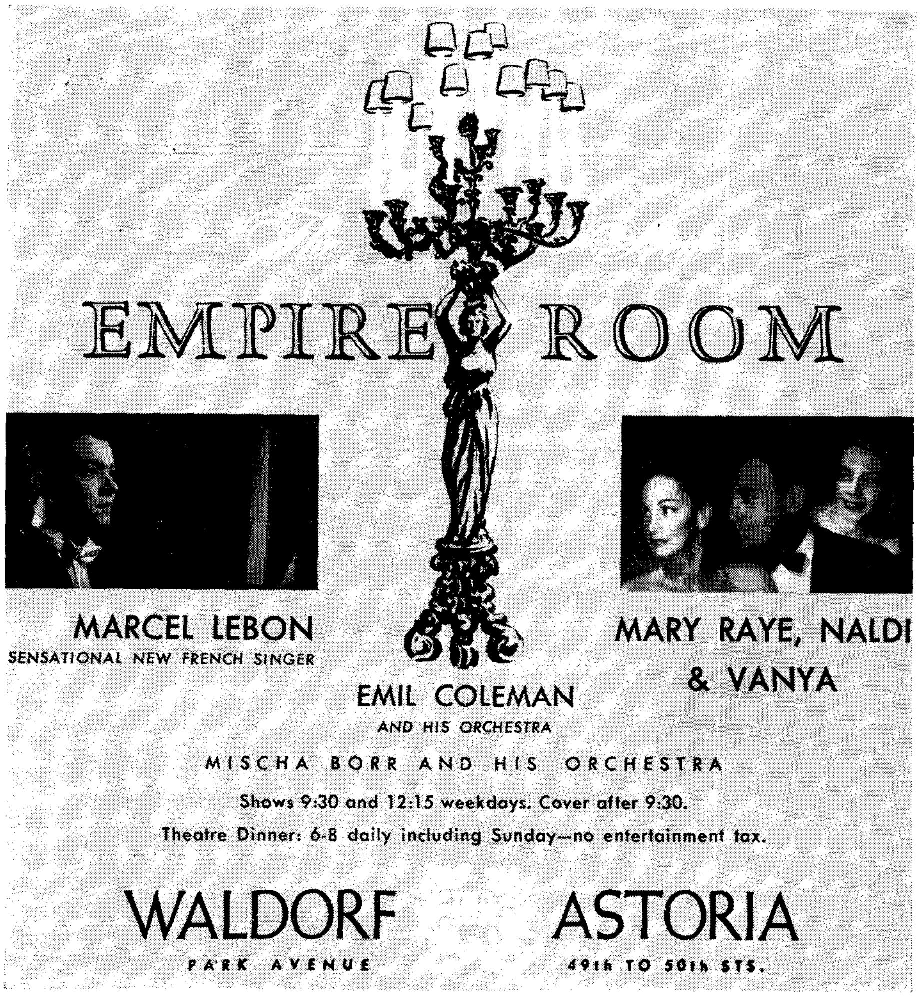
Perhaps there is some mysterious relation between the possession of great wealth and parsimony of speech. A characteristic of practically all the Duveen millionaires was the feeling that speech, like money, was to be held on to—or, at any rate, doled out very slowly. If silence was indeed golden, then this was an easy way for them to increase their capital. When Morgan was in Rome, he liked the society of Salvatore Cortesi, an Associated Press correspondent. According to Morgan's biographer, Frederick Lewis Allen, Morgan would drive through the streets of Rome with Cortesi for hours, "without feeling any necessity to say or hear a word." When someone asked Leland Stanford, when he was Governor of California, "How do you feel this morning, Governor?," the Governor threw the questioner an uneasy look, on guard against this dangerously leading question, and countered with another question. "Wouldn't you like to know?" he said. The Governor, who had been, like one of his business partners, Collis P. Huntington, a Sacramento storekeeper, once sold some groceries and hardware to a couple of prospectors who were broke. In exchange, they gave Stanford seventy-six of the ninety-three shares in their mine. On these shares, Stanford subsequently cleared half a million dollars. An inquiring psychologist in search of the connection between money and silence might discover a sound one—a suspicion that talk breeds friendship and that friendship can be expensive. The rich man's intuition is probably right. Once you have achieved some sort of human relationship with a man, it is hard to bring yourself to sell him a few groceries for half a million dollars. In addition to founding his university, Stanford splashed his will with munificent bequests. He called in his wife and an-



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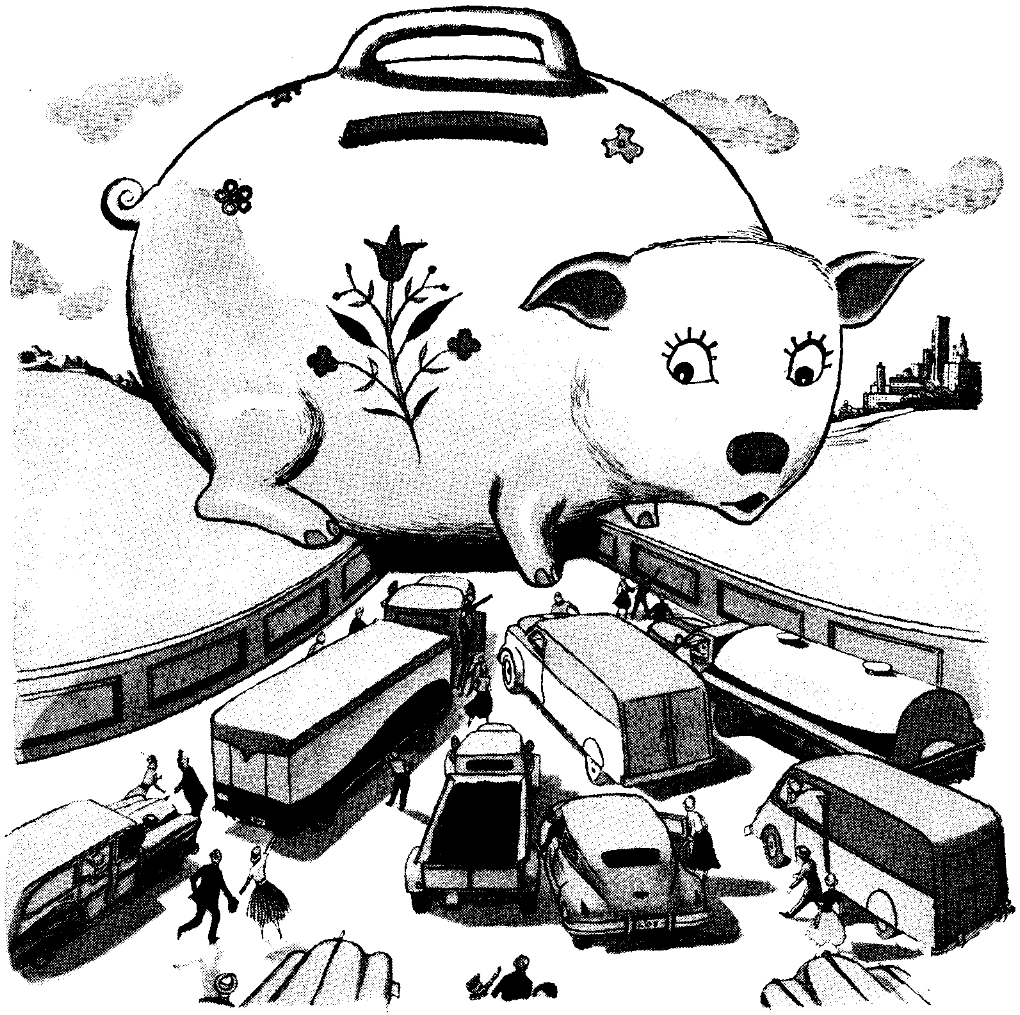

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other of his partners, Mark Hopkins, to consult with him about it. Despite all his acquisitiveness, his affairs were in bad shape. "Don't you think, Leland, that you are being too liberal to some of these people?" Mrs. Stanford asked. "They won't think I'm so liberal when they come to collect," said Stanford compactly. On the way up, reticence is important; once one is there, it is obligatory. Speech is alive with the germ of commitment. The less you say, the less vulnerable you are.

According to a biography written by his close friend George Harvey, Frick's childish dreams centered about the ambition to have, one day, a million dollars. When he was thirty, he had it and he felt justified in blowing himself to a jaunt in Europe. A cautious and conservative young man, he went to call on another cautious and conservative young man in Pittsburgh, Andrew Mellon, to propose that they join forces on a holiday. Mellon nodded his head, and the trip was on. But that genius for organization that Frick had already begun to apply to his coal-and-coke business and that was to multiply the realization of his modest early dreams by the hundreds he applied instinctively to the organization of his first European trip also. Harvey tells about it as follows:

> Naturally, after three years of close and continuous application at his desk, the young banker [Mellon] eagerly welcomed the suggestion of a trip abroad and, having his affairs in perfect order as usual, he readily arranged for an absence of four months. Presently Clay proposed to increase the party by inviting two acquaintances to join them. One of those suggested was a popular young man who wrote poetry, sang gleefully, and told amusing stories. Andrew readily assented to this thoughtful provision of entertainment enhanced by the desirability of having "someone along to do the talking." The other was an older man, no more loquacious than themselves.

As Harvey does not tell us, one can only imagine that this industrial principle of division of labor worked out beautifully on the European jaunt. As Frick and Mellon—except possibly in their relations with Duveen—always got something in excess of value received, it is safe to assume that the fellow they took along to do the talking worked hard and incessantly and made it blissfully unnecessary for his two hosts to open their mouths in speech except in emergencies. On occasion, though, Frick, if sufficiently stimulated by a colleague, permitted himself to be expansive. One day during a stock-market crisis, he was in the office of James Stillman, the president of the National City Bank. The two giants

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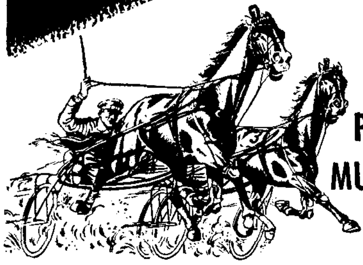

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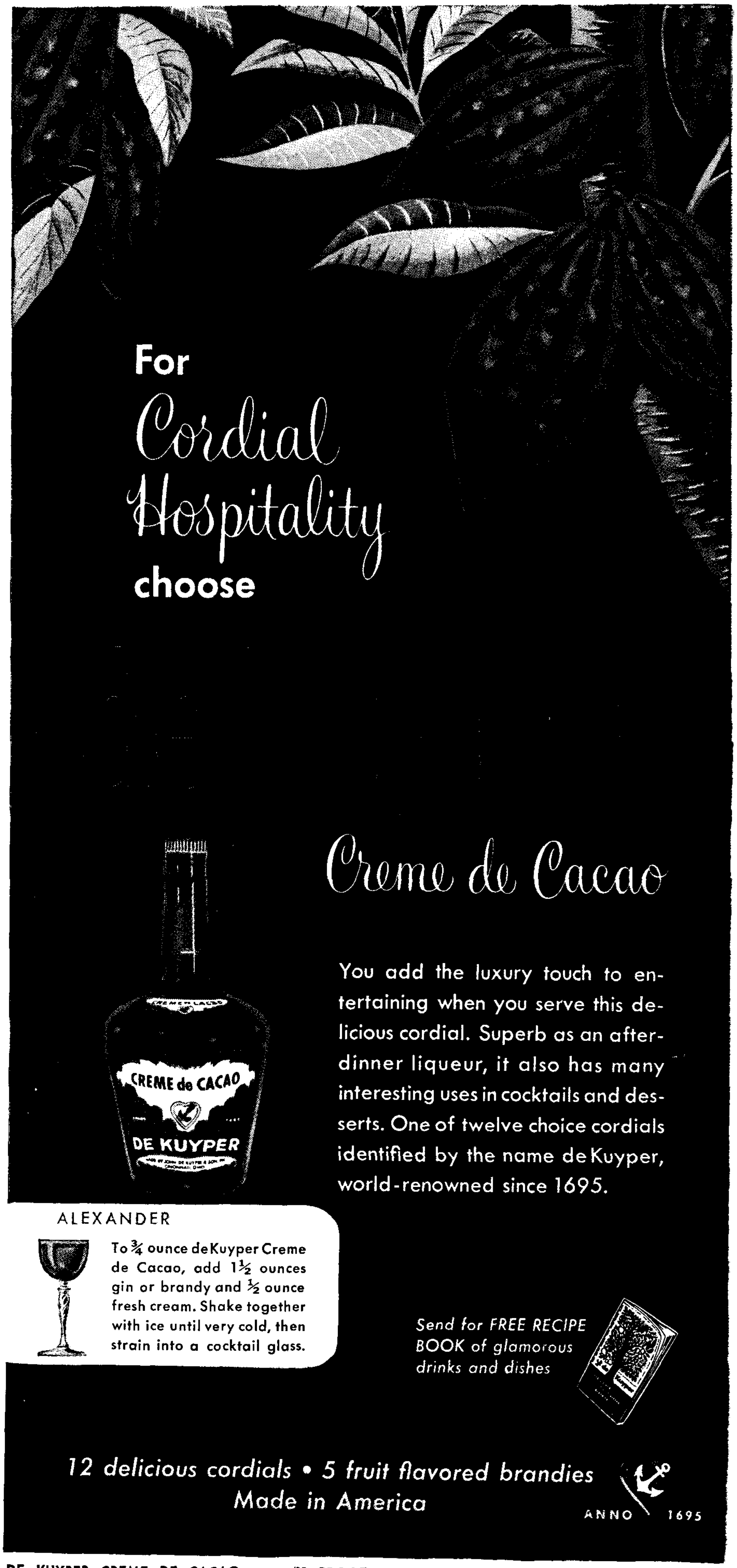
were besieged by a financial reporter, who asked for a statement. The reporter waited a full hour while Frick and Stillman evolved it. Finally, it was sent out by Stillman's secretary. It read:

> The U.S.A. is a great and growing country.
>
> (Signed) JAMES STILLMAN
> HENRY C. FRICK.
>
> This is confidential and not for publication unless names are omitted.

Although Duveen got what he wanted that day in the lift in Claridge's, although Mellon became a customer, and his best customer, Duveen had to pay a high price, for Mellon, by not talking, made him suffer acutely. He took forever to decide about a picture, and during these endless periods of indecision gave Duveen no hint of what he was thinking. In an impulsive, indiscreet moment, a rival art dealer once heard himself saying to Mellon, "Duveen tells me you drive him crazy. You drive him crazy because he never knows what you feel about things. He says he can never get a word out of you." At this testimony to his inscrutability, Mellon permitted himself a smile, unaccompanied by speech. Duveen used to cheer Bache up when he was low, and H. E. Huntington used to cheer Duveen up when *he* was low. But Mellon was simply withdrawn. Not only was he withdrawn; he had to be satisfied that a picture was indisputably authentic and that it was the best the Old Master had to offer. Moreover, he felt that he must like it—without saying so, of course—almost as well as Duveen did. Without speaking a word or even altering his expression, he let Duveen's spirals of ecstasy envelop him. Through all the long and, on Mellon's part, silent struggle, Duveen sought, by all the devices at his disposal, to uncover the wellspring of emotion he was sure lay within. He came nearest to it the day he found Mellon in a mood bordering on irritation. This was promising. He plumbed it, only to discover that Mellon was annoyed because his haberdasher had asked him an exorbitant price for a fourteen-carat-gold collar button. He had left the shop without a word and without the collar button.

DURING the nineteen-twenties, Duveen moved cautiously with Mellon. He did not regard Mellon as the kind of man who should be rushed. He was satisfied to sell him one or two pictures at a time, and to put up with the fact that Mellon still saw a great deal of Knoedler's. And somewhere along the way Duveen began to plant in Mellon's mind filaments of sugges-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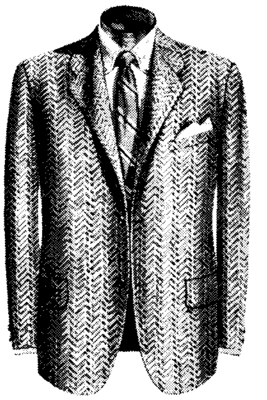
tion—the merest gossamer, at first—that were to lead Mellon to wake up one day with the awesome idea that he would found a national art gallery in Washington. As a close observer of the National Gallery's genesis has said, "It was a gleam in Duveen's eye long before Andrew Mellon ever thought of it." Toward the end of the decade, with a view to making a start toward filling up the gallery of his imagination, Duveen, hearing that the Soviet government was eager to sell some of its famous collection of paintings in the Hermitage Gallery, in Leningrad, went over to have a look at them. The Soviet government proved to be the first seller in his experience whose price he did not care to meet. The outlay was too great, he thought, especially since Mellon was the only potential purchaser, and Mellon had not seen the pictures. Duveen contented himself with telling Mellon about the expensive opportunity. After several years of negotiation, Mellon, in 1930 and 1931, using Knoedler's—still working on a fixed commission—as his agent, took advantage of it. Mellon bought twenty-one of the Hermitage paintings, for seven million dollars. For Raphael's "Alba Madonna" alone he paid over one million one hundred thousand dollars. Mellon's taciturnity about his Hermitage buy equalled his taciturnity about everything else. David E. Finley, who was Mellon's right-hand man and at his request was appointed the Director of the National Gallery, has been quoted in the *Saturday Evening Post* as saying, "Mr. Mellon wanted to keep the thing a surprise until the right moment. It probably would not have been good politics for the Secretary of the Treasury publicly to spend millions for rare paintings at a time when the government was swamped with unemployment, bank failures, and general distress." To keep quiet about this was no strain on Mellon.

To anybody else, Mellon's purchase of the Hermitage pictures would have been a lethal blow, but to Duveen it was like finding a gusher. After it had been announced, a rival dealer came to offer him some gloating consolation. He was startled to find Duveen radiant. "Mellon has arrived," Duveen said. "He's ready for *me*." Duveen felt that any man who would spend that much money on pictures he had never seen was a buyer for whom he was prepared to endure any anguish. He knew that Mellon could make no more such purchases except from him; there was no other source of supply. The Hermitage affair showed that Mellon meant busi-



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ness. Duveen meant business, too. In congratulating Mellon on his acquisition, he said, "These pictures are wonderful, but let me remind you, Mr. Mellon, that you paid Duveen prices." Finley recalls that when the paintings finally arrived in Washington, they were secreted in a vault in the Corcoran Gallery. Finley has said that Mellon would retire there to commune with "treasures like Raphael's 'Alba Madonna,' and his 'Saint George and the Dragon,' the second of which cost $745,000; Botticelli's 'The Adoration of the Magi,' which cost $838,350; Jan van Eyck's 'The Annunciation,' which cost $503,010; and Titian's 'Venus with a Mirror'—a very nude painting that Mellon never would have hung in his home—which cost $544,320." That was a lot of money to spend on a picture you couldn't hang in your home, to say nothing of the upkeep on a place where you *could* hang it. Finley has said that Mellon had strict ideas about what could be hung in one's home; he "did not care for nudes or contemporary paintings, and he was careful not to hang religious pictures in a room where his friends might be smoking and drinking." His private museum must have been governed by the sort of regulations that public museums had late in the nineteenth century, when the hours at which men and women were permitted to look at Greek sculpture were staggered, like the hours at a Turkish bath.

During the early thirties, Duveen, quietly plugging away at his plans for a national gallery, sold Mellon art on a grander and grander scale. Everything was going along rosily for both Mellon and Duveen when, in the spring of 1934, the United States Attorney General sent Mellon a notice claiming that in 1931 he had not paid enough income tax. Bluntly, the government asked Mellon for $3,089,000 for back taxes and penalties. Mellon denounced the government's implied charge of tax evasion as "impertinent, scandalous, and improper," made a counter-claim that in 1931 he had, in fact, overpaid his taxes by $139,000, and, ostensibly to get a refund but actually to clear himself of the Bureau of Internal Revenue's charge of fraud, asked for a hearing before the Board of Tax Appeals in Washington. The government's case against Mellon was enormously complicated; before the hearings were over, ten thousand pages of testimony had been recorded. Mellon had to withstand a terrific barrage from the government's lawyers, and his defenses were sometimes puny. The hearings whipped up

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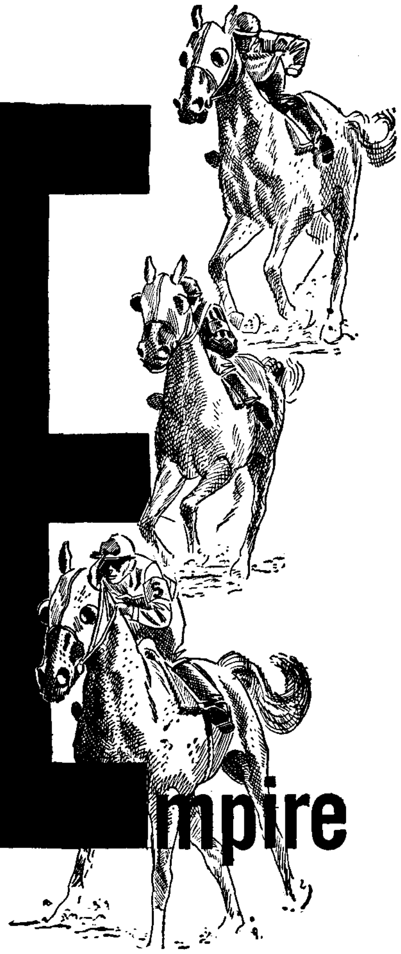

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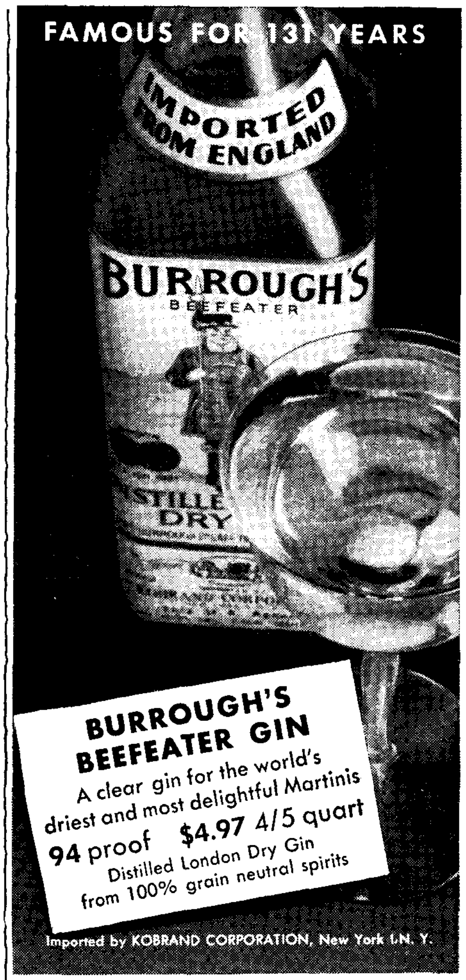
a turbulent sea, filled with knobby islands, on which the Mellon lawyers were shown to have erected intricate and diaphanous structures: labyrinths of "shadow security sales" and "coalesced corporations." But, fortunately for Mellon, the stormy sea of this litigation led into a comparatively tranquil and sunny cove, on which the Mellon art collection, bought from Duveen and others, sailed serenely. In this cove—which to Duveen *was* the sea—the talkative peer thrashed about prodigiously. The nub of Mellon's defense—a nub that the government apparently had not anticipated—was that in 1931 Mellon, without talking about it, without even bothering to mention it to the government, had given more than three million dollars' worth of pictures to the Mellon Trust, a foundation he had set up the year before for charitable purposes. The government answered that the foundation itself was a tax dodge, that the pictures were hanging in his apartment and were inaccessible to the public. (Those that were in a vault in the Corcoran were even less publicly accessible.) Mellon's reply to *that* was that though these works of art were still privately displayed, it had for years been his intention to turn them over to the nation as soon as he had acquired enough to provide a decent start for a national gallery he was planning to give the American people. To prove that Mellon had had this intention even earlier than 1931, Mellon's counsel called to their aid the man who had shared this intention with him—Duveen. In his testimony, Duveen swept clear of the ingenuities of lawyers, the importunities of tax collectors, the avidities of the over-rich. He was able to slant a shaft of benevolent, lateral light on Mellon: here was the government insisting that Mellon was trying to cheat it out of over three million dollars; Duveen was present to prove that Mellon had spent vastly more than that on a project he had long been preparing to hand over to the government he was supposed to be defrauding. As Mellon's attorney, Frank J. Hogan, put it, "God doesn't place in the hearts and minds of men such diverse and opposite traits as these; it is impossible to conceive of a man planning such benefactions as these and at the same time plotting and scheming to defraud his government." Duveen supported God's and Hogan's view of the eternal homogeneity of human nature.

Duveen's lawyers, who, over the years, had had to pilot him through countless lawsuits, had despaired of him as a witness; he never saw any reason,



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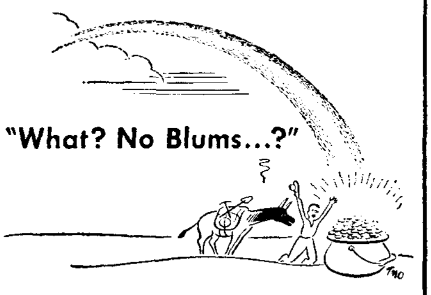
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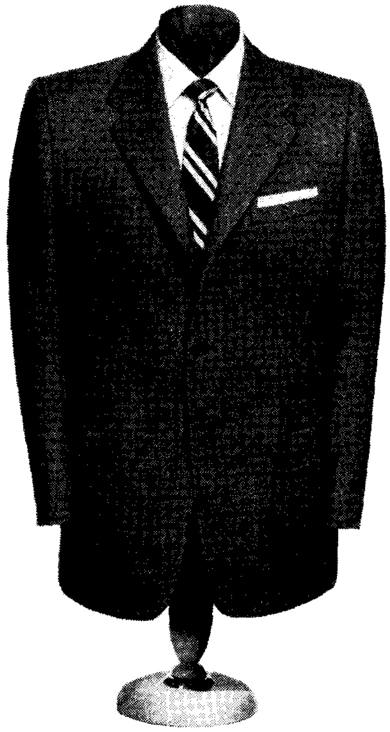
even in a courtroom, to curb his habit of talking too much. They had seen him off to Washington with sinking hearts. But on this one occasion, even they later admitted, Duveen acquitted himself nobly. That exuberance in Duveen that subtle men like Sir Osbert Sitwell and Sir Kenneth Clark—weary, perhaps, of their own subtleties and grateful for big, colorful splashes of untested generalization and unpremeditated gusto—delighted in overflowed at this trial and captivated everyone in the crowded hearing room except opposing counsel. Duveen entered with the assurance of a popular comedian who knows he is irresistible and knows he is funny. He addressed opposing counsel—headed by Robert H. Jackson, attorney for the Bureau of Internal Revenue—with the condescension of an Olympian talking down to worthy, but fumbling and misinformed, groundlings. Duveen must have quickly sized Jackson up as a man who didn't own any Duveens, and he set about educating him. He made a broad introductory statement, by way of breaking him in, about the Mellon Duveens. "The ex-Secretary's collection," he said concisely, "is the finest in the universe." This gave Jackson little margin, but he tried to maneuver on his narrow shelf. He had evidently peeked into Duveen's income-tax reports as well as into Mellon's, for he replied by asking Duveen whether it was not true that his art firm had lost $2,950,000 in 1930 and 1931. Duveen looked at him pityingly. "I've never asked for the last fifteen years what I've made or what I've lost," he said. "I'm simply not interested." Even for a non-customer, Jackson showed an ignorance about Duveens that shocked the art dealer with its Philistinism. Nevertheless, Duveen took the time to give him some elementary instruction in picture values. Jackson asked about the value of van Eyck's panel "The Annunciation." Duveen looked at him reprovingly, as you could not help looking at a man who would ask a question about a thing like that. "Perhaps you don't realize that there are only three small van Eycks in America," he said. "And they cannot compare with Mr. Mellon's van Eyck." He threw a compliment at Mellon for his shrewdness in getting this panel for a mere $503,010. It was worth a million, he said, and added, "Why, even I would give $750,000 for it now." He was asked about the "Cowper Madonna" of Raphael, which he had sold Mellon. This turned out to be another example of Mellon's shrewdness; he had wrested it from Duveen for $836,000. "I thought it a very



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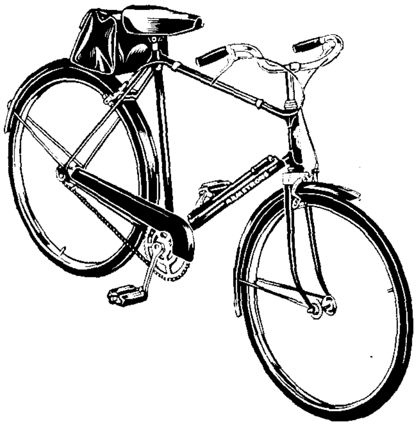

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low price. Mr. Mellon thought it a very high price. One day after lunch, I gave way," said Duveen, with the candor of a man who was not above admitting defeat. He beamed at Mellon to show that he bore no grudge. Mellon nodded in acknowledgment.

Jackson blindly persisted, and Duveen had to go on lecturing him. The government's counsel tried to get Duveen to admit that there was a great fluctuation in the values of works of art. Duveen tried to lead counsel gently to the plateau on which he himself resided. Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, Perugino, van Eyck, Titian, and Rembrandt were all great men, said Duveen, "because only great men can become great artists." And, he pointed out, their prices must be commensurate with their greatness. Jackson then asked, bloody but unbowed, "Is it nevertheless true that art works do fluctuate greatly in value?" Duveen, forced from where he dwelt to the lowlands, became paternal. "Really, my dear fellow," he said, "art works don't rise and fall in value like pig iron or sheet copper or tin mines. They have a value and that is all there is to it." He added that he did not have to depend on certificates to assure the authenticity of his pictures. The audience laughed. "I have received certificates from emperors and kings," Duveen continued, "but usually I find that the picture in question is no good. My clients just accept my word, for they have been dealing with me for years." Again he beamed at the defendant, who had been dealing with him for years and who rewarded him with another nod.

When the issue was really joined and Jackson tried to prove that Mellon had formed his foundation to escape taxes and had never intended to let the public enjoy his art collection, Duveen testified that as early as 1928 he had discussed with Mellon the project of a national gallery to house the art treasures he was helping get together for him. He had introduced to Mr. Mellon "a noted architect," who had drawn rough plans for the building, which were still in his possession. Jackson tried to interrupt Duveen's description of his talks with Mellon about the plans for the building, but Duveen in full flight was not an easy man to interrupt. He went on describing the talks and the plans. Not only had he discussed the plans and introduced an architect to Mellon but he had even suggested a site in Washington. Hogan asked him a question about the site. Jackson didn't want to hear any more about it, but Duveen saw to it that he heard more. "Oh, yes, there was a site," Duveen said. "By the obelisk near

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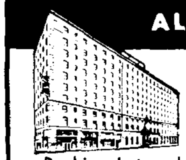

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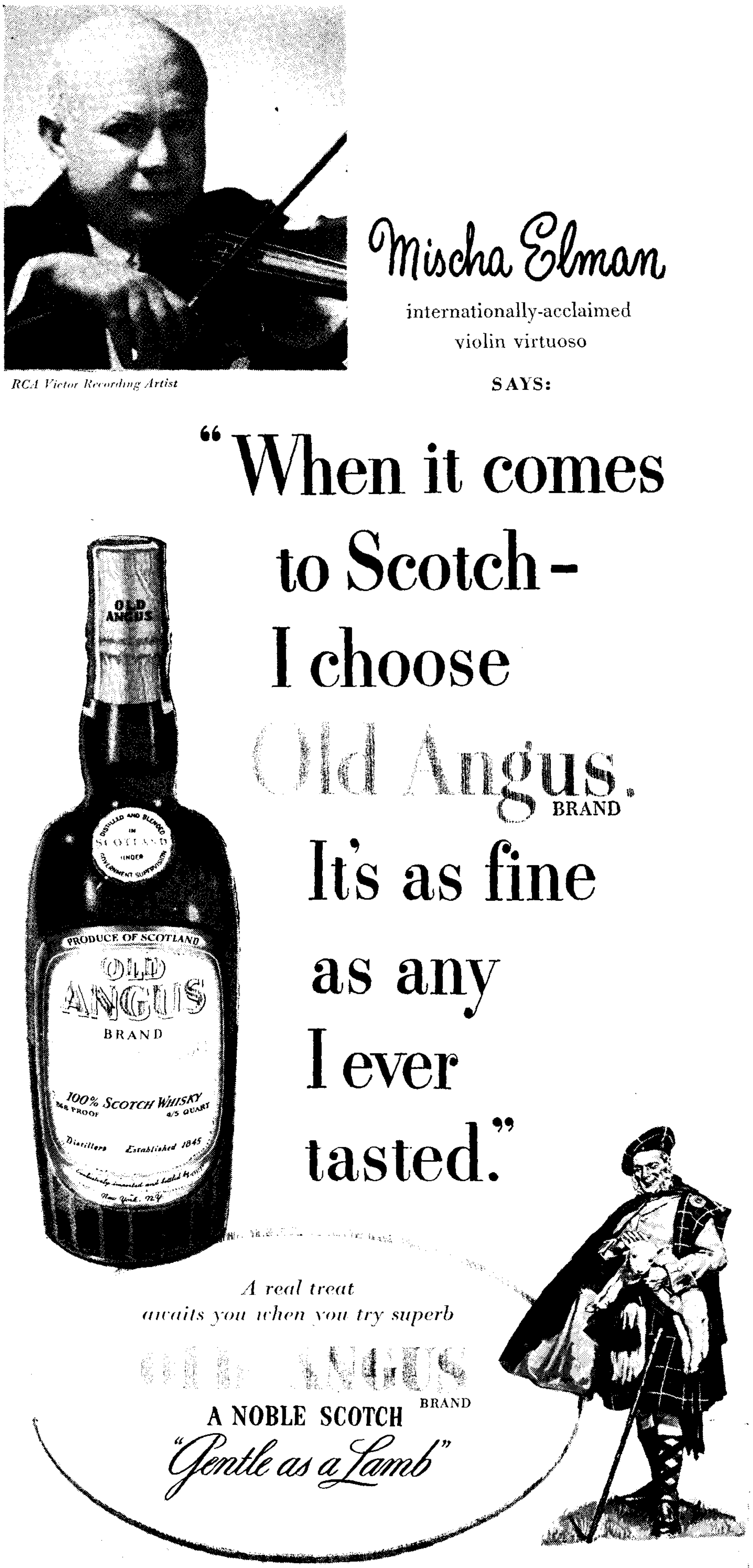
the pond." At this deft transposition of the Washington Monument to the Sahara, and its reflecting pool to some English county, the spectators howled with laughter, and attendants had to shout for order.

Duveen went on, and the case went on. Commentators on the hearings, which at moments looked very bad for Mellon, have said that Duveen's testimony did much to dispel the sinister atmosphere that surrounded the case. In a dramatic fashion, Duveen's pictures—which he had always told his clients they were getting cheap no matter how much they paid for them—and even Knoedler's pictures, rallied to Mellon in his dark hour. In the end, the Board of Tax Appeals exonerated him of the government's charges of fraud. It came around, at last, to a belief in Mellon's and Duveen's charitable intentions. The Old Masters, it turned out, were useful to have as contemporary pals.

THE end of the tax hearings in Washington left Duveen in a handsome position; the idea of the National Gallery was now out in the open, and Mellon could not very gracefully change his mind about it. Duveen's only problem was how to provide Mellon with the works he had testified he needed to give the gallery a decent start. In 1936, for the second time in his dealings with Mellon, Duveen decided to take an apartment directly below his, this time in Washington. As he later recounted, he said to Mellon one day, "You and I are getting on. We don't want to run around. I have some beautiful things for you, things you ought to have. I have gathered them specially for you. You don't want to keep running to New York to see them; I haven't the energy to keep running to Washington. I shall arrange matters so that you can see these things at your convenience and at your leisure." Then, in an allusion to the National Gallery, he added, "Of course, these things don't really belong to us. They belong to the people." Mellon lived in an apartment house near Dupont Circle. Duveen prevailed upon the family living below Mellon to transfer its lease to him, and then moved in the wonderful things that belonged to the people. The result was very beautiful and very expensive. He installed a caretaker, engaged several guards to keep an eye on the apartment, gave Mellon the key, and went back to New York.

In New York, to divert himself while waiting around for the silent potentate to make up his mind and speak, Duveen decided to have some fun at the expense



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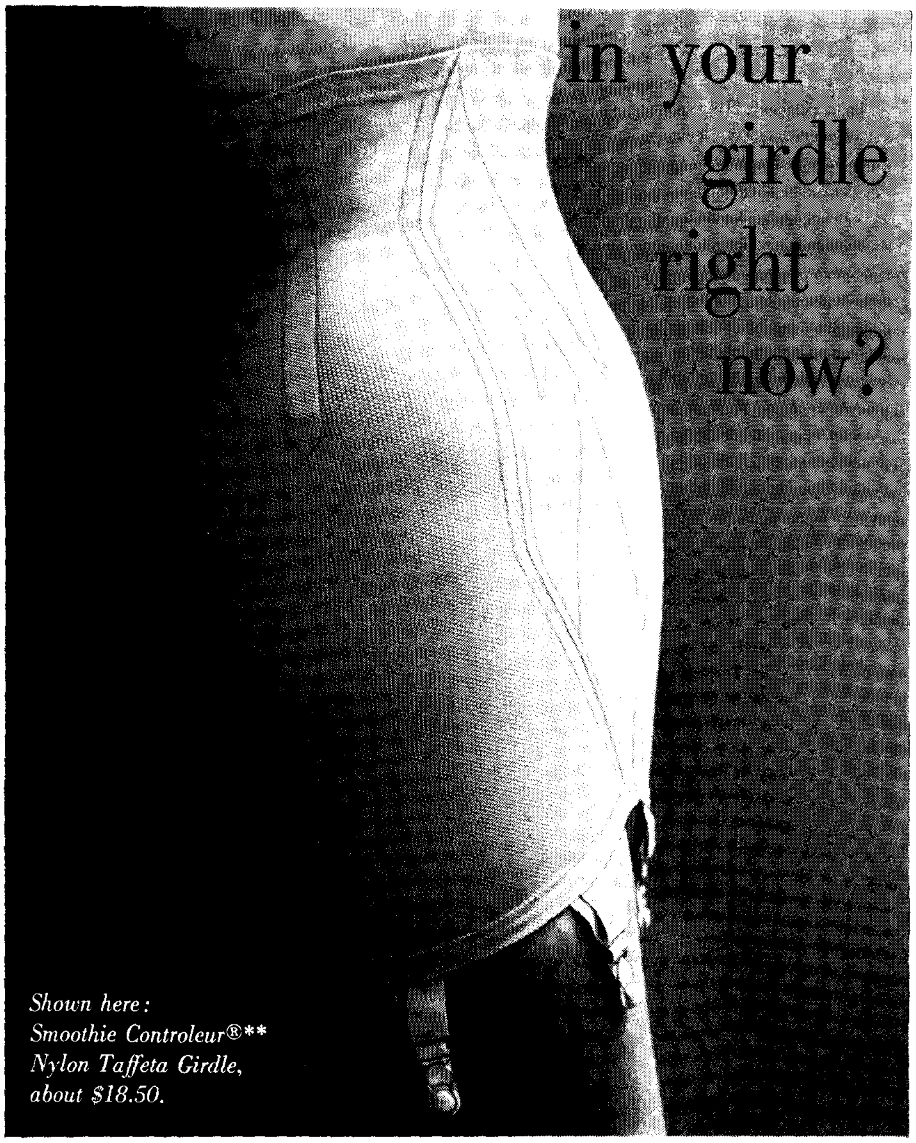
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of a potentate who was not silent at all, Adolf Hitler. Duveen thought that except for Holbein and Dürer, whom he consented to deal in, German art was gross and tasteless. In speaking of German pictures, he was repeatedly able to employ his favorite epithet for a picture he didn't like—"vulgar." Hitler's preferences in art had a strong nationalist tinge; he deplored the fact that so many early German artists had been displaced, in museums and private collections, by decadent Italians. Duveen went to considerable trouble to see that Hitler's preferences were indulged. Working under cover of an English firm of unblemished Aryan genealogy—a firm that, in turn, employed a similarly impeccable Dutch concern—Duveen furnished the funds for a large and long-term operation that funnelled back into Germany early German art works which came quite cheap, in exchange for the decadent Italians. He thus managed to abduct from the very walls of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, in Berlin, and the Alte Pinakothek, in Munich, among other prominent German museums, some of the finest examples of Italian art—a Duccio di Buoninsegna, a Fra Filippo Lippi, a Raphael, and the like—and transfer them to the walls of the more catholic Duveen clients.

Meanwhile, Duveen kept in touch with his caretaker in Washington. The caretaker confided charming vignettes of the tenant on the upper floor, in dressing gown and carpet slippers, leaving his own apartment to bask in Duveen's more opulent environment. Sometimes, the caretaker reported, Mellon found it more agreeable to entertain guests in Duveen's place than in his own. Gradually, Mellon must have begun to feel that the paintings he showed off to his friends at Duveen's were his own. There came a moment when he felt he couldn't go on living a double life. He sent for Duveen and bought the contents of his apartment, lock, stock, and barrel. This was the largest transaction ever consummated in the world of art. Duveen had easily outdone the Soviets. There were twenty-one items in the Soviet deal, forty-two in Duveen's. Mellon paid the Soviets seven million dollars; he paid Duveen twenty-one million. For once, Mellon found himself short of cash. He paid Duveen in securities. Duveen was able to liquidate a credit of six million dollars his London bank had been extending him for thirty years and to arrange trust funds for his wife and daughter. The deal was a remarkable feat of salesmanship, but it represented an even more remarkable feat

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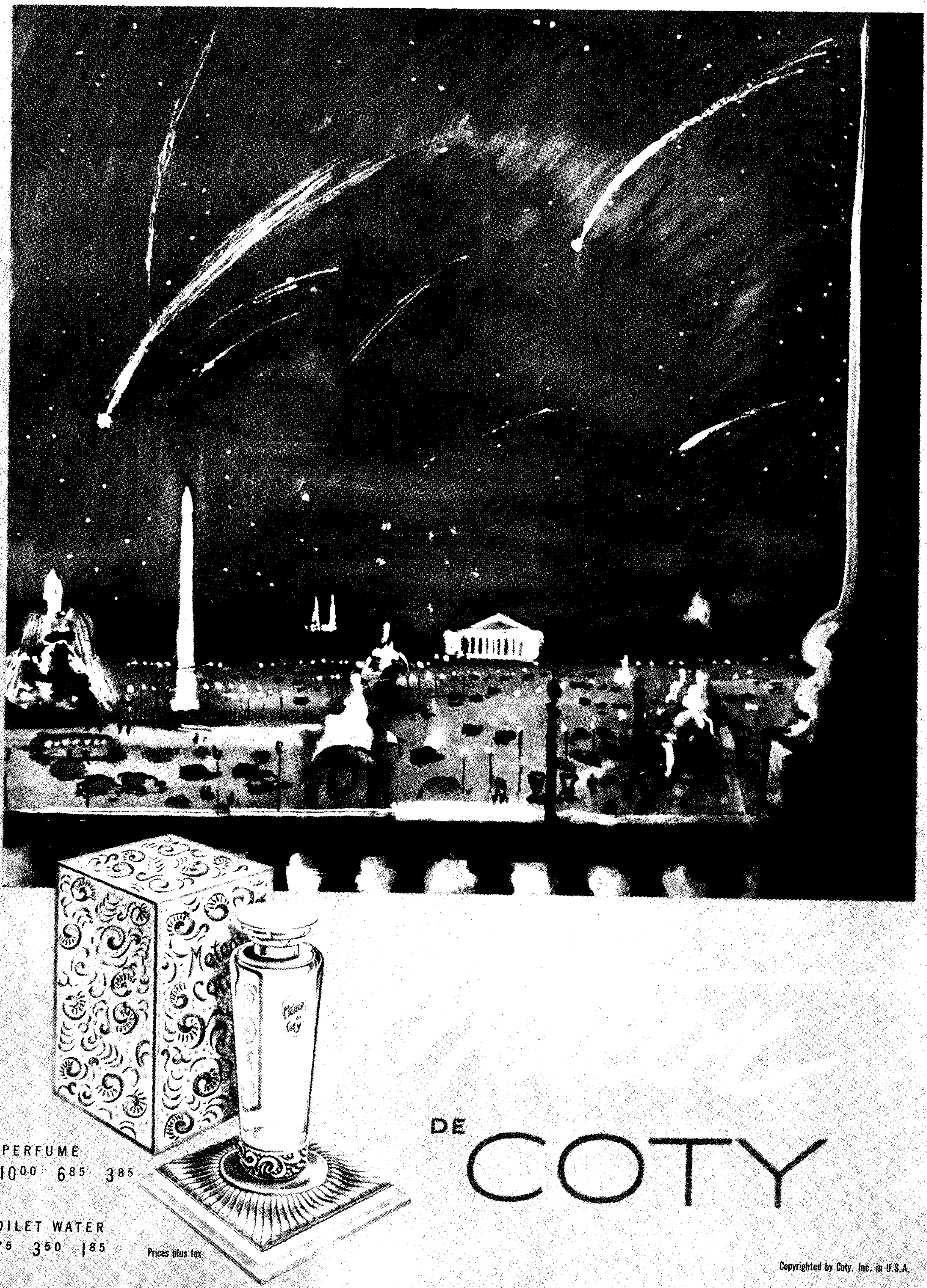
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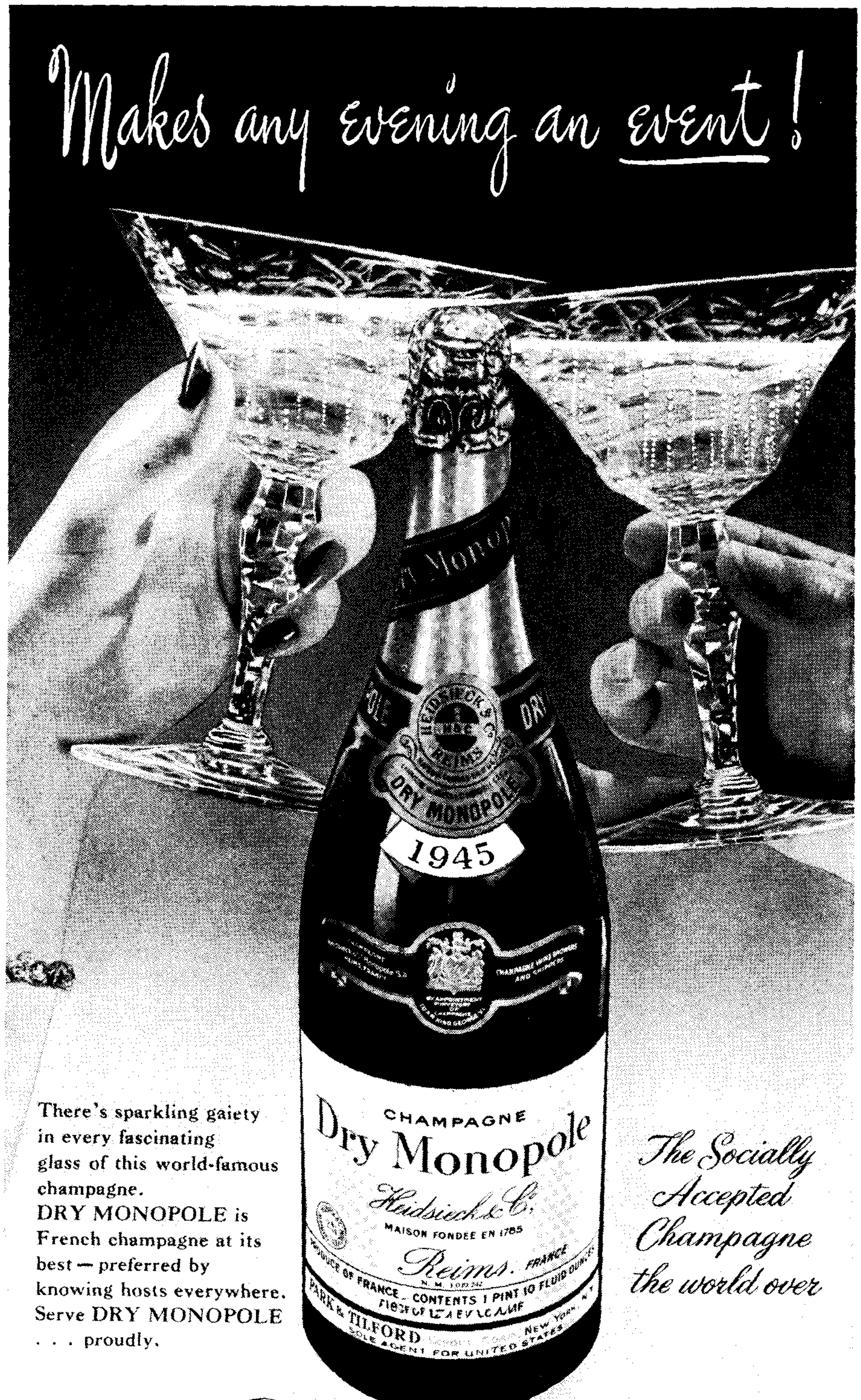
of collecting. After all, the Soviet government had inherited the Hermitage collection from a government that had been collecting pictures far longer than Duveen. The agents of Catherine the Great had brought back many of the Hermitage pictures from their tours through England, Flanders, and Holland in the early eighteenth century; Nicholas I and the Alexanders, in the nineteenth century, were responsible for further acquisitions. Since Duveen was able to assemble a large part of the Mellon Collection—and a large part of so many others besides—in one lifetime, it can be argued that he was the greatest collector in history.

A few months after Duveen sold Mellon the apartment in Washington, Mellon wrote President Roosevelt offering to build a national art gallery and give it to the nation, along with his entire art collection and a five-million-dollar endowment fund. As soon as the President and Congress had, in March of 1937, formally accepted the National Gallery in the name of the American people—nineteen million of whom have since visited it—Duveen formally called in John Russell Pope, the architect anonymously referred to during the trial, to draw up more definite plans. After Duveen had passed on them, they were shown to Mellon. Duveen was as fastidious in planning the National Gallery as he had been in planning the apartment he sold to Mellon. He had a prejudice against limestone. His soul revolted against limestone. He thought it was dirty. Mellon, however, had made up his mind to build the Gallery of limestone, for which he had already exhibited a noticeable fondness. President Coolidge had put Mellon in charge of a $190,000,000 District of Columbia architectural program, and Mellon had chosen limestone for one government building after another. "Three Presidents served under Mellon," Senator George Norris once said. Unlike Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, Duveen refused to serve. He didn't want the National Gallery, to which he had given so much thought and which was to house so many of the best Duveens, to look like the Mellon National Bank in Pittsburgh. He arranged a conference with Mellon and Pope, and praised marble. Pope said marble would cost at least five million dollars more. Mellon said that that was much too expensive; limestone was good enough. After all, he had rebuilt the District of Columbia out of limestone. Duveen said that what was good enough for the District of Columbia was not good enough for his and Mellon's pictures. He suggested an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automobile ride around town. As they rode, he pointed out to Mellon many examples of his crowning glory. They were of limestone, and they looked shabby and dirty, or Duveen said they did. All the time, Duveen kept selling marble as if he were selling marble. Mellon yielded. "Thanks for the ride," he said. "It has been the most expensive ride of my life."

Once Duveen had persuaded Mellon that marble was the only substance suitable for a building that was to house Duveens, Mellon insisted on choosing the *kind* of marble, and Duveen let him have his own way. Mellon decided on Tennessee marble because it was, like himself, unostentatious and austere. He chose it because it didn't look like marble. Here, too, perhaps, his choice indicated an expression of his desire for silence; he didn't want the marble to admit that it was marble. He struck a snag, however. It was the middle of the depression, and the marble people were highly inactive. The hibernating marble men woke up, warmed to life by Mellon's big order. They set about turning out the largest amount of Tennessee marble ever ordered at one time. When it arrived in Washington, it was seen to be in a variety of shades, from quite intense pink to quite pale pink. When a sample wall was finally put up, it looked as if it had scarlet fever. What made the operation enormously costly was that it was decided, in order to avoid the hectic look, that all the dark marble should be at the bottom and the light at the top, so that the walls would present a nonpathological gradation of color. This meant that it had to be determined in advance where each block should go. With the passage of a few years, the color differentiations disappeared; the infinite trouble and expense of the elaborate block-matching might have been spared.

"Why did you make such a fuss about the marble?" someone asked Duveen. "What difference does it make to you? Besides, Mellon will have five million less to spend with you."

"I'll have other customers besides Mellon," Duveen said, as if diagramming the obvious. "They'll want *their* pictures to go into the National Gallery. They'll be impressed by marble." Foremost among the customers Duveen had in mind was Kress.

Relating the history of the National Gallery, John Walker, the Chief Curator of the Gallery, recently wrote:

> The building for the National Gallery was designed to provide five and a half acres of exhibition space, and Mr. Mellon's original collection contained a hun-

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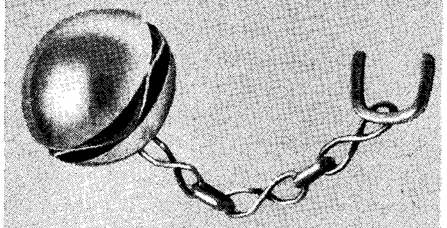

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dred and thirty-two works of art. It goes without saying that he hoped for a greater density than twenty-four to the acre. He was thoroughly confident that the beauty of the new building would have a magnetic effect on other collections.

Duveen, as well as Mellon, was anxious for an increase in density and an intensification of the magnetism. As a friend of Mellon's once said, "Mellon had an art museum six blocks long on his hands and enough paintings to decorate a good-sized duplex apartment." Duveen coöperated loyally. One opportunity arose because Mellon didn't care for sculpture at all; his ambition for the Washington gallery was that it should model itself after the National Gallery of London, which Mellon loved and which contained no sculpture. At the same time, however, Pope, whom Duveen admired as much as Mellon admired the National Gallery of London, had designed the Washington gallery with beautiful and spacious halls intended to receive sculpture. The sculpture halls were almost tenantless; the density, as far as sculpture was concerned, was just about zero. Duveen came to the rescue. Fortunately, in the Gustave Dreyfus Collection, which he had bought in 1930, he had a great many marvellous sculptures. Faced on the one hand by an architectural *fait accompli*—sculpture halls with no sculpture—and on the other by Duveen, who had plenty of sculpture, Mellon found himself overcoming his prejudice against sculpture, and he allowed Duveen partially to fill the yawning cavities. It was another neat example of Duveen's prefabricated coincidences.

IN the delicate art of rivalry-whetting, Duveen was unexcelled. He had practiced it earlier with Morgan, Frick, the Wideners, and Rockefeller; he had made Bache, Goldman, Hearst, and the lesser fry conscious that they were lucky to be dealing with a man who was gracious enough to take time off to see them when he might be dallying with such giants as Mellon. The National Gallery gave him an ideal vantage point for stimulating competition for his favor among the giants themselves. It enabled him to immortalize rivalry, to keep it at fever heat even after the death of one of the rivals. Kress wouldn't consent to deal with Duveen until after Mellon was dead. He felt that it was no use, because Mellon, as far as Duveen was concerned, was No. 1. Mellon died in August of 1937, and immediately afterward Duveen managed to convey to Kress the fact that there was no longer any reason in the world he should deprecate himself; he

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had the stature to make himself No. 1. There was that agoraphobic ratio of twenty-four to the acre; with Duveen's assistance, Kress could drastically increase the density. Duveen found himself, in a way, the sole administrator of a vast cultural Homestead Act. Everything worked here for Duveen, including Mellon's modest decision not to have his name put on the Gallery. Mellon did not believe in the value of this kind of personal fanfare; he told an intimate that although the Smithsonian Institution was named after James Smithson, not one man in a million could tell you who under the sun Smithson was. Perhaps Mellon's refusal to put his name on the Gallery was, again, an extension of his principle of silence. Whatever the cause, the anonymity was a wonderful help to Duveen. Kress had bought so much art that he had no place to put it all and had planned at one time to build a gallery of his own; he had gone so far as to set aside land for it in New York. But the National Gallery, because it was national, was better. The anonymity of the pink marble building on Constitution Avenue gave Duveen a better chance to offer Kress *his* chance.

Duveen had known Kress for eight years, and had waited and waited while Kress dabbled around, buying from other dealers. The patience Duveen perfected while waiting for Mellon stood him in good stead. Duveen had an extraordinary sense of timing. "Mr. Kress isn't ready yet to be a customer of mine; he's got to make a few more mistakes," he said. Kress made them. Duveen had come to think that in permitting anyone to deal with him he was bestowing a special accolade, like an invitation to tea at Buckingham Palace, and he waited for Kress's perceptions to ripen. When he felt that they had ripened enough, he moved in. "You're not going to let Mellon have the whole National Gallery to himself, are you, Mr. Kress?" he said. Kress, with a quick sense that Mellon was crowding his immortality, saw the point.

It is an oddity of geography that the three greatest American five-and-ten-cent-store magnates, Kress, S. S. Kresge, and F. W. Woolworth, got their start in eastern Pennsylvania. Woolworth was born in New York, but he went to Pennsylvania as a young man. Kresge was born in Bald Mount, Pennsylvania. Kress, one of the few clients of Duveen's who has survived him, was born in Cherryville, Pennsylvania, in 1863. His ancestry was Pennsylvania Dutch; he was brought up in modest circumstances, and his fortune is his own handiwork. He has

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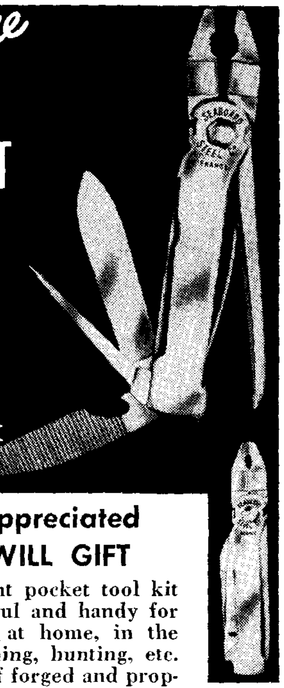

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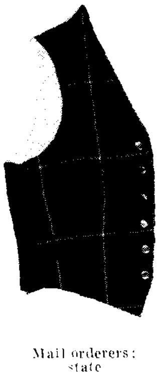

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never married; he has devoted his long life to five-and-ten-cent stores, to the acquisition of art treasures, and to the preservation of his health. His stores are so numerous and far-flung that for one period of eleven years, as he made the rounds, he didn't sleep in the same bed for two successive nights. The accommodations he had to accept in small towns and villages may account for the hypochondria from which he has long suffered. His worry about getting hygienic and properly prepared food caused him, during the First World War, to move into three rooms in a New York hospital, where he felt the food would be at least clean, and he stayed on for a year and a half.

Kress has led a singularly lonely life. Now eighty-eight and bedridden, he sees no one except his seventy-four-year-old brother Rush, his doctors and nurses, and specialists in the art field. New York has been his home for over thirty years, but even when he was well he knew almost no one here, and no one knew him. Robert Lehman, whose firm handled many banking transactions for Kress, had never met him; Lehman had to go to one of Kress's art advisers to get an introduction to him. Outside of his art collecting, Kress's passion was travelling, but he did not indulge it directly. When he went abroad, it was to look at pictures, and he saw little else; when he was at home, his chief relaxation was the gratification of his wanderlust offered by Burton Holmes and his travelogues. Kress could never see enough of the Holmes lantern slides, and his appetite for the lectures was insatiable. He had his secretary paste all the programs and even his seat stubs in a scrapbook, so that he would have a permanent log of the voyages. This passion was sometimes a trial to those in his small circle whom he induced to accompany him. "He could have chartered the Olympic and gone anywhere in the world he liked," one of them has said sadly, "but he preferred to do his travelling in Carnegie Hall."

Kress's caution, like that of so many very rich men, seemed to extend to the spending of even small sums of money, but on at least one occasion his instinct for haggling overcame this caution. Taking his ease on the veranda of an Italian watering place, he stopped a Levantine peddler staggering by under a load of tablecloths and mufflers, and asked him what he wanted for a dozen mufflers. The peddler told him. "What do you want for six mufflers and six tablecloths?" Kress asked. The peddler scratched his head and named a

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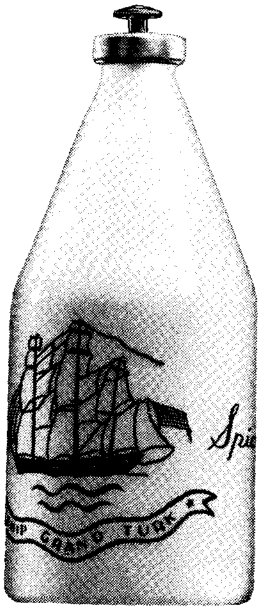

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figure. Kress became fascinated by the possibilities of permutation, and settled down to a nice, complicated haggle. A gross of tablecloths and more than a gross of mufflers offer the most beguiling vistas in that direction if you care to study them, and Kress studied them. He studied until the poor Levantine was perspiring from his effort to supply figures that wouldn't bankrupt him; he endured agonies of indecision, of quick revision, of abrupt estimates, and finally he lost touch with reality altogether. Kress enjoyed the game. At last, the virtuoso casually asked what the peddler would take for the lot. The peddler gasped out a figure and, suddenly recovering his business sense, dumped his stock in Kress's lap. Kress, not sure how to argue this point, paid him. The peddler, suddenly out of business, walked away. Kress found himself with a gross of tablecloths and an infinity of mufflers on his hands. There is something in Kress's nature that cannot resist a gross of anything. He sent his new stock to his storehouse in downtown New York, where it still reposes.

In his interminable hagglings with Duveen over batches of paintings and miscellaneous art objects, Kress tried to confuse him with swift permutations, as he had the Levantine. ("How much for the Houdon bust without the nine pictures? How much for the nine pictures without the bust?") But Duveen had a firmer grasp than the Levantine, and a firmer grasp than Kress. Kress prepared himself carefully for his sessions with Duveen. Like all the other big clients, he was a slow talker and a slow decider. He had photographs taken of the pictures he was considering, and pondered them endlessly. Year after year, he went to Europe and trudged the galleries. He was eternally asking questions of anyone whose opinion he valued about the pictures he thought he might buy. "Why is this picture so good?" he would ask. "Why is it better than the picture by the same artist that So-and-So has? What makes it worth so much? I'm told it's been repainted. Which part has been repainted? Has that cloud in the upper left-hand corner been repainted or is that the original cloud? What about that flying angel in the upper right-hand corner? Has she been repainted? With all that repainting, should I pay so much?" The interrogation went on continuously, not only in galleries but in his apartment, on walks, and on boats. Duveen put up with that. He also put up with Kress's exceptionally wary nature. One day, to allay any suspicion in Kress's mind that Mellon, though no longer on the scene, was

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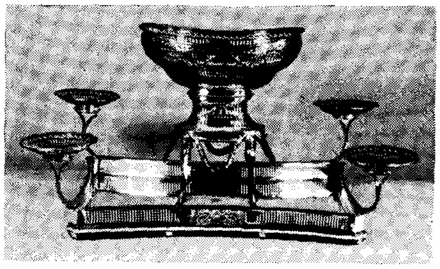

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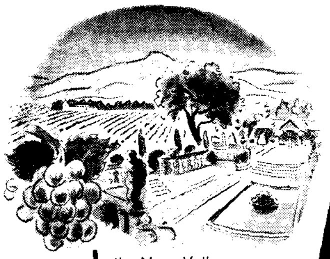

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still No. 1 to him, Duveen said to him, "*You* have the mountains. Mellon has the peaks." Duveen might just as easily have said to Mellon, had Mellon been alive, "Kress has the mountains. *You* have the peaks." Duveen was the master of the reversible compliment.

Duveen was subjected to his severest strain by Kress when, during the Christmas season of 1938, Kress did violence to one of Duveen's cherished principles. Duveen, a pasha furiously jealous of his pictures, refused ever to unveil them publicly; no Duveen was ever visible in the Duveen windows at the Ministry of Marine during his lifetime, even though the building was a copy of a wing of a building that had been designed by Jacques-Ange Gabriel, the illustrious architect who served Louis XV. If you wanted to see a Duveen, you couldn't do it just by strolling up Fifth Avenue; you had to penetrate the recesses of the harem, and this took some doing. On his walks along the streets of New York—and especially along Fifty-seventh Street—Duveen was always on the lookout for a non-Duveen he could denounce as a fake. As he was walking down Fifth Avenue one day, his eye was caught, at the corner of Thirty-ninth Street, by a picture in a window. He stopped to stare at it incredulously. He felt no impulse to denounce. The picture was a Duveen. It was one of the greatest and most costly—both in price and in emotional tribulation—of all Duveens. It was, in fact, "The Adoration of the Shepherds," which Bernard Berenson had said was the earliest known Titian but which Duveen had sold to Kress as a Giorgione. This picture had cost Duveen his friendship and his valuable business relationship with Berenson. He had persuaded Kress that by buying it he could take a short cut to immortality and a fast sprint to preëminence in the National Gallery, outdistancing his late rival Mellon. This gift to the National Gallery was still a closely kept secret. And here it was, the lovely thing, quite naked, in the window of a building whose architect not only was not French but was, as far as Duveen was concerned, nonexistent. It was staring at Duveen from behind the plate-glass window of Kress's five-and-ten, set there to lure the Christmas trade, an effulgent replacement for hairnets, pincushions, and soap dishes.

Duveen had to swallow this humiliation, as he had had to swallow so much else in his dealings with Kress. Nevertheless, when, toward the end of his life, he summarized his accomplish-

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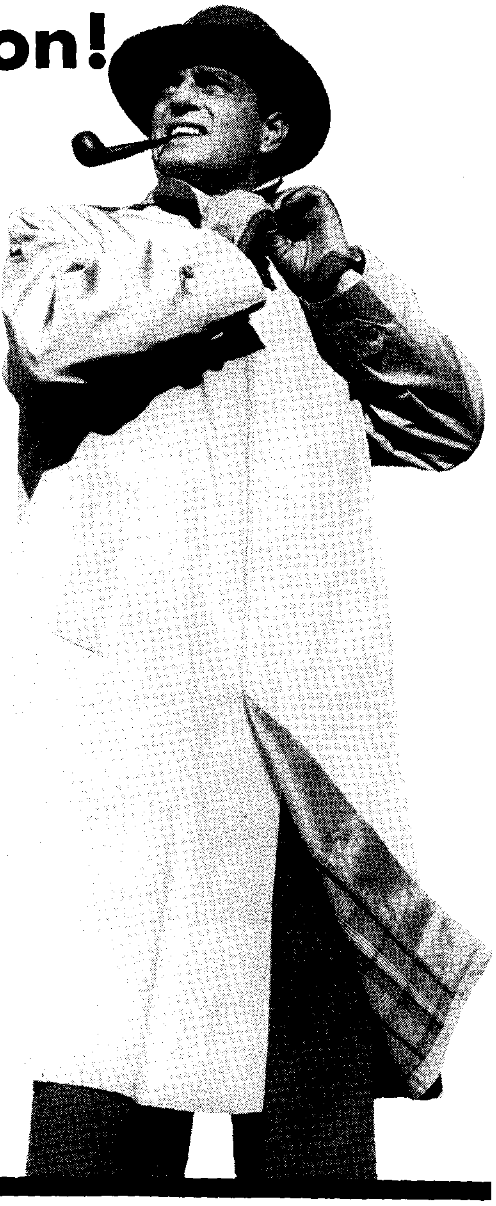

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ments, he said, "I thought that in the Mellon business I had reached the limit of good fortune. The Kress business has made my cup run over." In terms of sheer quantity, Kress was the biggest customer of Duveen's entire career, even though everything he bought was bought, in a fierce cataract of purchases, in the last two years of Duveen's life. Before Duveen died, he had sold Kress more than twenty million dollars' worth of art, had got him well started toward a neck-and-neck position alongside Mellon in the National Gallery, and had let him become, indeed, No. 1.

THE purchase by Kress of part of the collection of the banker Henry Goldman, of Goldman, Sachs, offers a compact illustration of how these men who were acknowledged to be the shrewdest financial manipulators in the history of the world and who were so parsimonious by instinct let down their guards in their dealings with Duveen. At seventy-nine, when he was blind, Goldman decided to sell his pictures. He sent for a paid adviser of Kress's and asked whether Kress wanted to buy them. Kress's adviser said that he might, but that he never did things in a hurry. "He'll have to do this in a hurry," said Goldman. "It's got to be decided this afternoon." The adviser went to Kress and told him that Goldman wanted to sell his pictures. "Is he broke?" Kress asked, that being the only situation in which he thought it justifiable to sell a picture. Kress was told that the offer had nothing to do with insolvency. "Hold Goldman off," said Kress, on general principles. Kress's adviser urged him strongly to buy the collection, and to start negotiations at once. "Hold him off," Kress repeated. By the time the adviser got to a telephone to try to hold Goldman off, it was too late. Duveen had bought the pictures back. When this information was relayed to Kress, the effect was electric. A collection that belonged to Duveen was not a collection that belonged to Goldman, even when it was the same collection. He asked his friend to arrange for him to see the pictures. The adviser promised to do so but begged Kress to be careful about one of them, which had been so restored that he didn't think it was worth anything even if it was authentic, and it might not be. The showing took place in Kress's apartment. Duveen paraded the procession of Goldman's masterpieces, holding out until the end the picture Kress had been warned against. In his enthusiasm for it, the current of Duveen's customary vivacity whirled into panegyric. Of this

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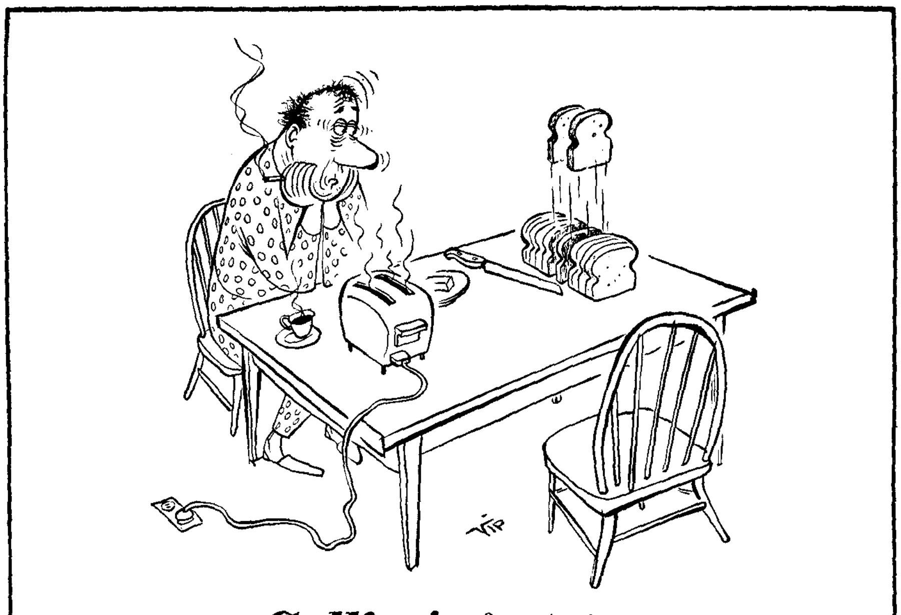
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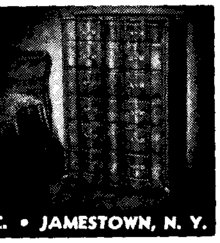
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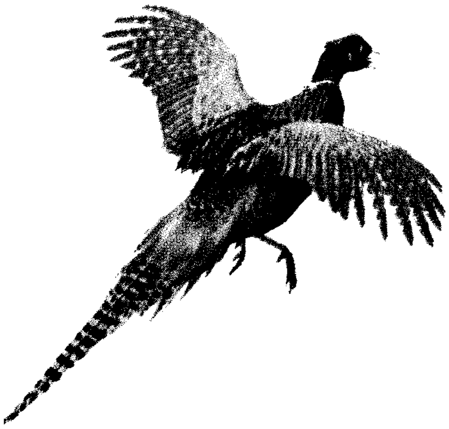
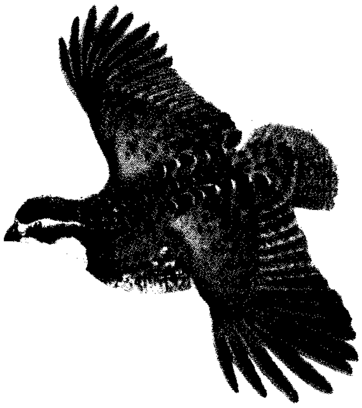
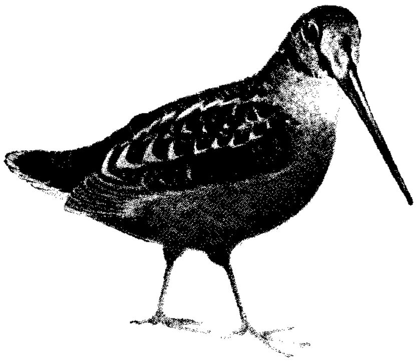


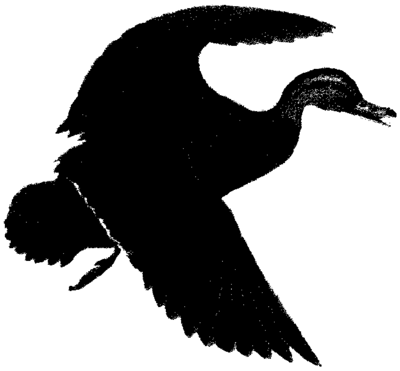
PHEASANT. Plain roasted or prepared with foie gras, truffles and wild rice, pheasant goes down best with Guinness. More than eight million pheasants were shot in America in 1947. Yet this Chinese immigrant has been a U. S. citizen for only 70 years.



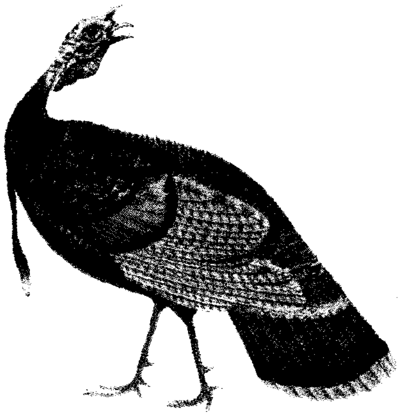
QUAIL. Fun and game—the Bobwhite offers both! He's a great little bird...whether flushed out of scrub by a well-trained pointer . . . or exploding in a covey's drum-roll from the sumac . . . or lying snugly in aspic, next to a glass of Guinness Stout.



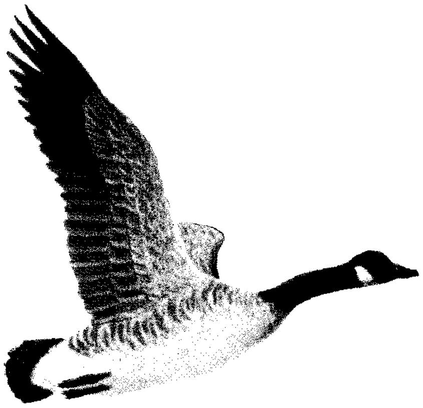
WOODCOCK. He's a fly-by-night migrant, a recluse with all-around vision, a post-graduate in camouflage and woodcraft. Which explains why the Marquess of Ripon, between 1867 and 1913, bagged only 2,454 woodcock . . . as against 112,598 partridges and 222,976 pheasants.



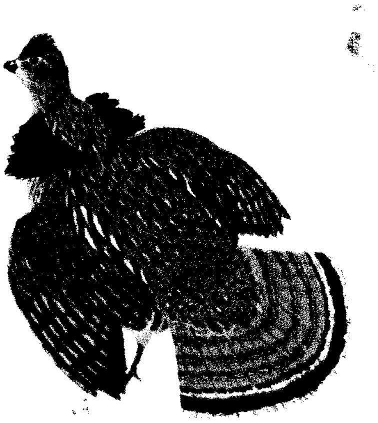
BLACK DUCK. Wild duck hunters are wild about Guinness Stout, both as the perfect complement to waterfowl at table, and as a draught that warms the cockles of their hearts on hunting trips. Try taking along a few bottles of Guinness, next time you have a blind date with a duck.



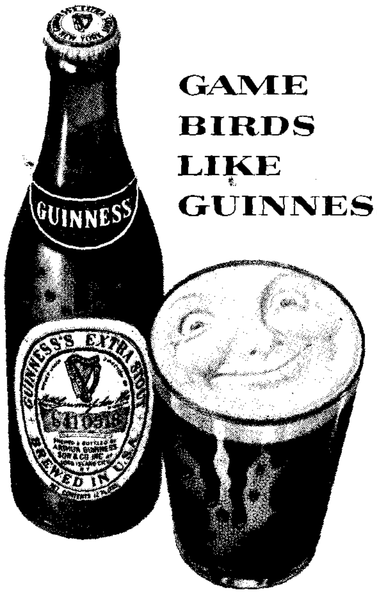
WILD TURKEY. Powerful, wise, majestic, this noble bird was suggested by Benjamin Franklin as America's national emblem. Once found in 38 states, he survives today in something less than 20. In 1800 a wild turkey cost about 6 cents.



CANADA GOOSE. Served with sauerkraut and chestnut stuffing, the rich, dark meat of this patrician "honker" makes the bland flesh of poultry taste paltry. By the same token, rich, dark Guinness has a body and flavor that pale, light, dry beer can't match.



RUFFED GROUSE. This forest stunt pilot, with his jet take-off, is a native American—quite different from the moorland grouse of Scotland. But the yeast used in brewing Guinness Stout is directly descended from the yeast used in Dublin, 192 years ago.



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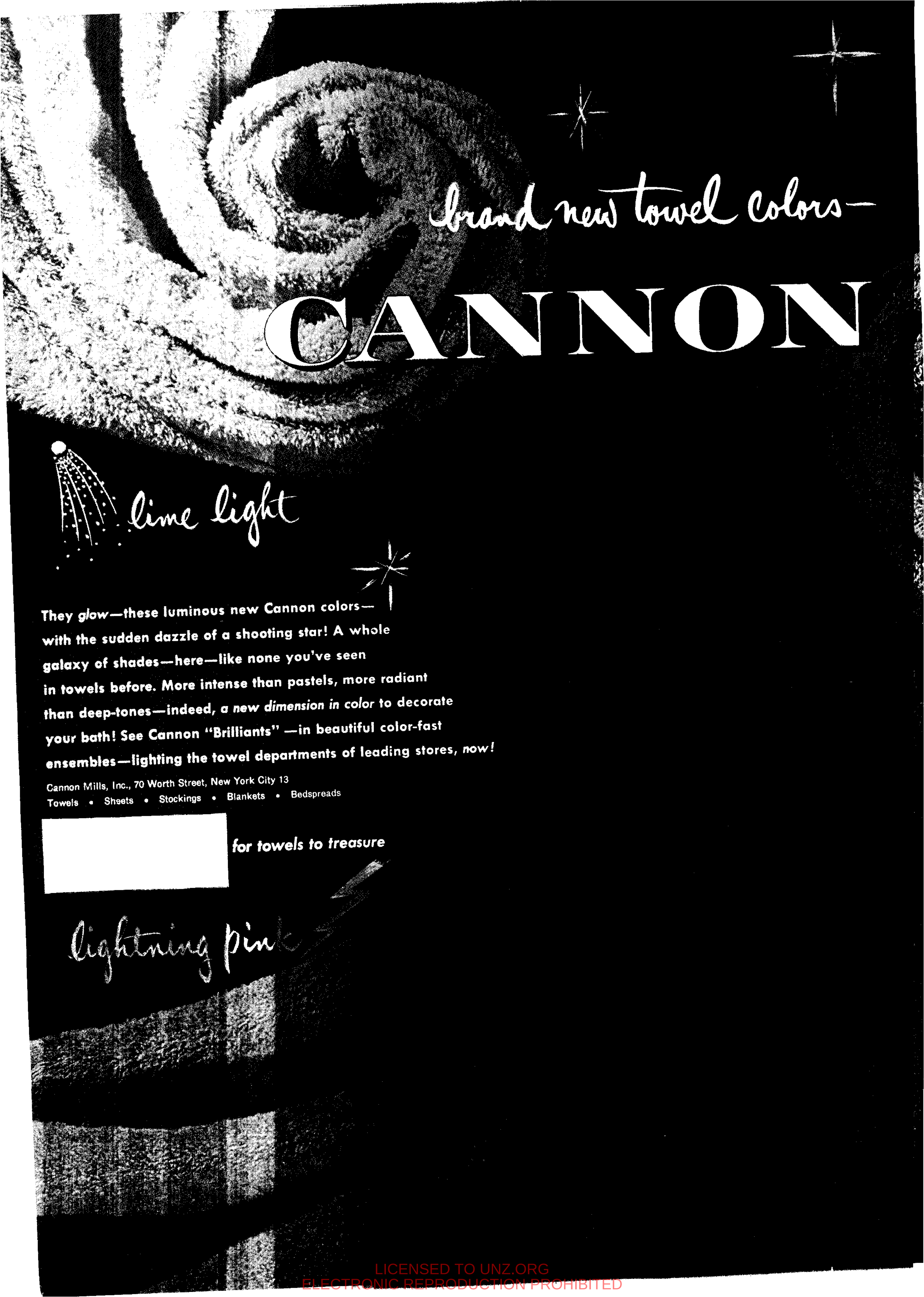
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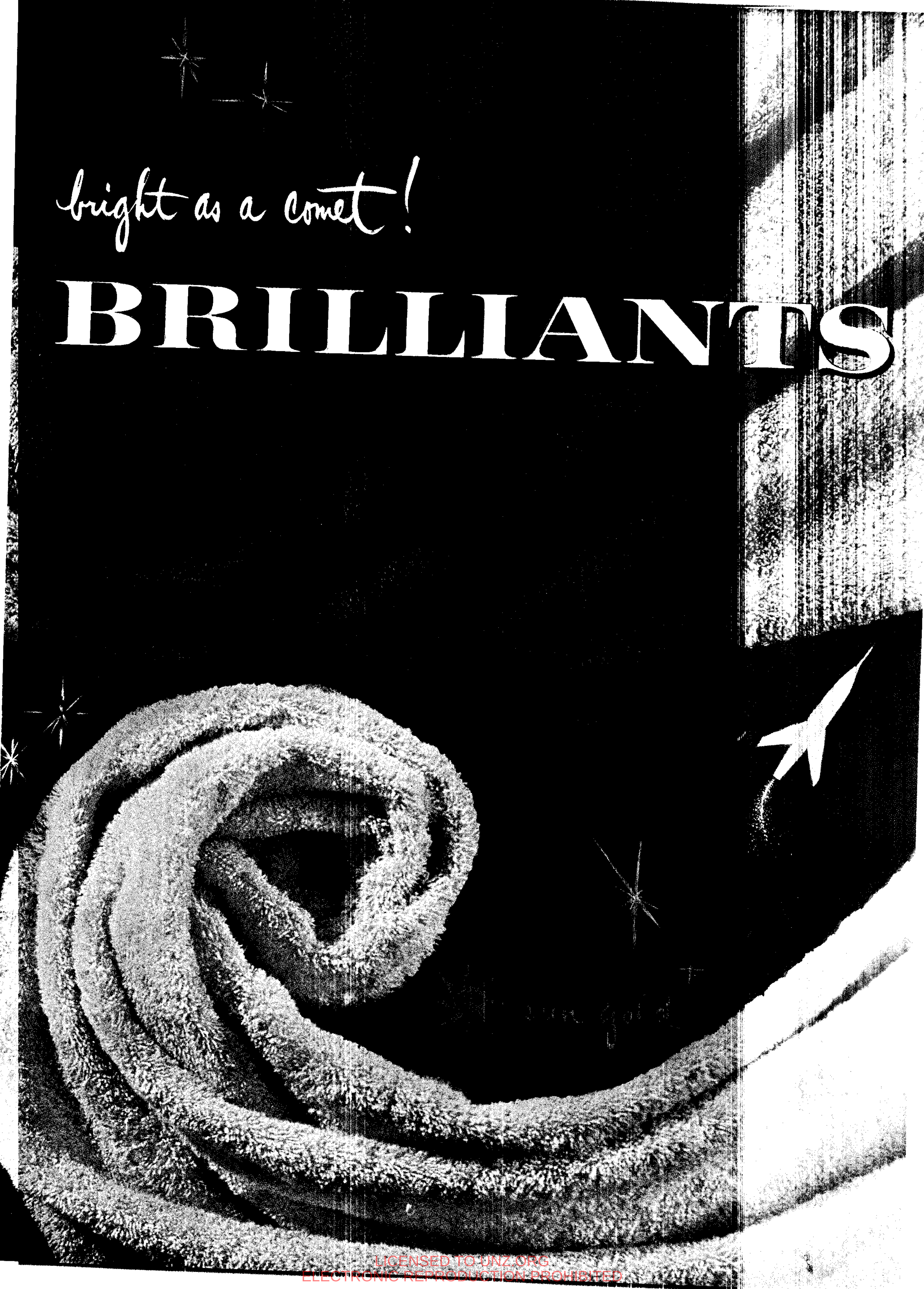
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painting, he related that when he had originally showed it to Goldman (who had probably been sprayed with a strong panegyric himself), Goldman had experienced, merely from being near it, a kind of religious ecstasy. When at last he had bought it, when it was actually in his apartment, his excitement at the thought of his permanent proximity to this masterpiece had been so great that he couldn't sleep. Kress, who already had insomnia, was not impressed. He asked abruptly, "What makes it so wonderful?" At this impertinent query, Duveen was stuck; he was so used to having his assertions accepted that all he could do was reiterate that the picture was, beyond human expression, wonderful. Kress repeated his query: "What makes it so wonderful?" Duveen gave another evasive answer, and there the matter rested while Kress and his adviser went for a walk to hash things over. In the conversation that followed, Kress reversed his attitude. "Why do you say that it's not wonderful?" he demanded. The adviser gave his reason: Whatever the painting might have been once, it was now largely the work of a restorer. But Kress, skeptical in the presence of Duveen, proved himself a true believer in the presence of his adviser, who, by virtue of being a paid adviser, was automatically in a position to be contradicted. Once a collector had set his heart on a picture, it irritated him to have his professional adviser discourage him. In this instance, Kress brought up a heavy battery of argument. "After all," he said, by way of conclusion, "Goldman *did* own the picture and Duveen *did* buy it. Duveen *has* it!" Kress bought the picture and all the others. Had he bought the pictures directly from Goldman, he would have saved millions. But then he wouldn't have had the warm feeling of owning a lot of Duveens.

In the long line of Duveen's clients, beginning early with Morgan, Altman, and Collis and H. E. Huntington and their successive wife, Arabella, and ending grandly with Mellon and Kress, Goldman occupied a special position. He filled in a stage wait between the exit of the former group and the entrance of the latter. After Goldman's retirement from banking, he and Duveen often met for lunch at the St. Regis. The two men were inveterate gossips. "What's new on the Rialto?" Goldman would ask Duveen, and Duveen would tell him. Goldman was hungry to hear everything about Duveen's activities: What had Duveen bought, and to whom was he selling it, and for how much? Goldman was

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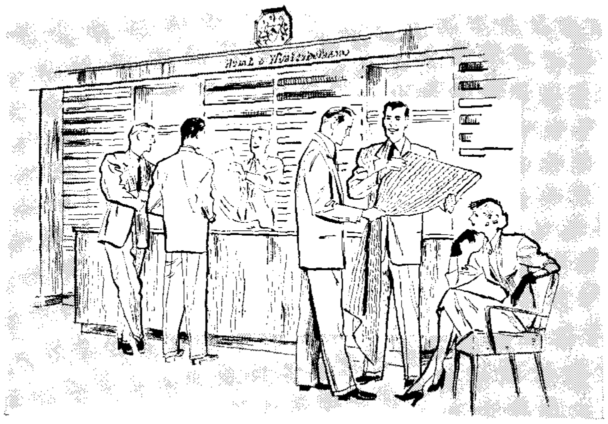

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entranced with Duveen's stories of his coups; alongside Duveen's great clients, he modestly regarded himself as a minor one, and he delightedly absorbed the detailed stories of how Duveen played the big fish and netted them. He was like a small-town merchant who enjoys hearing how the town's richest and most inaccessible citizen has, by adroit strategy, been made to sign up. Every particular of these maneuvers interested Goldman vastly.

Goldman's blindness had developed gradually, in his later years. It is an instance of Duveen's capacity for disinterested friendship that after Goldman was totally blind and was no longer buying pictures, Duveen continued to see him constantly and supplied him with news of that Rialto that for him, as for the great collector-tycoons of the time, held his deepest desires and was the true center of his being. One Christmas, Duveen gave him two Holbein miniatures that the old collector had long loved. This gift brought Goldman enormous joy, even though he could not see it. Duveen's frequent visits meant much to Goldman in his last days. He would ask, when Duveen was late, "Isn't Joe coming?" But Joe always did come. Sometimes he expounded on the beauty of the two Holbeins with as much enthusiasm as if he were selling them, and the old gentleman revelled in his unseen vision.

Many of the major Duveen clients became either totally blind or very nearly so, among them not only Goldman but Altman, Arabella Huntington, and, in recent years, Kress. The fact that for them the pictures he sold them were invisible or almost invisible did not in the least deter them from buying. An art critic, returning from Washington, where he had just inspected the Kress pictures in the National Gallery, sat by their donor's bedside and praised him for contributing to the nation a beauty he could no longer see. Kress's face lit up with pleasure, perhaps from his memory of a time when he had beheld the beauty. Another collector, less well-known but equally picture-haunted, has, like Kress, been bedridden for some time. He is blind and nearly deaf and paralyzed. His only way of acknowledging even the presence of a rare visitor is to move his bandaged arm in a slight, semicircular gesture. Recently, one of these visitors, sitting by his bedside, looked around the room and noticed that the pictures in it had been changed since his last visit. He remarked upon this, saying that the new pictures were lovely and that the room looked much better with them. In acknowledgment of this

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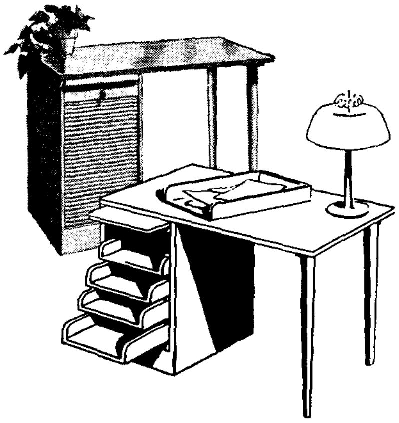

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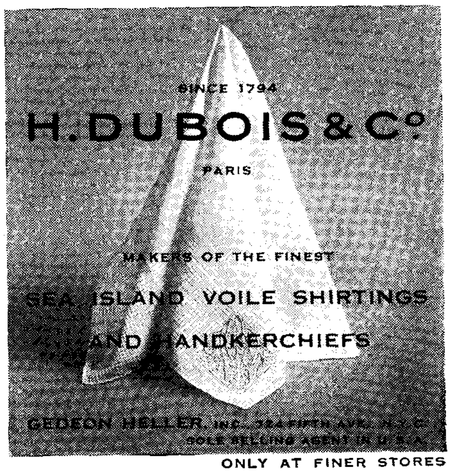

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compliment, the sick man moved his arm so violently that the nurse became frightened and asked the visitor to leave the room at once.

PHILOSOPHERS interested in the Duveen Era have engaged in a good deal of subtle speculation on one point, and it is still a tantalizing mystery: How did it come about that the great money men of that era gradually came to accept Duveen's simple, unworldly view that art was more important than money? One theory is that Duveen had inculcated into them the idea that art was priceless and that when you pay for the infinite with the finite, you are indeed getting a bargain. Perhaps it was for this reason that they felt better when they paid a lot. It gave them the assurance of acquiring genuineness, rarity, uniqueness. A lesser dealer had a Rossellino bust for which he had paid twenty-two thousand dollars. Joseph E. Widener went in to look at it. The dealer needed money and offered it for twenty-five thousand, thinking to tempt Widener into a quick purchase. The moderateness of the price was fatal. "Find me a better one," said Widener. Duveen would have asked a quarter of a million, and got it. The same thing happened, with the same bust, when the dealer showed it to Mackay. "Find me a better one," said Mackay. Of one of the most wary and haggling and penny-pinching of his clients, who in his dealings with Duveen pennypinched himself out of a great many millions of dollars, it has been remarked that only Duveen could have inflated such caution to such abandon. "Oh, well," an intimate of this man has said, "he liked to deal with Duveen because Duveen was at the top. It was like tootling around in a custom-built Rolls-Royce." Duveen's clients preferred to pay huge sums, and Duveen made them happy. A dealer offered a room to Hearst for fifty thousand dollars; Hearst spurned it. Duveen offered it to him later for two hundred thousand and he bought it with gratitude. A man called up a New York dealer one day and asked him if he wanted to buy a rug. The "rug" turned out to be a fine Boucher tapestry. The dealer paid a rug price for it and then offered it to Michael Dreicer, the jeweller, for fifteen thousand dollars. Dreicer, who had once sold a clock for sixty thousand dollars and was accustomed to selling necklaces for a hundred thousand, was suspicious of anything you could get for a mere fifteen thousand. "Get me something better," he said. The New York dealer sold the Boucher to a Paris dealer,

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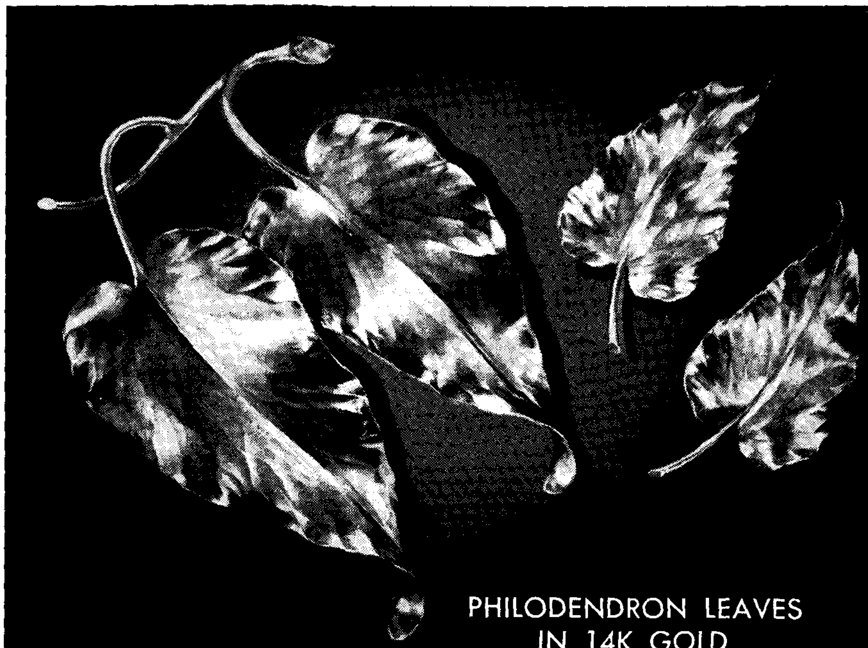

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who eventually sold it to Dreicer, when the latter was abroad, for seventy thousand dollars. After Dreicer brought it back, the first dealer pointed out to him that it was the same tapestry he himself had offered him for fifteen thousand. Dreicer was a little bewildered at the coincidence, and a little ashamed. "In Paris, you go crazy," he said lamely. Duveen gave his clients a perpetual sense of being in Paris. In his dealings with them, he inspired them with a feeling of release; they could throw their customary business practices to the four winds and go on a kind of jag of prodigality, and in good company; they could go haywire about beauty. He substituted the liberation of reckless spending for the austerities of hoarding. The inherited Puritanism of many of these men made them feel guilty about ordinary spending, but spending for art could be rationalized morally.

The millionaires of the Duveen Era were all dressed up, but they really had no place to go. Duveen supplied a favored few of them with a destination. The private lives of these sad tycoons were often bitter; their children and their family life disappointed them. The fathers had too much to give; the returns were often in inverse ratio to the size of the gifts. They knew that they were ruining their children and yet they didn't know how to stop it. Their children made disastrous marriages, got killed in racing cars, had to pay blackmail to avoid scandal. But with the works of art it was different. They asked for nothing. They were rewarding. They shed their radiance, and it was a lovely, soothing light. You could take them or leave them, and when you had visitors you could bask in the admiration the pictures and sculptures excited, which was directed toward you even more subtly than toward them, as if you yourself had gathered them and, even, created them. The works of art *became* their children. Toward the end of Joseph E. Widener's life, before his pictures, which he had presented to the National Gallery, were packed and sent off, he made the rounds and had a long, last look at each of them. He had arranged for them to have a good home and he knew that they would be well cared for, but now that they were about to leave him, he was like a father losing his children, and he wept.

But there was more to it than desolation at home, more than the privilege of expensiveness. The ambition of the Duveen millionaires to own famous works of art and to be associated in men's minds with the artists became the controlling obsession of their lives. Frick,

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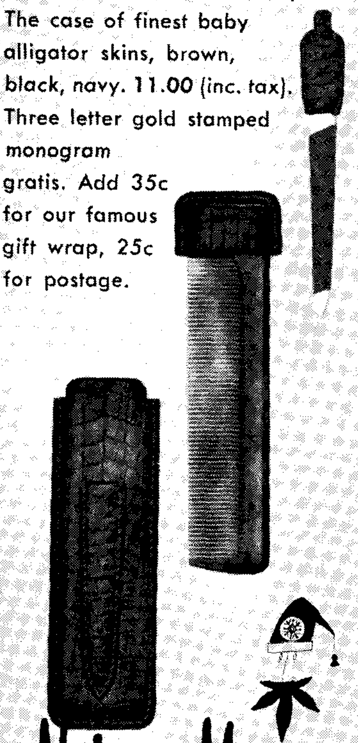

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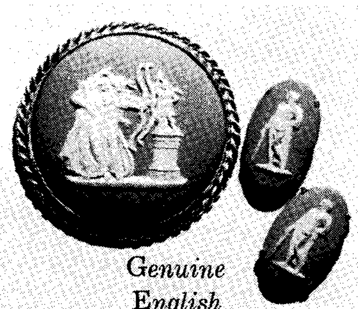

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Mellon, and Kress practically gave up their business careers to devote their energies to acquiring art. What was behind it? What were the ultimate reasons? Expensiveness helped, the desolation helped, just as acquisitiveness helped, the impulse for conspicuous consumption helped, the social cachet helped, the Medici complex helped, but in their consuming avidity there was something more: a hint of desperation, of loneliness, of futility, even of fear. Was it that these men, whose material conquests were unlimited, felt the need, as they grew older, to ally themselves with reputations that were solid and unassailable and, as far as the mind could project, eternal? The paintings in the National Gallery are Kresses and Mellons and Wideners, and before that many of them were Duveens, but if you trace them far enough back, they are Botticellis and Raphaels and Giottos and Fra Filippo Lippis. These old names had lasted a long time. It was reassuring.

The Duveen millionaires had varying degrees of knowledge about the artists with whom they bought partnerships. One of Duveen's clients fixed his partners in his mind by chronological association; of a painter whose dates were 1471-1528 he said with satisfaction, "Well, then, he lived just about the time of the discovery of America," and he felt that he had doubly acquired him—that he could write *him* off. They knew more or they knew less, but they must have realized that, no matter how many directorships they held, they would forever be only the junior partners in their newly bought associations with these memorialized shadows. Perhaps they were content with the inferior position, content to let Raphael and Bellini and the others have the best of it. It was mainly the *forever* that they were buying. And they had perhaps become uneasily aware of the fact that the reputations of their new partners were unambiguous in a way that their own were not, and perhaps they hoped that the mergers would be lustral. The painters might have been dissolute, but they had not been furtive; they might have been impecunious, but they had managed, by following their inner vision, to achieve spiritual solvency; they might have led degraded and obscure lives, but they had survived as proud giants. For their latter-day partners, things had begun to become uncomfortable. They were grilled about the machine-gunning of strikers; they were virulently caricatured as exploiters of the poor; they were asked sternly why they did not go and look at the misery that was grinding out their fortunes; the very possession of wealth

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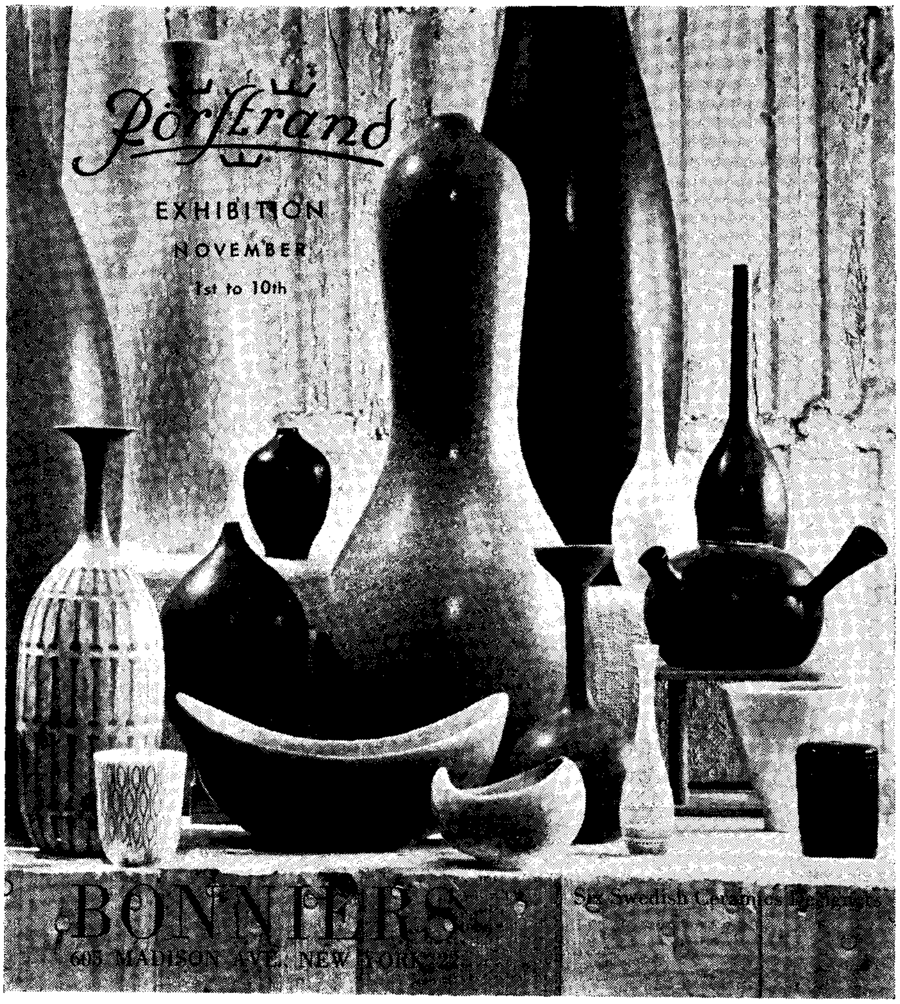

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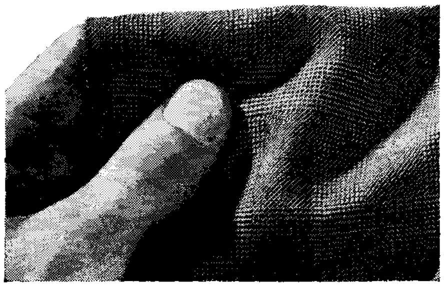
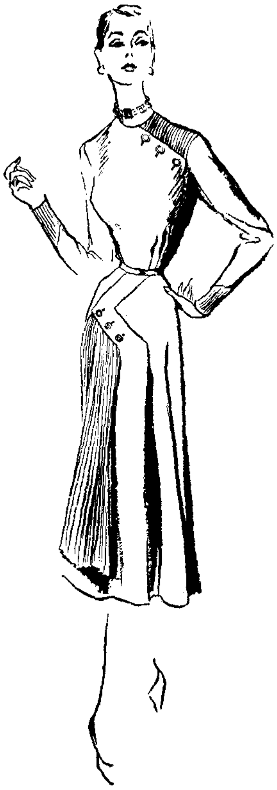


was beginning to be regarded with suspicion; there had been a sudden shift from idolatry to bitter criticism. Their new partners had miraculously avoided all this; for their moral lapses the world had long since forgiven them. And, above all, they had got what they wanted; they had been themselves, they had enjoyed life, they had been gay. What the rich men had accumulated was slipping away from them. As they aged, as they felt futility and hostility closing in around them, they longed passionately for the happy company, in the even darker regions ahead, of these magical and secure and vivid shades.

EVERYONE who saw Duveen in the last five years of his life speaks of his extraordinary equanimity in the face of his frightful affliction. Osbert Sitwell has said that it was always Duveen's chief concern that everyone he came in contact with should have a good time. Both Bernard Berenson and Kenneth Clark have said that he was one of the best storytellers they ever met. All during his illness, Duveen kept up the amiability and the storytelling. He would never admit that he was more than mildly ill. Something of a gourmet, he would account for the fact that at this period he hardly ate anything by saying that the doctor had put him on "a bit of a diet." A chain smoker now forbidden to smoke, he worked out an ingenious device for keeping people from offering him cigarettes, which he would have had to refuse; he had an imitation cigarette made of ivory, with an imitation light at the end of it made of phosphorus, and kept it constantly in his hand or between his lips, so that he would appear to be smoking. Although he needed daily medical attention, he pursued his ordinary activities as if he were only slightly indisposed. There was one exception. In the last years of his life, he was sued by the art collector and dealer Carl W. Hamilton, who had bought three pictures from him—a Fra Angelico "Annunciation," for $50,000; a Fra Filippo Lippi "Madonna and Child," for $50,000; and a Piero della Francesca "Crucifixion," for $65,000. Hamilton decided to sell these pictures. He sold the Fra Angelico to Edsel Ford for $187,000. The two others were then put up at auction (the first art auction, as it happens, to be broadcast on the radio). The Fra Filippo Lippi sold for $125,000, and Duveen bought the Piero della Francesca for $375,000, up to that time the highest price ever paid for a picture at an auction in this country. Hamilton sued Duveen for two million dollars, on the



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ground that certain remarks Duveen made before the auction caused his pictures to be undervalued. Duveen hired John W. Davis to assist his regular counsel in his defense. As the pictures for which Hamilton had paid Duveen $165,000 had sold for more than half a million, Duveen's lawyers felt that this was a suit he couldn't possibly lose, yet Duveen, who throughout his life had had a zest for litigation, called them up from Nassau, where he had gone for a rest, and implored them not to go through with it—to settle out of court. They implored him to go ahead, for they were sure of their ground. But he insisted, and they had to yield. Duveen was indeed desperately ill.

Unlike the death of many of his clients, Duveen's death was, in characteristic fashion, beautifully timed. When Neville Chamberlain returned from Munich, Duveen, believing that he actually had preserved peace in our time, acclaimed him as the greatest man in the world. Four months after Duveen's death, his country was at war. The holiday was over, but Duveen had lived to the last minute of it. In the years that followed, the outstanding collectors were Hitler and Göring, who never had to pay Duveen prices. The American collections went underground, against air raids that never came.

For Duveen to praise Chamberlain required a certain detachment, for the Prime Minister had caused him some of his most poignant grief. This resulted from Chamberlain's decision not to let him continue as a trustee of the London National Gallery. What precipitated this decision was an offer by Duveen to sell the Gallery the eight Sassetta panels that had formed the back of the altar of the Church of St. Francis in Sansepolcro, Italy, and that he had sold to and then bought back from Mackay. Some members of the board felt that Duveen should not be in the position of offering to the Gallery as a seller works that, representing the Gallery, he had to approve as a buyer. Chamberlain was persuaded that this was so. The dismissal hurt Duveen deeply. Then, in Duveen's last year, Kress couldn't make up his mind about a considerable quantity of merchandise he had on consignment. Kress was going through the old routine of having everything photographed and asking questions. This, too, disturbed Duveen.

On May 17, 1939, Duveen sailed for what he called home. The day before, Bache called on him. Afterward, Bache said sadly, "I'm afraid we'll never see Joe again." That same day,

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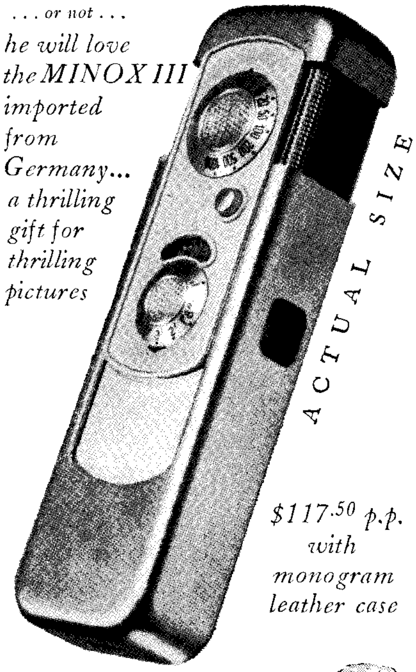

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Duveen telephoned one of his assistants at the Ministry of Marine and asked him to drive through Central Park with him. At Seventy-second Street, Duveen proposed that they get out of the car and walk, but after a few steps he had to sit down on a bench. He was mortally ill, and looked it. Nevertheless, he asked his associate to help him tackle a new and formidable project. The Widener Collection had been offered to the National Gallery in Washington, and it was Duveen's understanding that the Gallery was going to reject the donation. The Gallery, he had heard, was prepared to accept Widener's paintings and sculptures but did not want the tapestries, armor, and other miscellany, which it felt were outside the Gallery's scope. Widener wanted his immortality intact, and wouldn't agree to split up his collection. Duveen proposed to his associate that the firm buy the entire Widener Collection. He would sell the paintings and the sculptures to the National Gallery at the price he would pay Widener for everything. The rest of the collection, according to his scheme, would cost him nothing; whatever he could sell it for would be velvet. "How much do you think it will take to swing this?" Duveen's associate asked. "Twenty-five million dollars," said Duveen calmly. He instructed his man to get going immediately and to send progress reports to him in London. He also reminded him to keep after Kress about the unsold pictures.

Eight days after Duveen sailed, he died, at Claridge's. His last words, addressed to his nurse, were "Well, I fooled 'em for five years." The funeral services were held in his gallery on Grafton Street. Duveen's last letter, written on shipboard in his own hand, arrived in New York the day after his death. It urged his associates to expedite the Widener deal—a deal that never was to be consummated, for the National Gallery decided to meet Widener's terms on the donation. Two years after Duveen died, Kress bought all the pictures that had been hanging fire. Duveen went right on selling.

—S. N. BEHRMAN

(This is the last of a series of articles on Lord Duveen.)

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in The New Yorker*]

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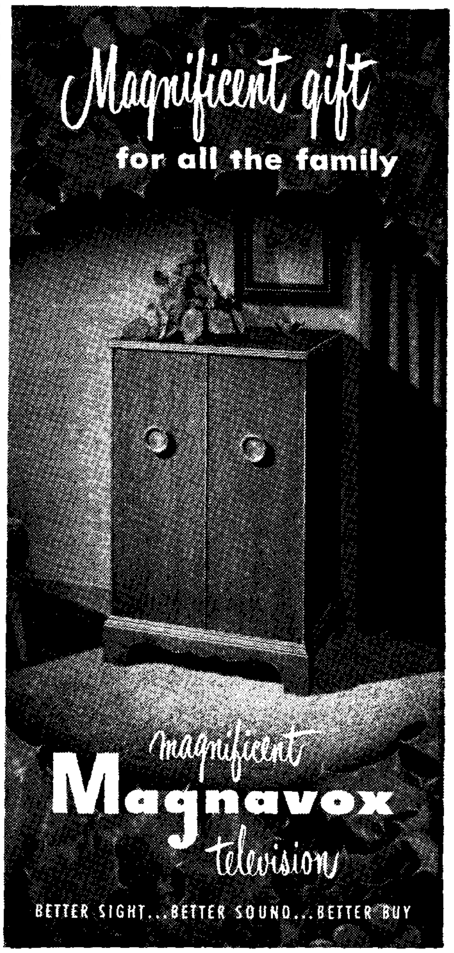

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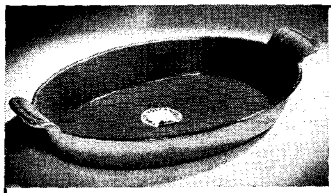

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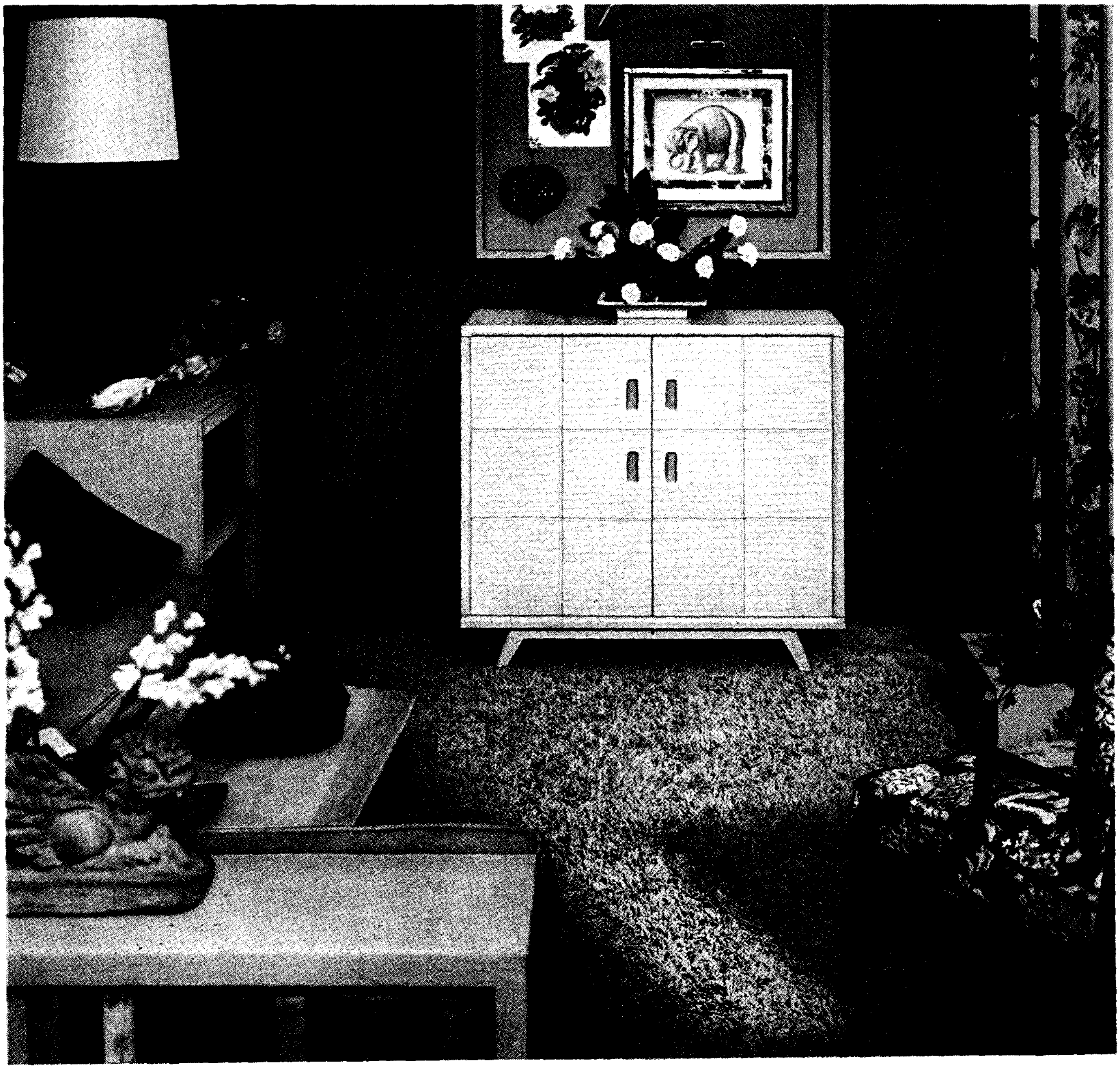

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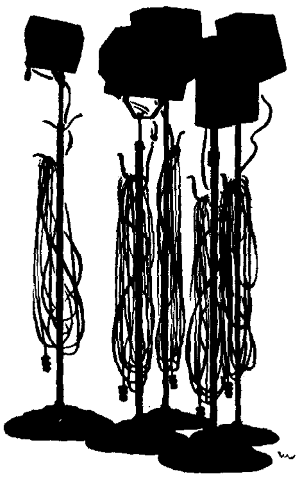
THE THEATRE

MINORITY OPINION

"THE FOURPOSTER," by Jan de Hartog, at the Ethel Barrymore, deals with the history of a marriage in the years between 1890 and 1925, and it employs the services of only two actors, Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy, who are, as I'm sure you know, husband and wife in real life, or what passes for such in the theatre. This enterprise would appear to be the first assured dramatic success of the season, partly, of course, because of the spectacular economy with which it can be operated (the action is confined to one set, consisting largely of an old-fashioned double bed), and partly because of the almost unqualified rapture with which it was greeted by my colleagues, who found it one of the tenderest, wittiest, and altogether most exhilarating studies of the married state it had ever been their privilege to observe. I am ready to concede that the Playwrights' Company, who produced the piece; José Ferrer, who directed it; its two stars; and, indeed, everybody connected with the project have what is clearly a gold mine on their hands, but I am obliged to dissent, more or less mildly, from the general critical estimate of it. There can be no question that the author has handled his difficult two-character form with great technical skill. No telephone rings; there are no offstage shouts and murmurs to give you the sense of a congregation of fascinating strangers in the wings whom, unfortunately, you will never meet; there is, in short, none of that feeling of the arbitrary and tricky elimination of important characters that has usually been attached to such exhibits in the past. It is quite a tour de force.



About the mood and content of the play, as distinguished from its form, however, I'm afraid I can't be altogether polite. There are some funny and touching moments, but, on the whole, "The Fourposter" strikes me as a rather commonplace and monotonous piece, having to do with two not particularly interesting people who talk and behave in a manner strongly reminiscent of those frolicsome and sentimental little memoirs of family life that are always so popular with the female patrons of lending libraries. Mr. de Hartog has written six scenes, and we might as well investigate them briefly. The first is concerned with the embarrassment experienced by a couple going to bed together for the first time, and I found it a little hard to believe that even in the prim nineties the wedding night was attended by quite such excesses of coyness and modesty. In the course of this episode, it develops that the bride is wearing some six or seven petticoats and that the groom has on a suit of long woollen underwear, over which, in his confusion, he puts on an old-fashioned nightgown, complete with tasselled cap. All this tickled the dowagers in my vicinity almost beyond endurance, but my own amusement was temperate at best. The second scene deals with the birth of a son, and the central joke here is that the hero imagines that he is undergoing labor pains before they actually afflict his wife. It was a bit graphic for me, but again the dowagers were convulsed. In the third, the marriage is threatened by the fact that the husband, who is a writer of distinctly limited ability, is attracted to a young woman who is willing to listen to him go on about his work, a subject that, after eleven years, has begun to have a somewhat numbing effect on his wife. This ominous situation is, of course, cleared up before the curtain falls, though at the moment I can't remember exactly how. The fourth is about the father's discovery in his son's bureau drawer of what appears to be a bottle of whiskey but which, on sampling, turns out to be cod-liver oil. Except for the purpose of padding out the script to the requisite length, I can see no reason at all for the inclusion of this item. The fifth, and, I should say, by far the best, takes place on an afternoon in 1913, on the couple's return from their daughter's marriage. This is a perceptive and quite affecting account of a woman's desperate conviction that she is no longer necessary to anybody. In spite of some rather unfortunate talk about a young admirer of hers, a poet of really paralyzing ineptitude, Mr. de Hartog has handled this scene admirably, and I only wish that the rest of the play matched it in quality. The last one shows the pair, now antiques in their middle fifties, leaving their room, and the four-poster, to end their days in a boarding house. This, too, has its merits, though the final and inevitable affirmation of faith in the institution of matrimony may strike a cynic here and there as familiar and perhaps a little dull. I can't think of much else to tell you about "The Fourposter," except that the author's prose is about on a level with his material. Probably you'd just better go and figure the darn thing out for yourself.

Miss Tandy, who has never looked handsomer, has the gift of making flat lines and banal situations seem a great deal better than they are, and her performance is a work of extraordinary skill, vitality, and charm. Mr. Cronyn, whose role is considerably less rewarding, since for the most part he is asked simply to act as a foil, nevertheless manages to conduct himself with dignity and restraint. Mr. Ferrer's staging is clear-cut and resourceful, though he may be a trifle too fond of the device known to the trade as "the double take," and the scenery and costumes, by Syrjala and Lucinda Ballard, respectively, are very fine indeed.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

◆

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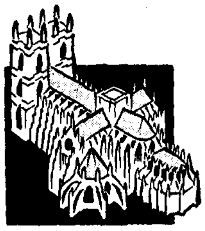
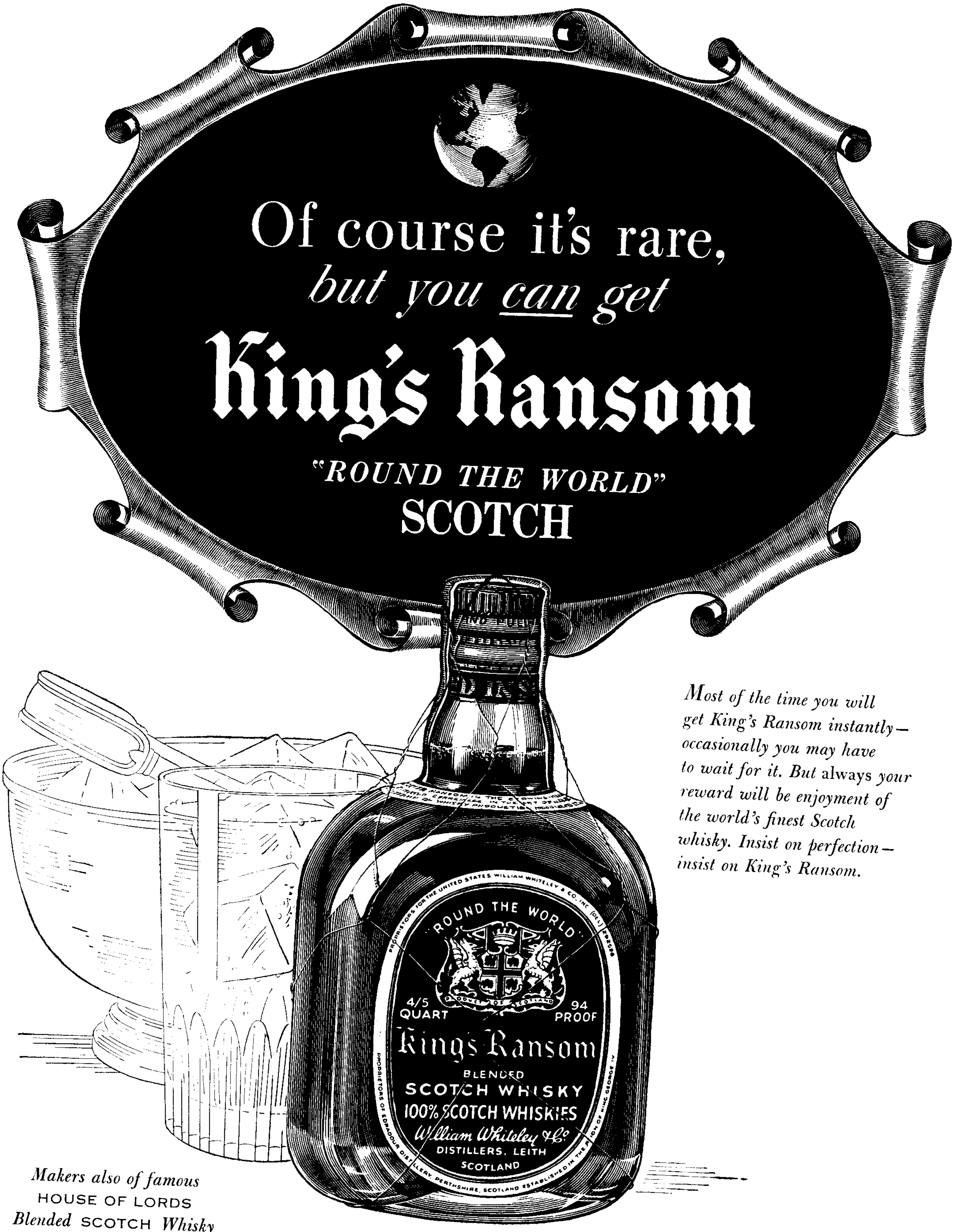
LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 28



IT was not a famous victory, but it will do. Few Conservatives, the morning after the excitement had subsided, could truthfully add much to such a summing up of the election results, which gave Mr. Churchill the day but hardly left the field covered with the slain. Indeed, one of the most surprising consequences of the voting was the bobbing up of so many of the same old faces more or less intact, having suffered only a slight dent in their Parliamentary majorities. The way the polling went had some queer aspects, none of them particularly satisfactory to anyone. In the first place, the swing over to the Tories turned out to be, in the final pinch, nothing like as violent a piece of acrobatics as some experts had predicted. Though the shift was unmistakably evident in the ballot boxes, it seemed, on the whole, to be less of a swing than a sort of leaning away from the policies of the last six years, a dissatisfied half turn that significantly chipped corners off Labour majorities all over the place but was not enough to knock the Socialists out as often as the Conservatives had hoped. On the other hand, Labour pocketed more votes. Roughly speaking, it held the Northeast and the Midlands, lost support in the northwest counties (where Lancashire fears about the Sudan cotton supplies and the country's leading industry were probably a factor) and also in East Anglia, dropped a packet of votes (but only one seat) in the West Country, and did badly in the South, if not badly enough to please the Conservatives.

The Socialists explain their disappointment by saying that they would be in office this minute if it weren't for the blow struck them by the Liberal displaced persons, who, in districts where no Liberal was standing, apparently planked down their votes more frequently for the Conservative candidate than for the Labour one. The Conservatives, in the first of the post-mortems held on their victory, blamed a variety of things for the fact that they were disappointed, too. They think that Labour's branding of Winston Churchill as a warmonger—an especially dubious election line, which the Labour leaders skillfully managed to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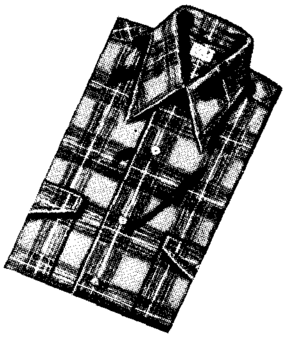

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avoid confirming outright, while saying pointedly that Labour was the party for peace—did more damage than had been expected. Some Conservatives are also critical of the quality of a number of the candidates put up by their party organization, and complain that many slipping Labour voters, after listening to some of the well-tailored young men who showed up on their doorsteps, slipped no farther than around the corner to the polling station, where they put down their mark, good and hard, for the Labour fellow. It seems likely, though, that the most important element in the election, the element that right at the end made many of Mr. Attlee's supporters feel that, grumbles apart, they would do better to vote him in again, was fear—fear of losing their jobs, fear of somehow being done out of the happier situation that millions of the working class unquestionably find themselves in, and fear of a recurrence of the nightmare of the thirties, with which Labour candidates again and again did their best to haunt the voters of the fifties. The Liberals, who have nothing much to blame for the wholesale slaughter of their party, which will have six representatives in the new Parliament, a loss of three, have so far said little. The only entirely satisfied group right now is the Aneurin Bevanites, who did fine and will be doing their talking later. For the rest, the air seems fuller of voices explaining extenuating circumstances than of cheers of victory or cries of pain and chagrin.

On the surface, the Election Night goings on in London were much as they have always been—a noisy, unrancorous binge. In Trafalgar Square, the crowds were packed around the fountains (turned off for the evening to avoid moistening the citizens) hours before the first results flickered onto the somewhat blurry screen that the *Daily Mail*—apparently assuming that the eyes of the public were as the eyes of young hawks—had installed high up on the Canadian Pacific Building. It was a fine night, and the people whiled away the time by singing, shouting wisecracks at the students, bearing mock political banners, who scuffled through the crowds, squealing at the firecrackers that jokers set off under respectable matrons' heels, and eating roast chestnuts bought from venders, whose coal braziers made tiny, glowing spots at the street corners.

When the returns began to come through, both in Trafalgar Square and in Piccadilly Circus, where they were

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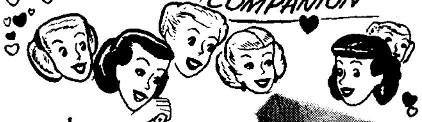

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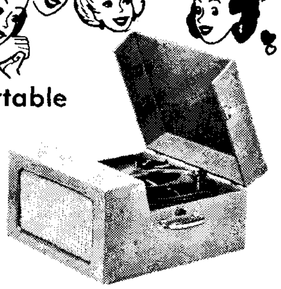

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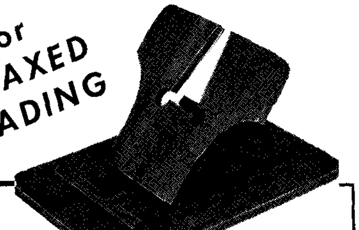

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flashed above the Criterion Theatre, accompanied by winking red stars for a Labour win, blue ones for a Tory, and yellow ones for a Liberal, anxiety seemed to grow, in spite of the crowd's determination to make a celebration of the night. The two words "No Change," which were appended to each result that left the holding party in office, chilled many people more than the nip in the air, and though the Conservatives, as they began to take a seat here and there from the Socialists, cheered louder and more jubilantly than the Labour rooters, lots of them looked worried, too. As the import of the monotonous flashing of "No Change" began to sink in, the only really happy people were the drunks, who clung together or onto some amiable stranger's neck, chanting "Goo 'ol Winnie" or "Up the bloody working classes!" By two-thirty in the morning, the Conservatives had taken ten seats, but this was not enough to make them feel comfortable. "We—want—Attlee!" howled a resolute group. "You've bloody well had him, and look at the bloody mess we're in!" a huge man roared back across the intervening heads. The Conservatives consoled themselves as they went to bed that night by remembering how completely the picture had altered for them last time when the returns from the rural areas came in on the second day.

ON Friday morning, the papers were still talking about a Conservative majority of anything from thirty to fifty seats. At the Conservative Party headquarters on Victoria Street, where journalists and Party workers jammed into one room to hear the results, people smoked and drank cups of tea and nervously doodled on the margins of newspapers while the hours crawled along as though marked by a huge clock ticking "No change, no change." Soon after lunch, the Conservatives began to pull ahead. Someone said that when the number of Tory seats reached three hundred and thirteen, which would give the Conservatives a bare over-all majority, Mr. Attlee would go to the Palace to tender his resignation to the King. Lord Woolton arrived, beaming behind a pale-blue-dyed carnation, just before the radio announced a Tory win at Basingstoke, which put the Party back in. In the middle of all the shouting and clapping, a girl darted in crying "Mr. Churchill's here!," and a few minutes later Lord Woolton brought both the Churchills into the room. Mrs. Churchill was dressed in bright

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It's perfectly plain, and it's plainly perfect for every hour of the day. Stearns' exclusive pump of gleaming calf with a just-high-enough scuff-proof leather heel, to underscore your town or country clothes with the brightness and rightness you expect from Stearns. In red, blue, green, brown, or black. $16.95

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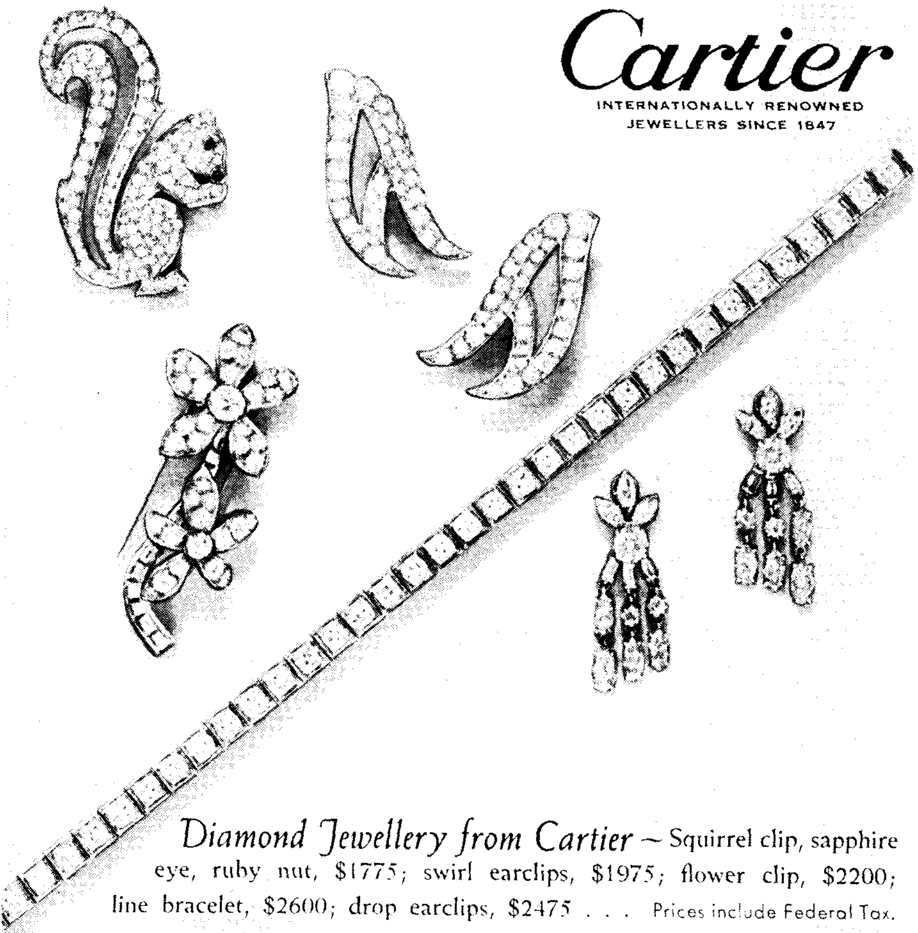
Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847



Diamond Jewellery from Cartier — Squirrel clip, sapphire eye, ruby nut, $1775; swirl earclips, $1975; flower clip, $2200; line bracelet, $2600; drop earclips, $2475 . . . Prices include Federal Tax.

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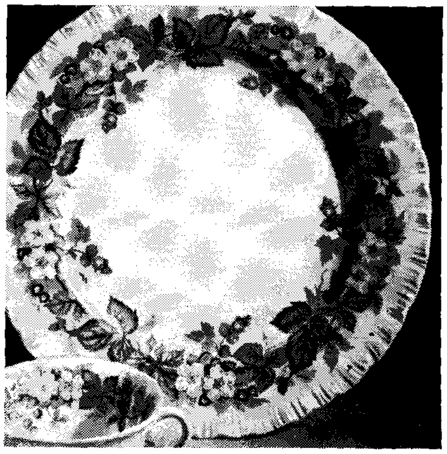
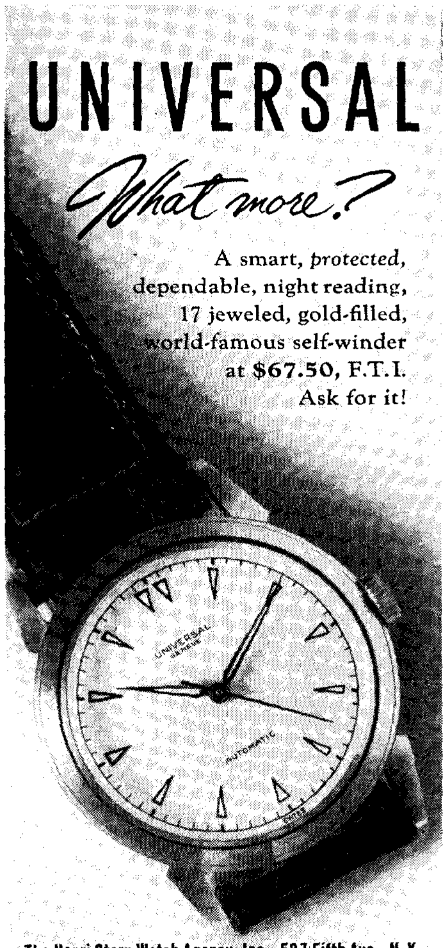


CRIMSON BRAMBLE

It's such fun to use your Wedgwood every day and, why not, when you can buy a five piece place setting in the Crimson Bramble pattern on Shell Edge shape for only $4.45. Write for names of stores. If you want to see other patterns send ten cents for folder R.

Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, Inc.
24 East 54th St. New York 22, N. Y.
Wedgwood is made at Barlaston, England



UNIVERSAL
What more?

A smart, protected, dependable, night reading, 17 jeweled, gold-filled, world-famous self-winder at $67.50, F.T.I.
Ask for it!

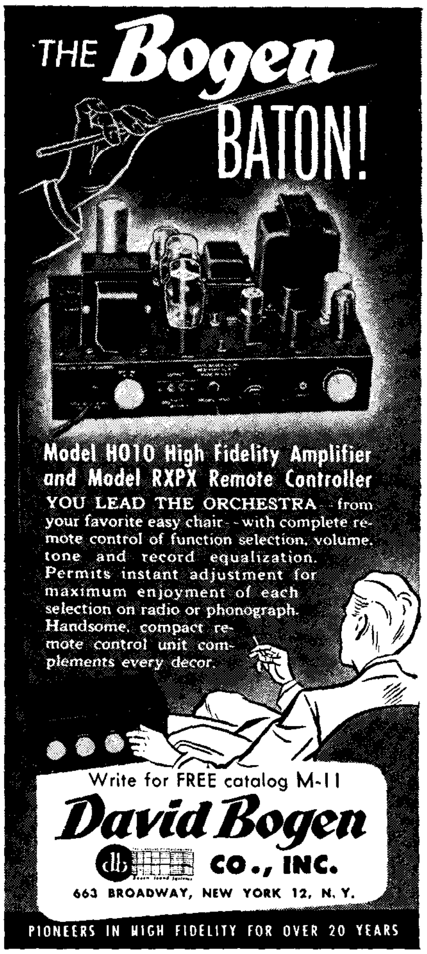
The Henri Stern Watch Agency, Inc., 587 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

blue, and Mr. Churchill was wearing a heavy, Gladstonian-looking black overcoat and a white heather boutonnière. He looked tired (someone said he had a cold), grave, and very much moved. During his brief speech, his underlip pushed out like a baby's, and his face quivered and flushed touchingly. There were crowds packed into the gloomy, pillared entrance hall and out on the pavement to see them go. When the old man with the great, bowed, Mock Turtle shoulders and the old-fashioned hard hat appeared, people surged forward to pat him on the back and cry, "Winnie! Winnie! Three cheers for Winnie!"—a cry that has not often (and the thought may well have passed ironically through his mind) been heard in London since the war. "Looks pale, don't 'e?" a man said. "Not half so pale as Attlee's looking, I bet," his neighbor snorted. As the Churchills' car slid away, there were cheers and boos, which presumably will henceforth be England's mixed, uncomfortable political noise.

Only a small group of spectators and photographers were waiting outside No. 10 Downing Street to see Mr. Attlee return from the Palace. The autumn breezes whisked up the street from St. James's Park, blowing dead leaves off the trees, and the people shuffled and whispered uneasily, staring up at the beautiful seventeenth-century façade as though there had been a death in the house. When the big official black car, with no lights on inside, turned in from Whitehall and the policemen cried "Stand back, please!," few of the watchers showed any disposition to do anything else. Attlee jumped out of the car, the door of No. 10 opened, and he had darted inside before anyone could let out a cheep. "Who was that?" a woman asked a policeman.

Those of us who strolled across the Park to Buckingham Palace were just in time to see Mr. Churchill arriving to pay his call as incoming Prime Minister. The crowd outside the Palace gates shouted "There he is! There's old Winnie!" He must have hurried home from his Party headquarters and changed his hat, for there he was, alone in the back of the big limousine, with a top hat planted on his head and the ceiling light blazing down on him, so that the crowds and history could see. A curiously strained, exhausting, and disturbing election was at an end, and for half of England its only good result was the stocky old figure getting out of the car and plodding up the red-carpeted stairs out of sight.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES



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YOU LEAD THE ORCHESTRA—from your favorite easy chair—with complete remote control of function selection, volume, tone and record equalization. Permits instant adjustment for maximum enjoyment of each selection on radio or phonograph. Handsome, compact remote control unit complements every decor.

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At your home or business place,
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assurance of perfection and
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Call PLaza 3-0200
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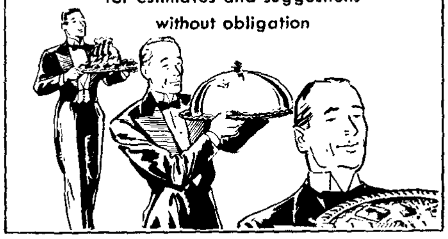

FRED KELLNER
Hairdressers
par excellence
717 Madison Ave. (near 63rd) Templeton 8-3150

THE RACE TRACK

Easy-Riding Jockey

THE story I like best about the newest idol of horse-players hereabouts is that at Jamaica one day last week a hard-boiled betting man, known for his sour view of our present collection of jockeys, went to one of the tote windows, put down a couple of bills, and said to the ticket seller, "Shoemaker to show."

Well, in case you didn't keep tab, Shoemaker rode only nine winners all week, was second six times, and was third twice. He had thirty-eight mounts, which ought to give you an idea of what might happen to you should you fall into the obvious old system of wagering on successful jockeys.

Still, it's my amiable opinion that Willie Lee Shoemaker isn't one of those young riders who pop up every autumn, have an extraordinary run of luck, return to the hinterland, and are never heard of again. He hasn't as dashing a style as some boys I could name, and he isn't the best I ever saw with a whip, but he has the rare knack of making horses run for him. "He just don't worry them none" is the way one horseman put it. As a rule, Shoemaker doesn't hurry his mounts away from the starting gate, but allows them to settle into their stride, and frequently they drop so far behind you abandon all hope for them. Then he brings them up with a great rush through the stretch to win by a head or a neck. He did this with Lambent in the Fordham Purse the other afternoon and was cheered as loudly as if he'd won the Futurity. Another tactic trainers approve of is his riding with both stirrups the same length. Most of the other jockeys ride "acey-deucy," as they call it, with the right stirrup much shorter than the left, a style evolved years ago on the half-mile tracks. They insist this helps them make the turns more easily. Perhaps it does, but an acey-deucy rider is bound to be unbalanced in the saddle, and, needless to say, that affects his horse.

Looking at Shoemaker, a quiet, almost shy little man, you'd never take him for anything but a jockey. He was born twenty years ago near El Paso, but he never was on a horse until he left Texas and got a job around the Suzy Q stock farm in California half a dozen years ago. Since then he's made time. He rode his first winner at Golden Gate

When The Spirit Moves You!

. . . why not move right down to The Greenbrier for a fall vacation? You'll revel in the golden glory of Greenbrier's 6000 "autumn-magic" acres! You'll play the golf of your life on one of The Greenbrier's three magnificent courses or perhaps a set or two of tennis on one of our tournament courts. And The Greenbrier blue ribbon bridle-path is a "must" for the equestrian.

In the evening, you'll dance to the lilting strains of a Meyer Davis orchestra amid an atmosphere replete with fun and frivolity. And, for the rest of your life, you'll find your Dorothy Draper decorated suite a dreamland delight. Rates from $19.00 per day, per person – including Greenbrier's incomparable meals.

The Greenbrier
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA
Early reservations advisable. New York, 30 Rockefeller Plaza—JU 6-2225

something decorative for his office?

Naturally, he works better in pleasant surroundings . . . and nothing makes so great a difference as fine pictures placed decoratively in his office or reception room. Naturally, you'll want to select **his** from the world's most unusual galleries—ours! Choose from the most amazing collection of beautiful things created by world-famous artists for home and office. Why not see for yourself . . . naturally!

- Etchings
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Browning King
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White Stag
SPORT TOGS
WHITE STAG MFG. CO. PORTLAND, OREGON

the estate coat

A full-belted, zipper front coat of unexcelled luxury and warmth. Created by White Stag of new, water-repellent NYLOSTAG—a stronger, longer wearing Nylon Blend Gabardine. The body is lined with featherlight Nylon fleece, the sleeves with quilted Thermostag for light-weight warmth and weather proofing. Even the giant-size Mouton Collar is weatherized. Grey, Navy, sizes 36-46..........**$37.50**

ORDER BY MAIL

Browning King & Co.
551 Fifth Ave., New York

Fields in April, 1949. He finished that season with two hundred and nineteen winners, and he tied with Culmone for leading honors last year. By the way, Shoemaker weighs ninety-five pounds, so he's not likely to have weight trouble. After a triumph at Hollywood Park last summer, one of California's better radio announcers asked him, "And what are you going to do to celebrate, Mr. Shoemaker?" Shoemaker said, "I'm going to eat and go to the movies."

FOR sheer grit, I'll take Tom Fool, who won the East View Stakes on Wednesday of last week. He didn't like the track, which was muddy—some old hands thought it was sloppy, but that's a matter of opinion—and he wore smooth steel shoes, which aren't much help in slippery footing. Also, he gave one the uneasy impression that the distance, a mile and a sixteenth, was too great for him. Despite all this, he came through beautifully, with a finish that left everybody a little breathless. Five of the six runners turned into the stretch almost abreast, and Tom Fool didn't get in front until the last few strides. Put Out was second and Risque Rouge third. From the start, you could see with half an eye that Tom Fool was at a disadvantage. In fact, Atkinson, who rode him, confessed that his mount was going so badly early in the race that he was tempted to ease him up. "I was glad I didn't," he said.

EVEN old grumblers like me couldn't find fault with the racing at Jamaica last weekend, though I couldn't say much for the favorites. And if you wanted a surprise, Bryan G. certainly obliged in the Westchester Handicap, leading all the way and setting a track record for a mile and a furlong. He used to be a sprinter. Remember?

—Audax Minor

•

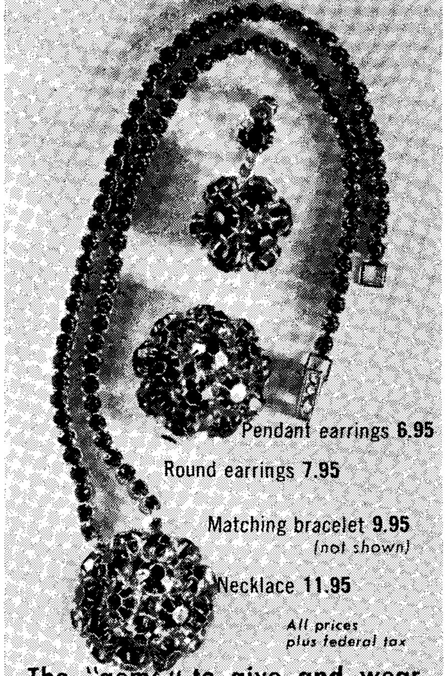
WHICH COLUMNIST IN THE "POST" D'YA READ?

Errol Flynn and socialite Duncan McMartin—whom Flynn sued for $229,000 for slapping him on the back so forcibly he put it out of commission—made up at El Morocco. Flynn even let McMartin put his arm around him again.—*Earl Wilson, October 19th.*

In a switcheroo that resounded today throughout the film world, rocked cafe society and caused many a fair young film fan to wonder, Errol Flynn was slapped in the face—and he didn't hit back!

It was an event made the more memorable because it was a MAN who slapped Flynn in El Morocco at precisely 3:15 a.m. today—one Duncan McMartin, fabulously wealthy Canadian.—*Leonard Lyons, same day.*

BALL OF FIRE!



Pendant earrings 6.95
Round earrings 7.95
Matching bracelet 9.95 (not shown)
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All prices plus federal tax

The "gems" to give and wear throughout the holidays. Choose the jewel tone you prefer—diamond, amethyst, emerald, topaz, or aquamarine.

Marion Wright, Inc.
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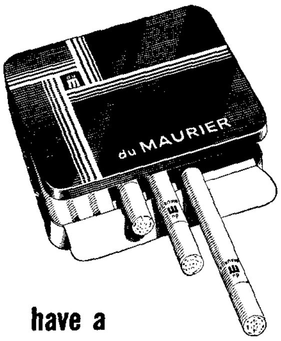
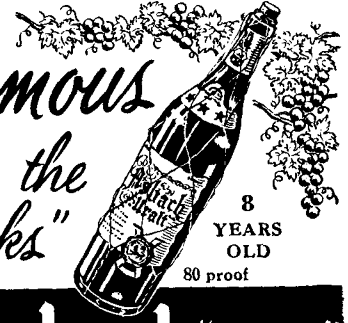


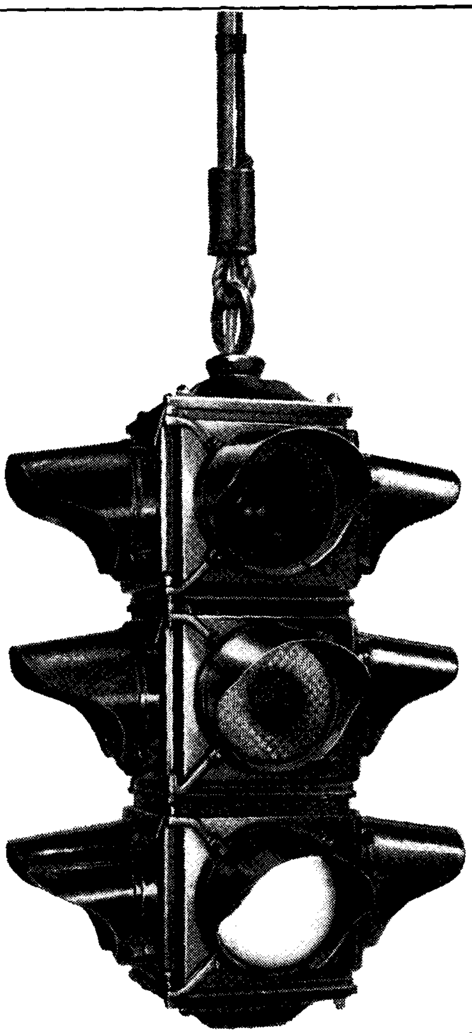
enjoy all you smoke!

have a
du MAURIER

Famous "on the rocks"



Asbach "Uralt"
A truly noble Brandy from the Rhine
Foreign Vintages Inc. • 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.



Does your engine say "no" when the light says "go"?

Keep moving with ANTI-STALLING ESSO EXTRA GASOLINE

Another big MORE at the Esso Sign . . .

Here's a new experience in gasoline performance—starting power that gets your engine going at a touch . . . and *keeps* it going.

The only gasoline made to combat cold-engine stalling . . . Anti-Stalling Esso Extra is also famous for fast warm-up . . . quick, responsive power . . . long mileage . . . all-around performance. Try a tankful . . . and find out why more motorists use Esso Extra than any other premium gasoline in the area served by Esso Dealers.

Esso

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STANDARD
OIL
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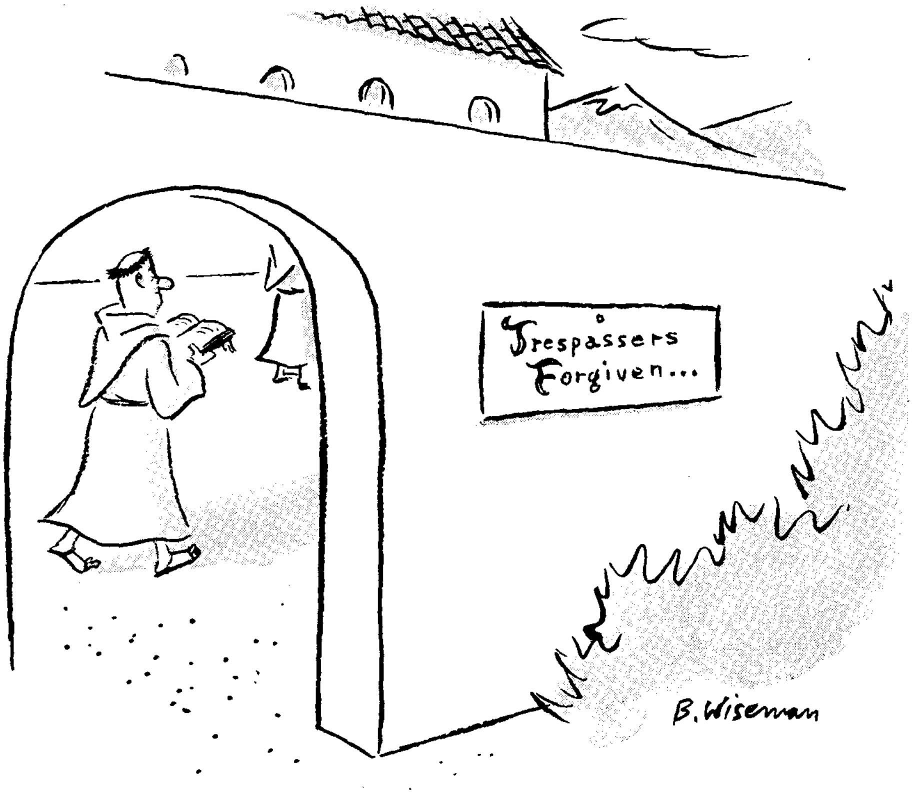
A REPORTER AT LARGE

A CAT IN EVERY HOME

ROBERT LOTHAR KENDELL, the president of the American Feline Society, Inc., and perhaps the world's most tireless defender of the cat, is an advertising man by profession. The latest agency list of the McKittrick *Directory of Advertisers*, a standard work of reference in the field, shows his firm, a one-man organization called Continental Advertising Associates, to have eleven accounts. Three of these—Grapho-Institute, a correspondence graphology course; the Kendell Company of America, a manufacturer of public-address systems; and the Sivad Press, book publishers—are inactive businesses of Kendell's. Seven of the remainder range from chinaware to apparel, and a substantial share of the fees Kendell receives from them goes to help operate the eleventh, the American Feline Society, described by McKittrick's as a charity. The Society's deficit for 1950, according to its most recent annual report, signed early this year by Kendell, was more than seven thousand dollars, and its cumulative loss over the past five years has been nineteen thousand dollars. As a client, the Society would not appear to be one in which the ordinary advertising man would take much pride.

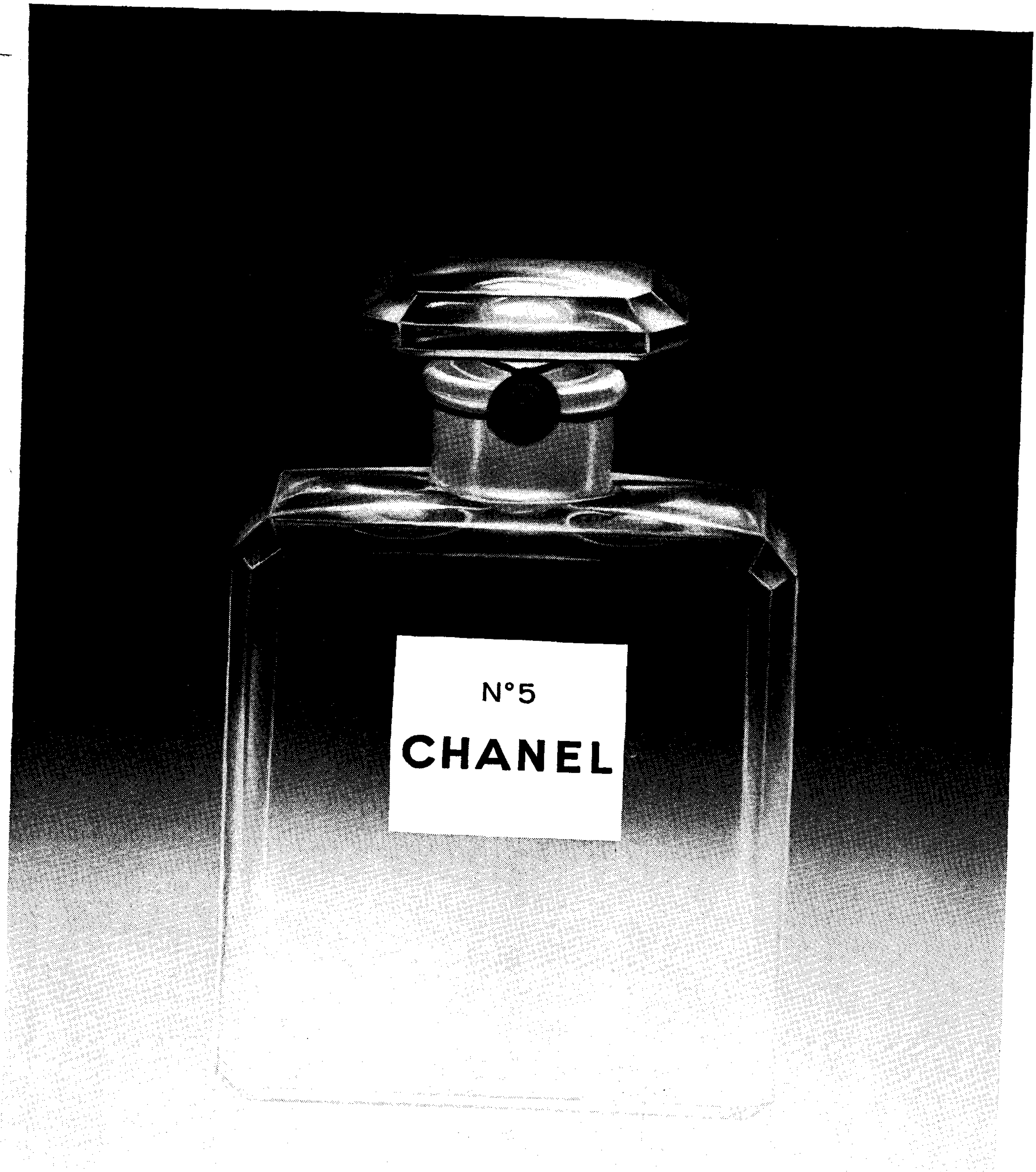
A copy of the Society's annual report having fallen into my hands, I called Mr. Kendell up and made an appointment with him, hoping to learn something about the organization's aims and activities. This resulted in my making my way, one recent blustery afternoon, to his place of business, at 41 Union Square West, which turned out to be an old-fashioned building devoted mostly to small suites for small businessmen. A creaky elevator let me out at the ninth floor, and I approached Mr. Kendell's office down a long, dim corridor scarcely four feet wide. At the far end of it was a glass door lettered with the names of his advertising firm, of the American Feline Society, and of his three inactive businesses. Through the door came the steady thump-thump of a typewriter. There was a suggestion of soft but importunate haste in the machine's sound. It stopped at my knock, and a man's well-modulated voice bade me enter. I did so, and found myself in a small room, facing its only occupant, a man in shirtsleeves, who rose from his typewriter desk and introduced himself courteously to me as Mr. Kendell. He is a rather handsome, thickset man of about fifty, with hazel eyes, a sparse mustache, a gentle, if rather nervous, manner, and a barrel chest, implying an abundance of physical energy. It required no great exercise of the imagination to see him as an executive in a midtown advertising office, nursing his ulcers, and holding his clients by his quiet, intense manner.

It was at once apparent from Mr. Kendell's surroundings, however, that somewhere along the line he had missed connections with the Madison Avenue crowd, and that his interests had been sharply diverted. The room I was standing in, only about eight feet by twelve and somewhat overheated, was lit by a single window, against which, from time to time, the wind blew in gusts, rattling the panes and giving the place a feeling of lonesomeness that was in no way lessened by a view of gray, bare rooftops. The office had the atmosphere of a forgotten storeroom, being jammed with tattered, haphazardly piled cardboard cartons. The walls, from floor to ceiling, were lined either with shelves, from which protruded literature about cats and accessories for cats, or with bulletin boards displaying innumerable photographs of cats—cats yawning, cats playing, cats sleeping, cats pouncing, cats watching birds, cats smirking over spreading ribbon bows, cats looking bored or supercilious, cats suffering the gingerly fondling of movie stars clad in bathing suits or evening gowns, cats staring in amazement out of airplanes. It was impossible to avoid their gaze. Hanging from wall to wall near the ceiling was a large, faded red, white, and blue banner reading, "Help Save America's Cats!" Most of the room's contents, including the banner, were covered with a fine layer of dust.



In the midst of all this stood Mr. Kendell, smiling. "Our headquarters," he said proudly, and waved a hand about him. Then, realizing there was no place for me to sit, he hastily removed from a chair several large boxes, which, he said, contained shipments of food and medicine awaiting distribution to needy cats, and, relieving me of my wraps, seated me at a desk facing his. Before resuming his own seat, he went to a small basin by the window and carefully washed his hands, a performance he repeated several times during my stay, whenever he had touched any of the cartons stacked around the room.

I TOLD Mr. Kendell that I was interested in finding out about the objectives of the American Feline Society, and, to my surprise, his cordiality lessened a bit. His answer was formal and measured. "Young Lady, I doubtless could give you exactly the information that you want," he said. "But first I



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

N° 5 GARDENIA RUSSIA LEATHER N° 22 BOIS DES ILES

CHANEL

must ask you a question. Are you an aelurophobe?"

"A what?" I asked, not sure that I had caught the word.

"An aelurophobe—a cat-hater," he said.

Under Mr. Kendell's watchful scrutiny, I was glad that I could truthfully give a negative reply. "Of course not!" I assured him.

"Good," Mr. Kendell said, his manner relaxing to its earlier gentleness. "Aelurophobes are not welcome in this office. You'd be surprised how they disguise themselves. Doctors, scientists, garden-club women, and wildlife conservationists are some of the worst." Even the humane societies, he told me, are among the sworn enemies of cats. "Why, in this city alone, the A.S.P.C.A. last year, according to its own published records, killed over a hundred and sixty-three thousand cats," he said. "Criminal! Criminal!" he added, lowering his voice in sadness.

As we sat talking in the close, curious little office, I discovered that Mr. Kendell is a man with a staggering amount of information about cats. Although his feelings on the subject are obviously strong, he spoke, for the most part, softly, which lent effectiveness to what he had to say. Only occasionally did he betray the depth of his emotion.

"In ancient Egypt, cats were embalmed and placed in golden urns," Mr. Kendell said. "In pioneer days, they rode as honored guests in covered wagons, protecting our forefathers' grain supply from the innumerable rats that followed the caravans across the Western plains. *Today*, they are murdered. Of the twenty-one million cats that I estimate there are in this country, half, or ten and a half million, are strays—hungry, unloved, persecuted. Dogs all have strong organizations behind them. But does the cat, the noblest of animals? No! He lacks even an official position in our culture." It is the foremost aim of the American Feline Society, Mr. Kendell told me, to smooth the path of life for the nation's ten and a half million homeless cats—a group that, he declared, had had no sponsor whatever until the Society came along. "By the way," he said, peering at me suddenly, "never say 'alley cat.' Say 'short-haired.' "

I promised Mr. Kendell I would remember that, and asked about the size of his organization. "We have approximately three thousand members, eighty per cent of them women," he said. "Our members live in forty-seven states, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico,

Henri Fayette
CHRISTMAS CARDS

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NEW 1951 COLLECTION

Personal representatives
in most important social
centers.

HENRI FAYETTE Inc.
2735 Armitage Avenue
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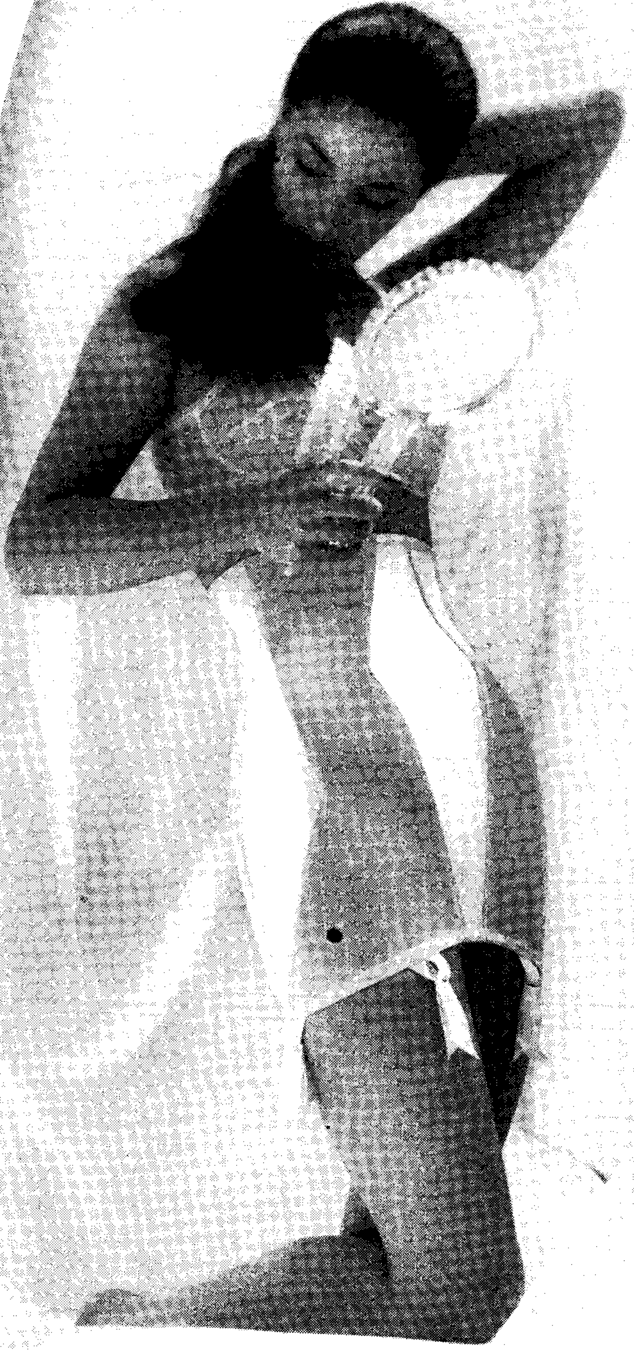
BE FASHION-WISE—
ACCENT YOUR EYES
WITH Maybelline
PREFERRED BY SMART WOMEN THE WORLD OVER
EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA

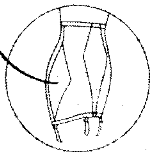
Your "bulge"
becomes you...
when you're two!



NOW—see how you hold it in with a Nemo "Circlet"*! These patented† diamond panels smooth away *all* bulges! And . . . make your hip and thighline long . . . lithe . . . lovely! Yes, there's a Nemo "Circlet" to belittle *your* bulges too!

10.00 to 25.00
at the nation's nicest stores

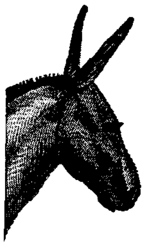
—but you're a big girl now
you need a nemo Circlet*



. . . these patented "diamonds" do as much for your figure as a diamond does for your finger!

†U. S. Patent #2,551,139 *R

Kops Bros., Inc., 385 5th Avenue, N. Y. 16



How you can save $800 . . . and your good coat besides!

BEING a custom tailor, I get to Europe frequently to look for new ideas. The first time I saw a fellow in Denmark wearing a duffle coat, I was intrigued; when I saw young fellows at the Ritz Bar in Paris, the Dorchester in London and other top fashion spots . . . *all wearing the duffle coat* . . . I got hot on the idea.

So I started to make the coat in my own tailor shop; then a few merchants in other cities, who think I'm fairly hep on fashion, asked me to make some for them . . . and pretty soon I got orders from all over the country.

NOW HERE'S WHAT THE DUFFER IS:

It isn't an overcoat, or a topcoat, or a raincoat . . . *but when the weather is really rough, this coat takes* the place of any one of them. I got the famous Baxter Mills in New Hampshire to loom up the special 100% pure wool cloth, a rough-pile fabric that sneers at rain or sleet or cold. The style of the coat is exactly (not approximately, but *precisely*) like the European original . . . right down to the whittled mahogany wood pegs and Dutch fishing-hemp button-loops. The length is right; the sweep is designed to keep rain or snow off your trouser legs. It has all the little details that make *The Duffer* (that's the name I gave it) just as good-*looking and just as practical* as the one that's worn in England and Europe.

I know you'll want a Duffer. Well, I'll save you *the $800-or-more it* would cost you to go to Europe for it. Order the Duffer through Lord & Taylor, Rogers Peet or Whitehouse & Hardy *in* New York . . . or, fill in the coupon and we will send you a Duffer in the size and color you specify. ***It'll cost you $16.95**** and for that, you not only get a smart and serviceable rough-weather coat, but you also save your expensive overcoat. A good *deal, isn't it?*

Sincerely,

Jonas Arnold

When you see the Mule, you know you're getting the one-and-only Duffer, authentic in style and fabric. Look for it on the label.

The Duffer Co., 75 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me ...... Duffer Coat(s). I enclose $......

At $16.95 for each coat.

	GREEN	BLUE	GREY	RED	CAMEL
B-SMALL (misses' 10-12)					
X-SMALL (misses' 14-16; men's 32-35)					
SMALL (misses' 18-20; men's 36-37)					
MEDIUM (men's 38-40)					
LARGE (men's 42-44)					
X-LARGE (men's 45-48)					
CHILDREN'S (sizes 6-8-10-12-14) *$14.95.					

NAME..

ADDRESS.......................................

CITY.....................ZONE......STATE........

and also in Canada, Costa Rica, France, Mexico, New Zealand, and Switzerland. The roster includes college professors, stockbrokers, housewives, veterinarians, river pilots, bohemians, and Miss June Havoc, who recently joined. Most of our members are in the subscription class, paying five-dollar annual dues—that's the lowest of the four types of membership, which go up to the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar life membership. Therefore, in theory, we have a neat nest egg with which to start operations each year, but in practice, unfortunately, this is not so. Some members' offerings arrive in pitiful dribs and drabs—nickels and dimes, the only way they can pay. Many never pay more than part of their dues, and others are habitually in arrears." Mr. Kendell told me he combats the tendency of the Society to fall apart financially by increasing his own contributions to it and allotting it more and more of his time. He has succeeded, against what must often have seemed discouraging odds, in building an international organization, and in this country has set up a nationwide network of non-salaried vice-presidents—one each in Brooklyn, Chicago, Knoxville, Los Angeles, San Antonio, and Flint, Michigan. "This arrangement frequently helps our work," he said. "For instance, a couple of years ago, when I read in the papers that the four cats of Angus Ward, the American Consul General at Mukden, were Stateside-bound with their master aboard the Lakeland Victory after being imprisoned in Communist China on starvation rations, I instantly ordered our Los Angeles vice-president to send thirty pounds of cat food direct from that city, via Pan American Airways, to be held for the refugees' arrival when their steamer docked in Yokohama—a mercy flight that gained invaluable time by getting its start on the Pacific Coast."

NOTWITHSTANDING the vice-presidents, and a board of directors that meets once a year in New York, Mr. Kendell is the man who holds the Society together. "I am a publicist, and the Society needs that kind of leadership just now," he said. "Because it's necessary to sell cats, as a package, to America." When I inquired how he went about selling cats as a package, he sighed. "It's a big job," he said. "I keep the editors of newspapers, wire services, magazines, and radio networks constantly informed as to the care, protection, and betterment of living conditions of the short-haired cat wherever it may

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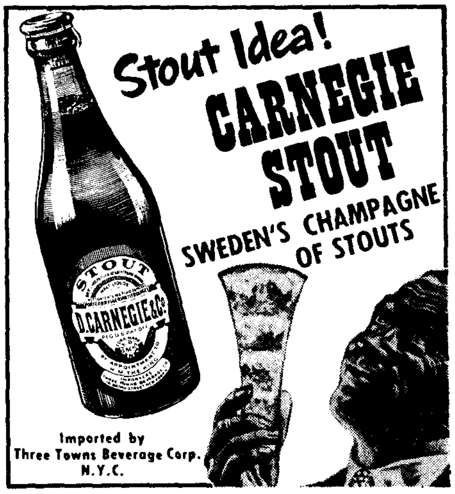

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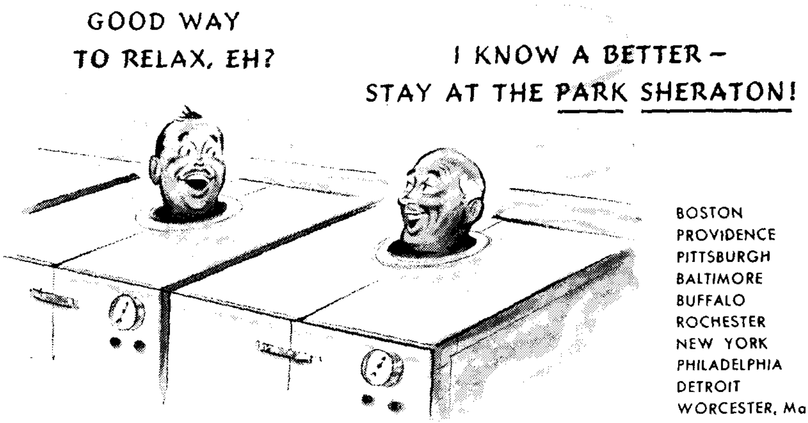
be found throughout the world. Furthermore, I instantly attack in these same quarters any defamation of the short-haired cat by knowing or unknowing enemies, no matter who they are. With local editors, I do this by telephone, and with more distant ones by sending out publicity releases that I write up and have mimeographed under the Society's letterhead." Mr. Kendell added that his reading of newspapers, magazines, and books is voluminous, and I gathered that his reaction to any reference to cats he may come across is highly individual and given swift circulation. In a single week, he said, he sometimes issues releases to over three thousand newspapers and other periodicals, a hundred and forty-six wire services and syndicates, and the country's four major radio networks—a feat that he is as likely as not to repeat the following week. In these communiqués, he stresses such inequities or indignities as that throughout the whole country only the forward-looking city of Seattle requires licenses for cats, that Maine's personal-property tax on them is unenforced, and that, in contrast to the legal protection afforded dogs and human beings, no state in the Union has a law designed specifically for the protection of cats. On occasion, the bombarded editors reverse the process and write to Mr. Kendell, requesting information about cats, which he supplies promptly. Moreover, he keeps the Society's members informed by mail of his activities, and asks that they, in turn, let him hear news of cats, thereby immeasurably broadening his outlook. "Sooner or later," he told me reflectively, "*all* cat facts pass through this room."

Mr. Kendell observed that one of his recent chores was the compilation of the world's largest list of friends of the cat—some ninety-two thousand presumed aelurophiles, whose names and addresses he acquired from the newspapers he himself has read or from clippings sent to him by members. To the more promising-sounding cat-lovers on this huge list, he annually posts news of the feline world, as well as a cordial invitation to join the Society. Another job he has just finished, after two years of labor, is the preparation, for the convenience of his members, of a complete card catalogue of the more than one thousand manufacturers of cat accessories in this country—a formidable inventory that includes the makers of brushes, deodorants, jewelry, toys, blankets, trophies, bells, mats, and so on. "The alpha and omega of purveyors to cats!" murmured Mr. Kendell triumphantly, holding up a box full of file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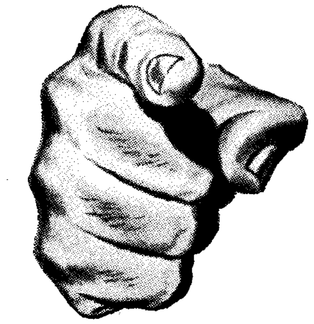

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cards. In addition to all these activities, Mr. Kendell said, he daily performs half a dozen or so "service operations for the short-haired"—special attentions of one kind or another to the needs of individual cats.

I remarked that his efforts on behalf of the Society must keep him very busy. He nodded glumly. "Yes," he said. "And sometimes financially embarrassed, too. The Society's annual intake, you know, seldom amounts to more than three thousand dollars. This means I'm often strapped to keep it going." Then his expression grew strained, as if he were returning to some ancient inner debate. "My advertising clients think I'm peculiar to spend so much time on cats," he said. "They even go so far as to tell me so. They don't seem to understand that I'm not in this for money. When you think of all the homeless cats in the world, you realize that somebody must take care of them. What's peculiar about that? Do *you* think it's peculiar?"

I said I didn't think it peculiar for anyone to do what seemed right to him. "Exactly!" Mr. Kendell said, more brightly. "My first wife, who started the Society in 1938, was in all respects the same as I am. She was the sort of woman who would get up at four in the morning to rescue a cat marooned in a tree." His present wife, he went on, whom he married, as a widower, in 1947, is also in complete accord with his views on cats. Fortunately, being a wage earner, she is able to help the Society along with her salary. "Perhaps I've always felt so strongly about cats because I've been childless," Mr. Kendell said. "But whatever the reason, this resistance to the Society gets me down. However, enough!" he added, disciplining himself with a smile. "Every organization struggles at first. Someday we'll get going in a big way, and when we do, watch us travel! Our initial moves are all planned out. Here in Manhattan, for instance, we'll have a National Headquarters Building, with a Trophy Hall, to house the statuary, mementos, and portraits that our members keep willing us of their pets. Then, every big city in the country will have a model twenty-thousand-dollar cat shelter, like that one." He called my attention to a framed drawing on one of the bulletin boards, which he said he'd had an architect turn out for him. Its floor plan included kitchens, dormitories, and an observation room for cats, and quarters for resident attendants. "Eventually," he said, "this country will have a national law, like Hong Kong's,

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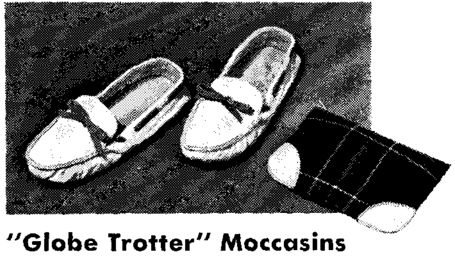

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requiring every home to have a cat."

"Is there actually such a law in Hong Kong?" I asked.

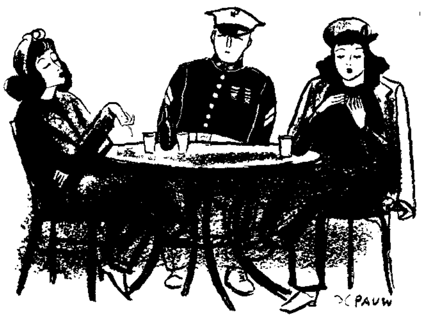
"Of course!" Mr. Kendell said. He went over to a cardboard container that served as a filing cabinet and extracted from it a cablegram the Governor of Hong Kong had sent him—in response to one of his own—confirming the law's existence. After replacing the communication, he walked over to the basin and washed his hands. As he was drying them, he looked at me thoughtfully. "How many cats do you have?" he asked.

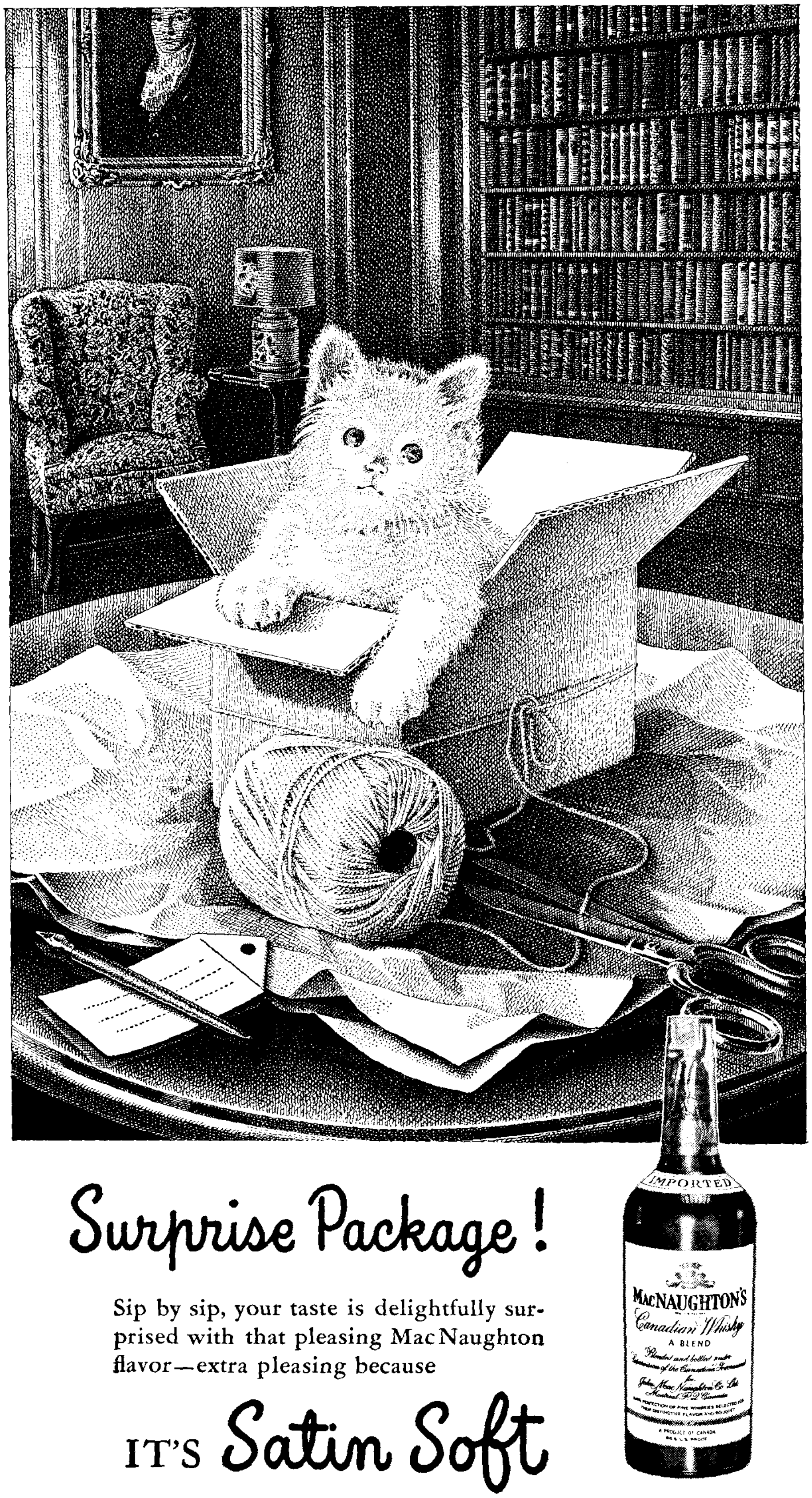
"None," I answered in considerable embarrassment.

Mr. Kendell's face froze. "Young lady!" he said, aghast. "Do you realize you're depriving yourself of one of life's most glorious experiences? Here! Look at this letter that came in today from a new member." Discarding his towel, he picked up a sheet of paper from his desk, with a Park Avenue address engraved at its head, and handed it to me. "The enclosed check is from my two neutered males, Francis and Marcel, aged eight and twelve years old, respectively," the letter read. "They have let me live with them all their lives, and have taught me what a cat needs and gives in politeness, grace, faithfulness, cleanliness, intelligence, and affection. No matter what some biassed humans may say, I know that cats are the most loyal friends we have. I pray for the time people will recognize this and the world will become a true cat-and-man Utopia!"

I put the letter down. "I have two small children," I said defensively. "I'm afraid a cat might scratch them."

"Good heavens, young lady!" said Mr. Kendell, throwing up his hands. "Sometimes I feel like giving up. Here I am, working day and night, broadcasting factual information about cats, and *you* make a statement like that." With a reproachful look, he leaned toward me. "Pardon me," he said in a silky voice. He put his hand across the desk, the fingers talonlike on my arm. Speaking slowly, as one does to impress a child, he said, "I—will—ex-





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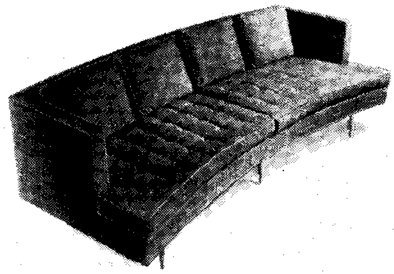

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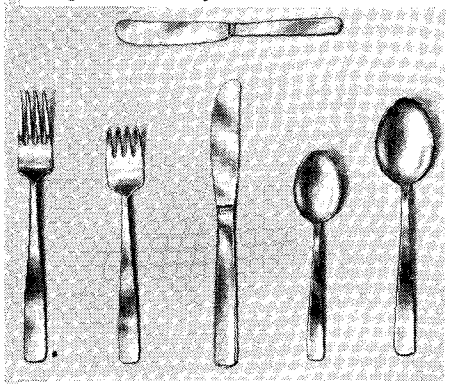

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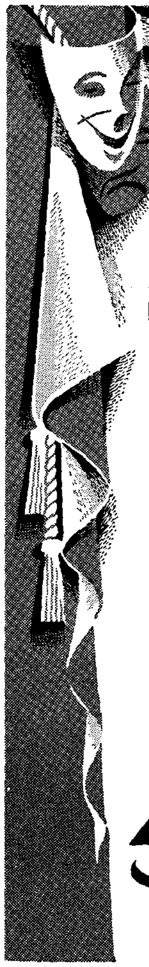
plain. Cats—don't—scratch—people. People—scratch—cats. Cats like to open and close their paws against a person's skin—thus." He kneaded my flesh with his fingertips. "Now, if, at a time like this, an ignorant person makes a sudden movement, naturally the cat's claws sink into the epidermis. That's not the cat's fault. It's the person who's to blame, for not being better coördinated with his pet. Your ignorance of this principle causes me real concern." Mr. Kendell looked at me steadily, making sure I understood.

I said that perhaps I had been wrong in my fears, and hastily asked Mr. Kendell to tell me about his service operations. At once, his face reassumed its customary gentle expression. "Our service operations vary greatly, but they are all free of charge," he said. "We maintain an adoption service, for instance, with normally a list of about four hundred cats on file waiting for new homes. As a rule, we don't take physical possession of a cat except in an emergency—just get the right parties together by phone. To new owners using our adoption service, we issue pamphlets called 'How to Receive Your Cat' and 'Cat Facts,' both of which I wrote." He handed me two leaflets, and I noted that one of them listed as necessities for the new arrival a "comfortable bed complete with kapok pillow and tiny blanket; special feeding and drinking vessels; collar, harness, and leash; metal toilet pan; scratching post and catnip-impregnated toys."

Mr. Kendell turned to a batch of filing cards on which he had kept a record of service operations completed the preceding month, and read me a few of them. One case involved arranging for a mate for a cat in Pocatello, Idaho; in another, a lady in New Jersey who accepts up to thirty cats for boarding in her home had been prevailed upon to look after the pet of a visiting Englishwoman until she got settled in the city. Mr. Kendell dwelt at length upon a third case—"an especially pitiful one," he called it. A cat had deserted its master in an apartment house on East Fifty-seventh Street and had gone to the basement to live with the janitor, from whom it refused to be enticed even by breast of chicken, its favorite tidbit. When the grieving owner consulted the Society, Mr. Kendell suggested that the man acquire another cat, explaining to him that he must have in some way bored or disgusted the original cat. The man reluctantly agreed to this solution. "I never saw a poor fellow so broken up, but I felt the kindest thing was to tell



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him the truth," Mr. Kendell said to me. "Doubtless his own personality was at fault. It may have been just a simple case of trying too hard. But, whatever it was, I knew the cat's decision was irrevocable. As I told this man, a horse will forget its feeling toward a particular person in six months, but a cat—never." Mr. Kendell illustrated this faculty of memory in cats by reminiscing about one that he and his first wife had owned. It had shown its fondness for a certain male friend of theirs by pouncing on his hat whenever he visited their home. After an absence of several years, the friend made a surprise call on them, during the war. He was in uniform and forty pounds heavier, and at first the Kendells didn't recognize him. "But the cat at once leaped for the cap in his hand," Mr. Kendell said, with a triumphant smile.

There was silence in the stuffy little room. A gust of wind shook the panes.

"ALSO," said Mr. Kendell presently, "cats can talk."

"What?" I said.

"Of course!" he went on. "One of the commonest fallacies is that they can't. Actually, the average cat has a vocabulary of from fifty to sixty definitely distinguishable words. The words are formed by nuances of sound from the cat's highly developed vocal cords, accompanied by the proper facial expression. When my two cats, for example, want an egg, they gallop for the icebox, all the time making the sound that means 'eggs.' It goes like this." Mr. Kendell opened his mouth wide and emitted a rolling "Me-ow!," assuming, as he did so, what I took to be the proper facial expression for "eggs"—one of wide-eyed gravity. "Naturally," he continued, "the 'egg' sound is totally different from the word for 'milk,' which goes like this." Mr. Kendell narrowed his eyes and opened his mouth again, and this time a sharp, plaintive "Meow!" emerged. "Needless to say, there are sounds for all the other common ideas or objects, such as 'outside,' 'please,' 'thank you,' 'fish,' 'liver,' and so on," he said. "Any owner correctly attuned to his cat understands these. Conversely, cats can understand human speech. Let an owner say to his wife 'Why don't you open the window for Puss?' and the cat's there in a bound. What's more, cats can read printed labels on cans, or at least labels that concern them. For instance, they show not the slightest interest in a tin of kitchen cleanser the exact size of a tin of salmon, but let the tin of salmon appear

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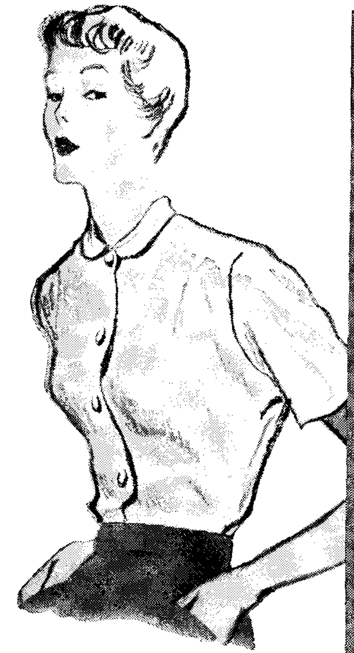

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and they set up their request murmur—a deep-throated purr accompanied by upward glances." Mr. Kendell glanced upward and purred. It was a resonant, authentic sound. I had the impression that if I were to close my eyes, I would feel myself in the room with a cat possessed of vocal cords of extraordinary power and timbre.

At that moment, the door opened and a postman crowded into the office. He seemed impressed to find Mr. Kendell purring. "Here's another one of them sacks—and some more cat mail," he said, dropping on Mr. Kendell's desk a large, pungent-smelling cloth bag, whose odor came pleasantly to me through the still air, and three envelopes addressed to the Society. Then, after looking at Mr. Kendell interestedly over his shoulder, the postman left.

Mr. Kendell stopped purring and swiftly reached for the three envelopes. He examined their postmarks eagerly, turned them over to scrutinize the return addresses, and shook them. "No coins," he said tersely. It suddenly seemed very important to him—as it seemed to me, just then—that the American Feline Society get some contributions. He tore open the envelopes. The first two contained no money, and he slapped them angrily on the desk. "Terrible! Terrible!" he burst out. His face had the hurt look that can come into a thwarted child's. The third envelope contained a check. "Ha!" said Mr. Kendell. "Ha!" His countenance suddenly brightened, like an autumn field unexpectedly swept by sunshine. He smiled. "Of course, support means more than just mere money," he said to me. "*Much* more. Now pardon me while I write out an acknowledgment for this before I forget it." He slipped some forms and carbon paper into his typewriter and batted out a message, saying, as he did so, "It's wonderful, *wonderful*, to know you're not alone in the fight."

When Mr. Kendell had finished, he laid the papers to one side and, still smiling, picked up the sack. "Catnip from one of our members, for free distribution by the Society," he said. "The highest quality, fresh from the Pennsylvania mountains. Not a stem in the batch." He swung the sack up alongside some others on top of a pile of cartons, and in doing so tumbled a white wooden tray to the floor. Before replacing it, he showed it to me, saying, "One of the custom-made Cat-a-terias the Society will order for members. Just sent a minister in Iowa six the other day. Very attractive little

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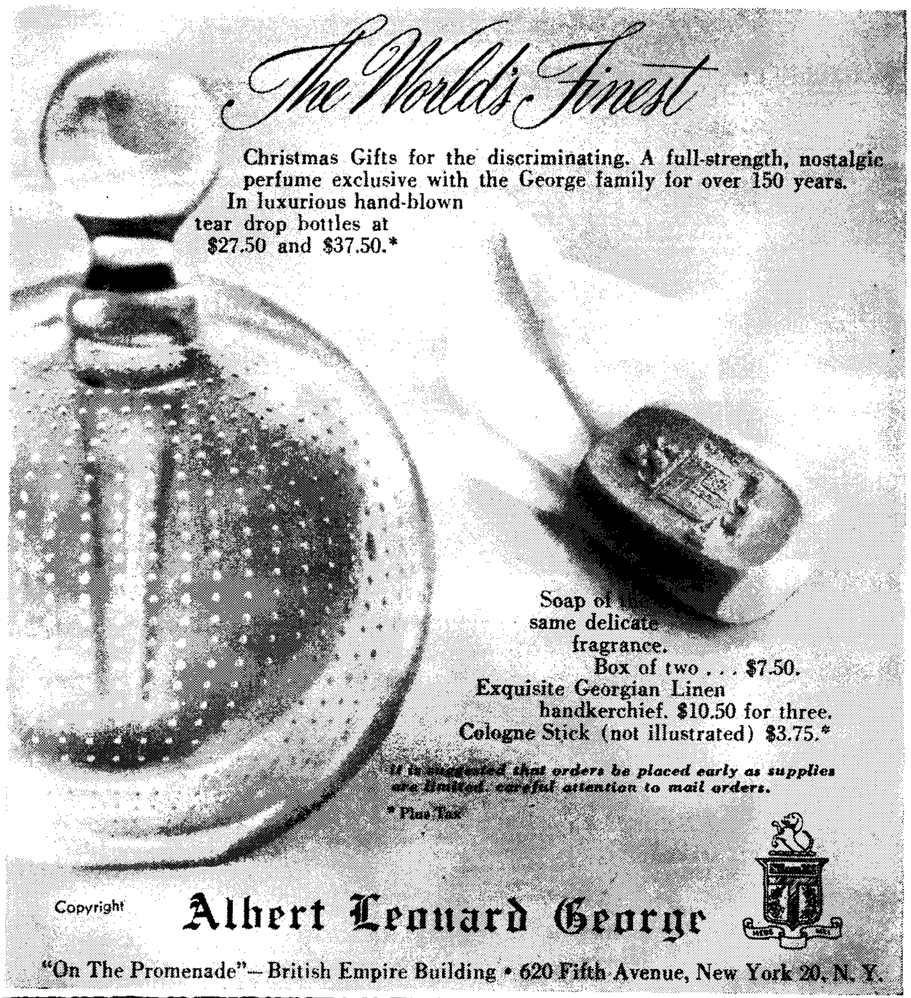
things." The Cat-a-teria, which was supported on legs, contained two feeding dishes and was decorated with gaily colored figures of sardines and mice. There was also a space in which to inscribe a pet's monogram. "You never can do too much for your short-hairs," Mr. Kendell said gently.

BACK at his desk, Mr. Kendell produced two large scrapbooks filled with some of his press releases and the publicity they have inspired. "Since our most vital work is public education, you'll want to look at these," he said. As I turned the pages, I was amazed at the number of publications, including big metropolitan dailies, that have carried cat stories obviously prompted by Mr. Kendell's releases, which he had pasted beside the clippings. The scrapbooks also held numerous newspaper photographs, cartoons, letters to the editor, and editorials based on Kendell releases, as well as quantities of columns by such syndicated writers as Paul Gallico, Bugs Baer, Bob Hope, George Sokolsky, Frederick Othman, and Robert Ruark.

Much, but by no means all, of the material in the books was concerned with the annual observance of National Cat Week, late in the fall. This event was inaugurated by the Society in 1946, and for its promotion, Mr. Kendell told me, he goes into what is, even for him, extraordinarily high gear. "For several weeks before the event, I put in eighteen hours a day, seven days a week—a taxing schedule," he said. "But when I think of the number of needy cats, I easily find the strength to go on." His National Cat Week program involves not only stepping up his writing and mailing out of releases but calling on the publicity representatives of recording and broadcasting companies and making personal appearances for the cause, as he did on one occasion on a C.B.S. radio



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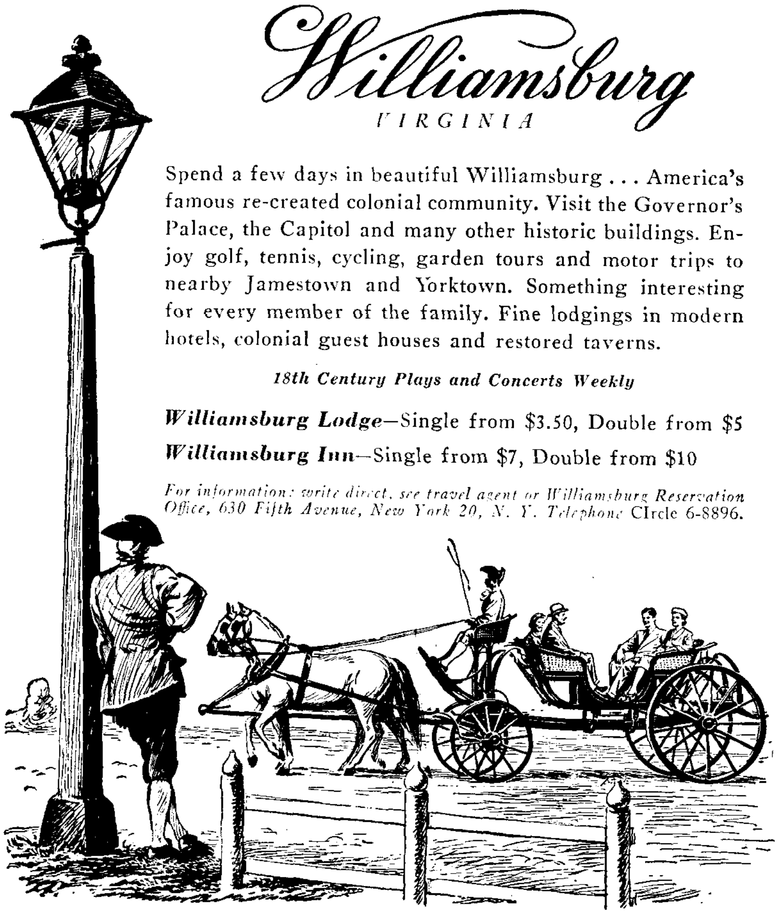

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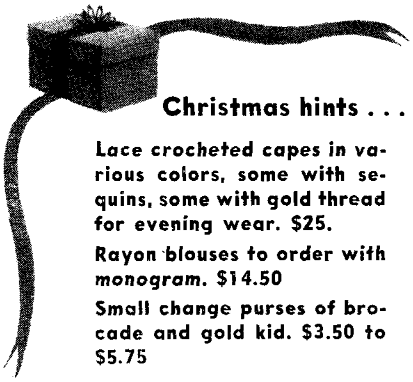

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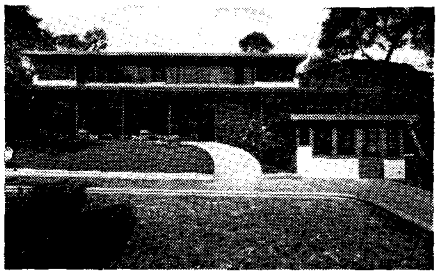
program entitled "Pets." He tries to enlist the aid of recording-company publicity men in choosing an official song for the occasion (in 1949, the last time he was successful, it was "The Pussycat Song"), and urges broadcasting stations to have their disc jockeys feature the tune, with appropriate remarks. Crowning his efforts during this hectic season, Mr. Kendell adds to his long regular mailing list a rotating selection of Hollywood press agents who, he has discovered, can be induced to prepare photographs of some of their more photogenic female clients in the act of cuddling cats. "Hollywood has a genuine cat appreciation, for which we are very grateful," he told me. Each year, a dozen or so actresses are so photographed, and their press agents supply gratis hundreds of glossy prints for captioning by Mr. Kendell, who then sends them to newspapers, many of which give them an encouragingly enthusiastic reception. In the past, Greer Garson, Ann Jeffreys, Janet Blair, Dale Evans, Barbara Bates, and Elizabeth Taylor have been among those tapped. As a windup to Hollywood's participation, Mr. Kendell names as chairman of National Cat Week an actress playing in a current film whose cast includes a cat, and the cat is named honorary chairman—to the clicking of more cameras.

Each year, as a matter of course, Mr. Kendell petitions President Truman for government recognition of National Cat Week. But things are not as they should be between the two leaders. There has been a coolness, Mr. Kendell said, dating from Mr. Truman's first term, when the President, at a National Press Club dinner, referred slightingly to cats and added, with definite jocularity, that there were even some people urging him to proclaim a National Cat Week. As Mr. Kendell told me this, his gentlemanly voice grew sharp. "Naturally the papers called me about it, and naturally I wrote the President at once, suggesting he withdraw his remark," he said. "Naturally he did so, at his next press conference, explaining he had been critical of two-legged, not four-legged, cats—still not the observation of a man who thinks intelligently about cats, but one that I decided it would be useless to protest."

Returning to the scrapbooks, Mr. Kendell pointed to evidence of some other achievements of his that struck me as arresting. During the war, for instance, he launched a Ration Point Pool for Cats. As a result of the publicity given the pool, vegetarians and theosophists all over the country sent their unused red, or meat, ration stamps to



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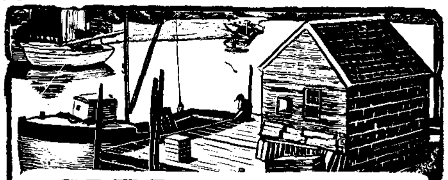

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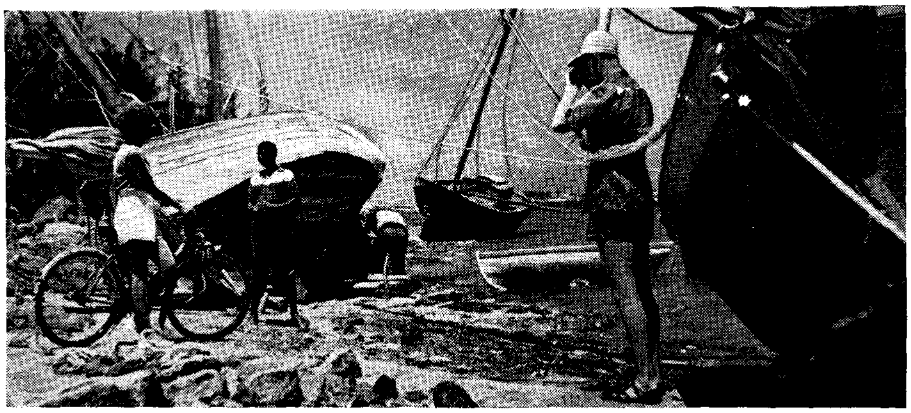
the Society in such numbers that they lay around the office in large paper bags, awaiting calls from the owners of protein-starved cats. Again, shortly after the war, Mr. Kendell checked a threat to the cats of New Jersey in the person of a Canadian fur buyer. This man, who claimed to have found a way of processing cat fur into "Prairie Sable," was canvassing the schools of Jersey, offering a fur coat free to any teacher who sent him a specified number of cat skins collected by her pupils. "Imagine—trapping cats!" said Mr. Kendell. By the time Mr. Kendell got through assailing the plan—getting in touch with Jersey educators directly and with Jersey clergymen through the press and radio—the fur buyer was in full flight; when last heard from, he had retreated to his own country, where he was engaged in a similar project involving Canadian rats.

DESPITE the value of such campaigns, they benefit, after all, only cats in this country, and Mr. Kendell told me that he is happiest when he is assisting cats on a global scale. "Fortunately, these opportunities come to me often. For example," he said, pointing out a clipping in one of the scrapbooks, "that story was the result of a telephone call to me a couple of years ago from an English newspaper's American representative here in New York. He informed me that several eastern counties in England were undergoing the severest sort of cat-influenza epidemic, and asked if I could help. Could I! I phoned a Missouri veterinarian whom I had seen cure several cats of influenza by a serum and told him the situation. He gave me the phone numbers of the Indiana wholesaler of the serum and of its Kansas manufacturer, and within a matter of minutes I had spoken to both of them. Oh, the Society works quickly, I can tell you! A few hours later, five hundred cubic centimetres of the medicine had arrived here by plane, under refrigeration. It was immediately flown on to London and rushed from the airport there, under motorcycle escort, to the British Ministry of Agriculture. Soon after, the influenza epidemic subsided."

Another of Mr. Kendell's foreign maneuvers was a proposal of his that the White House adopt two British royal kittens, Jane and Belinda, that were born in the Silver Room of Buckingham Palace a fortnight or so after Roosevelt's fourth election. "This was a terrifically important project to cats, both here and abroad," Mr. Kendell said quietly. "Be-



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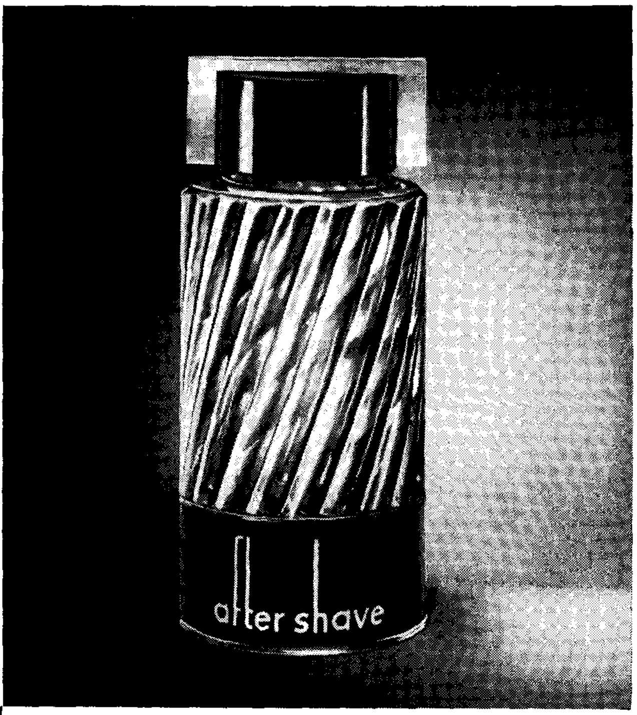

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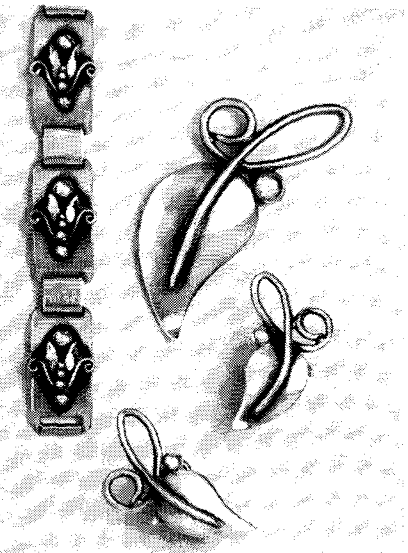
sides cementing Anglo-American relations no end, it would have furnished a magnificent opportunity to scotch, once and for all, the superstition that the presence of a cat in the White House brings immediate death to the President." I said I hadn't known there was such a belief. "Indeed there is!" said Mr. Kendell. "I'm surprised you haven't heard of it. One of the most pernicious calumnies prevailing today. The canard seems to have started after the assassination of McKinley, when it was said a cat was seen around the Executive Mansion the preceding evening. Supposedly it was confirmed—ha, ha, I say!—when another cat was reported to have appeared there the night before Harding's death." Mr. Kendell told me that the idea of a Presidential adoption came to him the minute he read about the birth of the palace kittens. "I decided the Society should sponsor the move, and I at once released word to that effect to English and American newspapers," he said. "Then I wired the President's daughter, Mrs. Boettiger, whom I knew slightly, to do what she could to hasten the adoption."

The next day, the story was widely published in the British and American press. A few hours later, Mrs. Roosevelt announced that the plan was impractical, because Fala hated cats. "What an irony!" Mr. Kendell said. "What an absurd end to a great opportunity! Fala hating cats! Why, in ten minutes I could have had him and the kittens playing beautifully together for the rest of their lives."

"How?" I asked.

Mr. Kendell looked at me as if I were hopelessly stupid. "Merely by introducing them properly," he said. "You simply hold the dog and cat a few feet apart until they get each other's scent. Then you push them together until their noses touch. After that, they're fast friends. I've done it hundreds of times. Utter nonsense, Fala hating cats!" Mr. Kendell was, of course, much disappointed when the adoption plan failed to come off, but he stood up manfully under the blow. "When the papers asked for my reaction, I made a simple public statement," he said. "I declared, quote, I most profoundly regret that the Roosevelts do not seem big enough to upset the White House cat superstition and the preposterous dog-cat enmity theory as they have the two-term Presidential tradition, unquote."

TO the general public, Mr. Kendell may be best, if now only dimly, remembered as the author, in 1948, of



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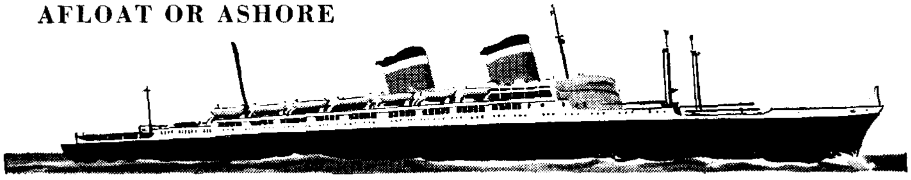
the gigantic Cats for Europe scheme—a plan to send a million American cats to the Marshall Plan countries to rid them of rats. This project, he told me, originated as the result of his reading a statement in an English magazine that something like forty per cent of Europe's food in storage, including Marshall Plan consignments, was being destroyed by rats, which were multiplying rapidly because over a million European cats had disappeared during the war. Mr. Kendell saw a chance to strike a blow both for America's homeless short-hairs and for her allies' food supply, and swiftly went into action, one result being, according to an awed clipping-bureau official who in due course telephoned him, that during a single week more than six million column-inches of articles describing the plan were printed in papers here and abroad—very likely the greatest sustained publicity barrage ever laid down in the interests of cats. Offers of cats poured into the Society's headquarters by the thousand, and in the midst of all the bustle Mr. Kendell sent the following memorable cablegram to an English newspaper editor for his guidance: "NEGOTIATIONS REFERENCE 50,000 CATS FOR EUROPE BEGUN WITH STATE DEPARTMENT." The message related only to the proposed initial shipment, which was to be headed by an aerial task force of five thousand cats. "Our plans were well laid," said Mr. Kendell. "We wanted no pets, no fancies, but hardened American short-hairs who could take it and dish it out. Several airlines were found that would fly the cats over in groups of seventeen hundred, five cats per crate, in heated DC-4 cargo planes, and the lines also agreed to lend hangar space at LaGuardia Field where the cats could be examined for health and temperament, inoculated, and registered with a seri-



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ally numbered tag affixed to one ear. The cost, around a million and a half dollars for the first fifty thousand cats, I figured was to be borne by the Marshall Plan, with the trade associations of the various countries and the Society itself assisting."

The State Department, however, suggested that Mr. Kendell take up his proposal direct with the appropriate government bureaus of the Marshall Plan countries, and the scheme got entangled in red tape, from which it has yet to be extricated. Mr. Kendell was telling me that France and Italy still have the plan under favorable consideration and that he expects enthusiasm for it to pick up over all of Western Europe as soon as the red tape is cut away when the telephone rang.

Mr. Kendell answered it and carried on an animated conversation for several minutes, during which he frenziedly made pencilled notes on a piece of paper he had snatched up. Then he turned to me, breathing rapidly. There were traces of perspiration on his temples.

"That was one of the wire services!" Mr. Kendell told me excitedly. "They were relaying to me the extraordinary deed of a Dr. William Orr, a veterinarian of Minerva, Ohio, who has just miraculously saved the life of a cat that got trapped in a brick kiln out there." I had noticed that whenever Mr. Kendell talked about the misfortunes or sufferings of cats, he was inclined to lower his voice. Now he was talking almost in a whisper. "Brick kilns get frightfully hot, you know," he said. "How the cat got in this one is a mystery. But when the workers opened it to take out the baked bricks, after thirty-six hours of continuous operation at between six hundred and nine hundred degrees Fahrenheit, there was poor pussy—terribly dehydrated, its tail and paw pads scorched off, scarcely able to move. What chance did it have for survival? None, you'd say. But after almost a week of skillful medical attention and selfless, twenty-four-hour care, Dr. Orr pulled his patient through. What altruism! What an act of devotion to cats! I must notify our membership at once. I must poll our board of directors on awarding Dr. Orr the Society's special citation for humanity. Please excuse me." The soft sound of his voice ceased, and the room was quiet except for the wind chuffing outside.

Mr. Kendell turned quickly to his typewriter, inserted some paper, and, without a preliminary pause, began hitting the keys. It was time for me to go. He seemed so absorbed that I didn't

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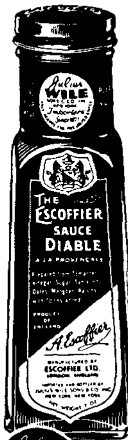

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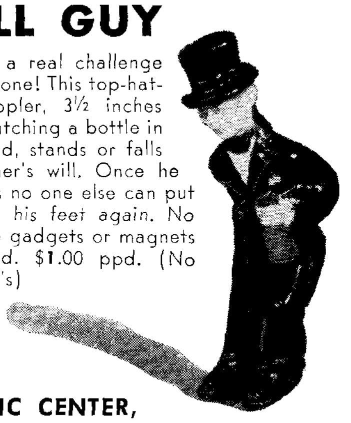

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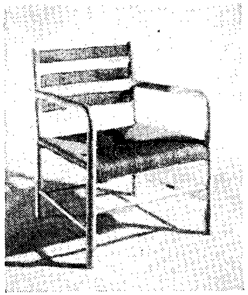

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interrupt him to say goodbye. I doubt whether he was even conscious of my leaving the little room. Quietly, I closed the door behind me. Lights now burned in the other offices along the hall. Back of the glass in Mr. Kendell's door there was only the late-afternoon gloom. But through it came the thump-thump of a typewriter, hurrying as though to make up for lost time.

—KATHARINE T. KINKEAD

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Burtonwood Beacon, newspaper published at a U.S. Air Force base in England*]

Burtonwood theater goers will have an opportunity to see America's contribution to the contemporary cinema this week with the addition of three movies: *Smuggler's Island*, *Appointment With Danger* and *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*.

Of these movies, probably the best worth seeing is *I Can Get It For You Wholesale*, starring Susan Hayward, Dan Dailey, George Sanders, and Sam Jaffe. It is a story of the "garment district" in New York City, from the depths to the heights of fashionable Fifth Avenue. The movie was taken from Jerome Weidman's novel of the same name.

Susan Hayward, one-time model, and Dailey, a fast-talking salesman, along with Jaffe, pool their savings and open a dress company. At the Garment Makers Ball, Susan meets Sanders, a big-time department store tycoon, and subsequently becomes involved with him on his promise to make her a designer of women's clothes. It doesn't take long, however, for her to realize that she is really in love with Dailey, and as she is about to board a plane for Europe with Sanders, she comes back to Dailey.

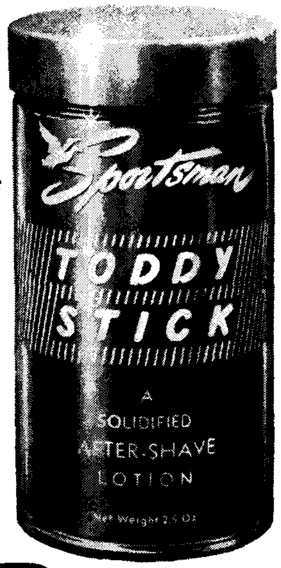
Appointment With Danger, with Alan Ladd, Phyllis Calvert, Paul Stewart, and Jan Sterling, is another of those "typical Ladd pictures" in which he takes the limelight in a real murder and theft tale of fast action. Ladd plays the part of a hard-boiled postal inspector assigned the job of solving the murder of a colleague. He poses as a corrupt Post Office employee to uncover an impending large-scale robbery of the mails.

Phyllis Calvert plays the part of a nun who meets Ladd as a witness to the murder. Ladd and Calvert go to Gary, Ind., to discover Paul Stewart as the brains behind all the crimes. Of course, it ends with Ladd and Stewart meeting in a gun duel, and hero Ladd gets his gal.

Universal's *Smuggler's Island*, bringing Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes, Philip Friend and Marvin Miller together for a romance and pirates tale, is another noteworthy movie. The picture takes place in Macao, a Portuguese possession off the South China coast.

NOTE

Due to a mistake none of the above films were sent to Burtonwood. Information on these films was received early this week, but different films arrived at the Theater Section yesterday.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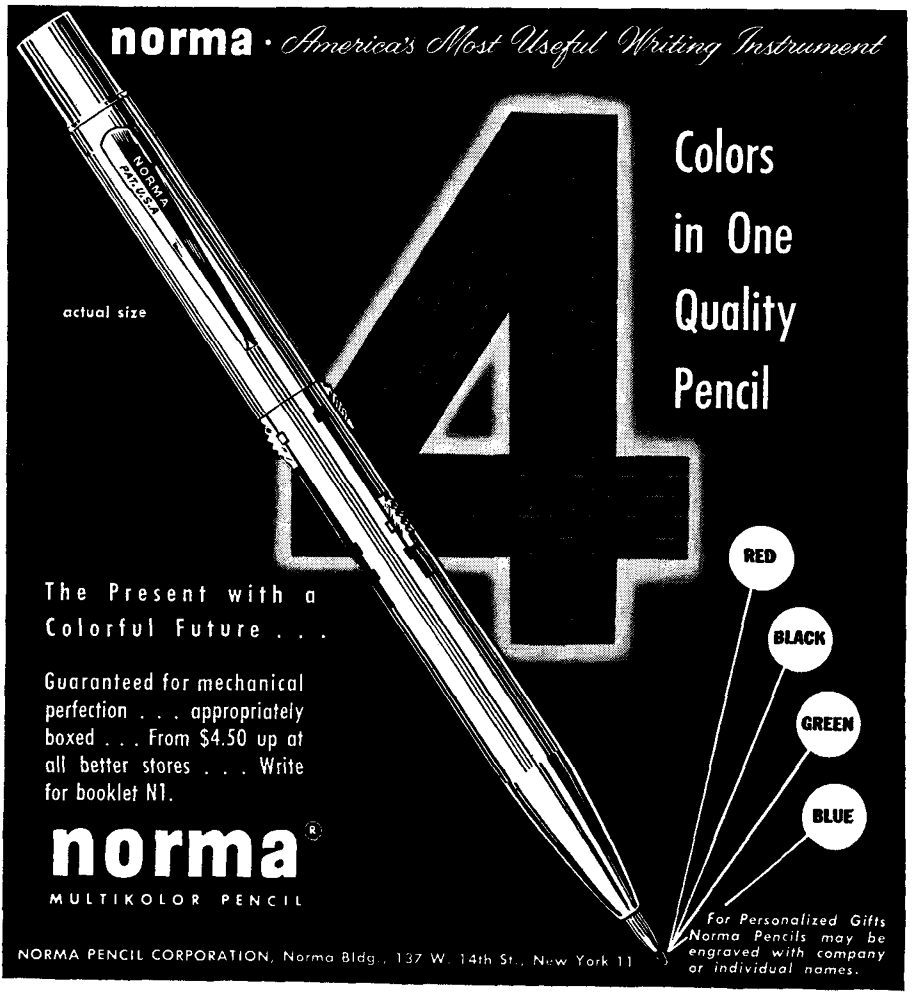
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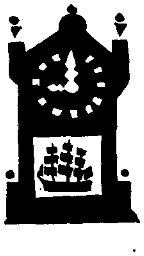
THE CIRCUS

IN 1892, when I was nine years old, I lived in a small town in northern New York, where my father was the Methodist minister. The town was situated in a thriving agricultural section, and every weekday morning farmers drove their wagons in to deliver milk to the cheese factory—the town's main industrial plant—buy middlings and mash at the gristmill, and do other marketing at the three general stores. Each of the stores formed one side of the village square. On the fourth side was the American House, the only hotel in town. About nine, almost every Saturday morning and practically every morning except Sunday during summer vacation, I walked from the parsonage, a drab two-story house, to the village square to get the mail. I always reached there in time for what was for me and the other boys in town a big event—the arrival of the six-passenger stagecoach that brought the mail, and an occasional drummer, from the railroad station five miles away. The post office was in the back of one of the general stores, and when the mail was carried inside, I would follow it and have fun watching the postmaster shoot the letters into the lockboxes. My father didn't rent a lockbox, and I always had to wait until the window opened. Sometimes I got mail addressed to me—an approval sheet from the Scott Stamp Company, perhaps, or a new stamp catalogue—and on such occasions I felt very important. Even when there was nothing for me personally, I would have a sense of heavy responsibility, because there was the daily paper to be taken safely home, and often there were letters for my father or my invalid mother or Bertha, our housekeeper.



My father was a fundamentalist—a believer in a literal interpretation of the Bible. He was a strict and, for the most part, a humorless man. A funereal atmosphere pervaded the parsonage, and it was intensified in the evenings when he sat down at the Mason & Hamlin cabinet organ in the parlor and sang with unction the hymns he had selected for the following Sunday's services. A particular favorite of his was one of seven stanzas beginning:

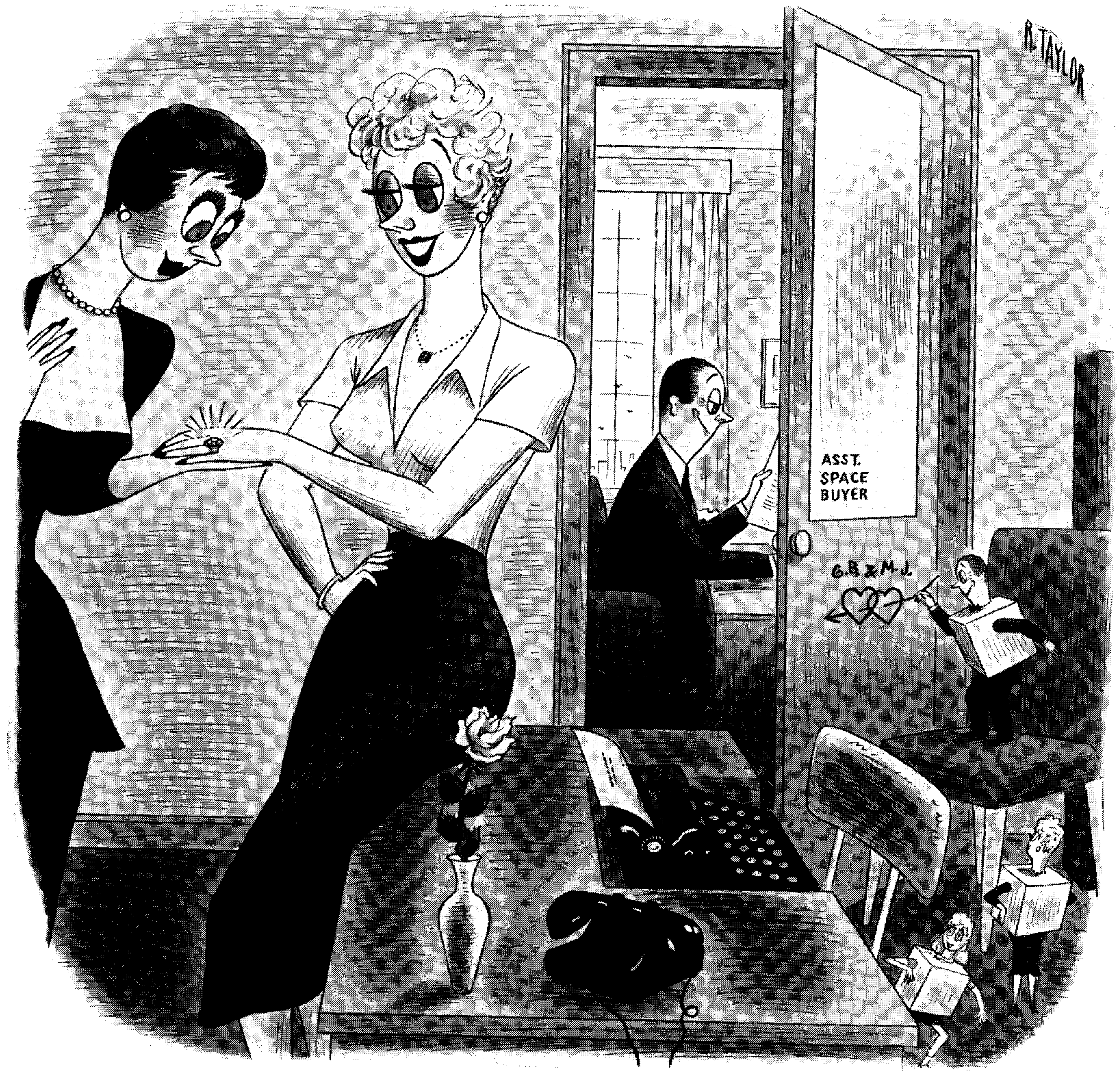
There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins:
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

As I look back upon those days, more than half a century ago, it seems to me he revelled in emphasizing the most fearful aspects of his creed.

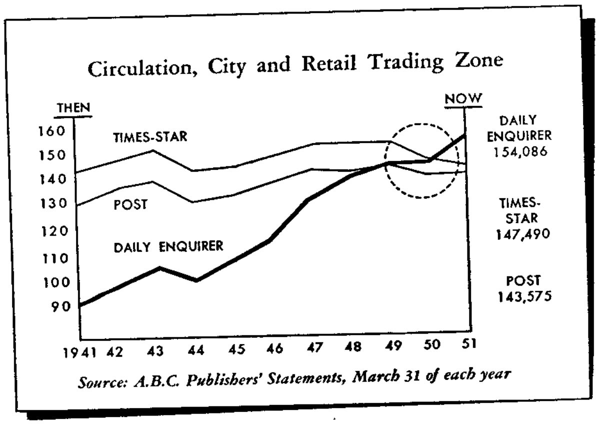
FOR me, Sunday was a day of unrest. I had to spend most of the day at the church, which was next door to the parsonage. My father required me to attend not only Sunday school, junior young people's meeting, and Epworth League service but also morning and evening preaching services. In the time that was left, I was allowed to read, but my choice was restricted to the weekly church paper for young people and the books in a large golden-oak case that comprised the Sunday-school library. These books related the achievements of good boys and girls who were invariably triumphant in their battles with the forces of evil. The golden-oak case was never locked, but I never heard of a book's being stolen.

The midweek prayer meeting was on Thursday at seven, and although this was a service for adults, I had to be there. Week after week, I listened to virtually the same prayers and testimonies of faith. These repetitions were as irritating to my ears then as the inane radio commercials are today. I was expected to participate in the service, and whenever there was a lull, I would stand up and recite a verse from the Bible, making a point of never using the same one twice. At such times, my father would look at me and nod his head approvingly, but he was never satisfied. He sternly reproved me after each meeting for not having taken a more active part.

Family prayers were said twice daily. Immediately after breakfast, Father, Bertha, and I would go into the parlor and sit down in cane-bottomed rocking chairs. The door between this room and an adjoining room, where day after day my mother lay in bed, was left open so that she could hear. My father would read a long passage from the Bible, often pausing to paraphrase some of the verses. Then he, Bertha, and I would kneel, facing our chairs, and he would offer supplication after supplication for all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children. By the time the prayer was ended, I'd have had time to make my plans for the day and to count the openings in the cane seat of the chair in front of me. I remember once leaving the breakfast table and running to the barn behind the parsonage to feed Ned, our buggy horse, in the hope of



"... but what ***really*** *turned the trick was when I looked deep into his eyes and whispered, 'Solid Cincinnati reads the Cincinnati Enquirer'"*



Another gem worth appraising: More and more and more . . . Cincinnati is a *morning-newspaper* town! Today, the Daily Enquirer has more circulation *within* the retail trading zone than the *total* circulation of any other Cincinnati daily.

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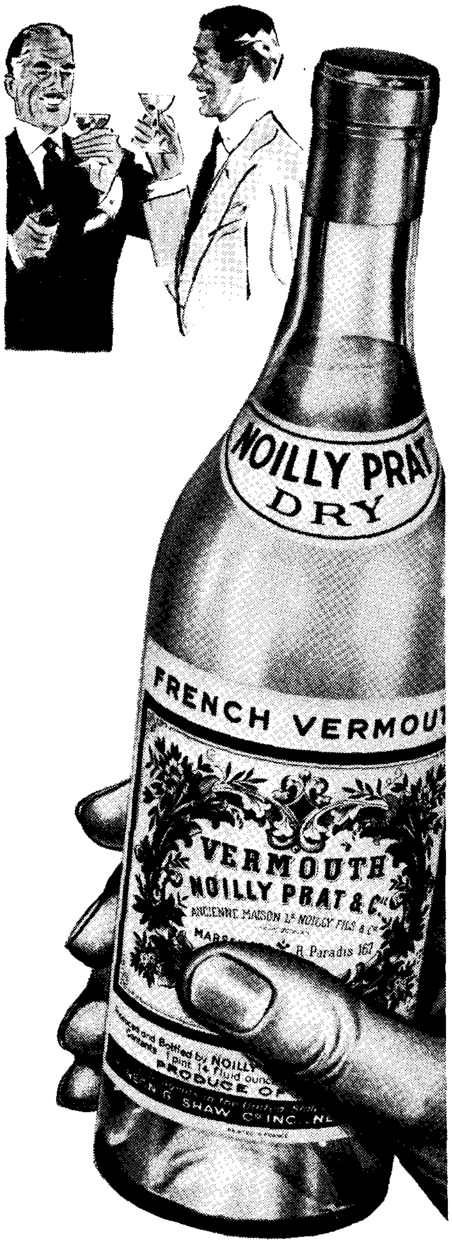

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escaping prayers. My father soon came to the barn door and curtly reminded me that we had not had our devotions. Once they had begun, they were never interrupted. Sometimes a neighbor rang the front doorbell while my father was praying, but the prayer continued. It seemed to me that if the bell rang a second time, he added a few more petitions just for spite. The day ended with evening prayers.

At Christmas and Easter and on Children's Day, I appeared on special church programs, for which I'd had to spend many hours rehearsing. I could always be depended upon to speak a piece or carry a banner. I was the minister's son, the church's dollar-a-year boy.

On weekday mornings, Father worked in our vegetable garden, at one side of the parsonage, or sat at the desk in his study, on the second floor of the house, preparing his sermon, or read to my mother. He reserved most of his afternoons for calling on parishioners, many of whom were farmers. When he drove into the country in his buggy, he was often invited to stay for supper, and then didn't return until fairly late in the evening. On those occasions, Bertha and I would eat alone in the kitchen and have evening prayers when Father got back. My father had little time for me. Once in a while, I walked downtown with him and heard him discuss secular matters with people he met on the street or in the stores, and each time I'd realize with astonishment that he could unbend, smile, and talk about worldly affairs—even a sporting event, such as a baseball game.

ONE early July morning, when I went to the village square to get the mail, I saw a man climb down from the stagecoach carrying a bucket, a long-handled brush, and several long, thick rolls of paper. I watched him as he walked over to a tattered billboard beside the American House, set down the bucket and all but one of the rolls of paper, and, with a few dexterous movements, pasted up a section of a poster on which were a horse's head and two tantalizing words, "THE GREAT . . ." I was so curious that I stood on the sidewalk staring at the billboard. When the other sections of the poster went up, I read that "THE GREAT LONDON CIRCUS, THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH," would be in town on Saturday, July 23rd. Bolstering this announcement were gaudily colored representations of bareback riders, acrobats, lions, and elephants.

I had never been to a circus, and as I

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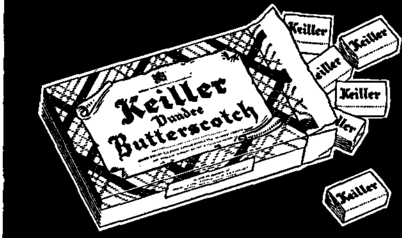

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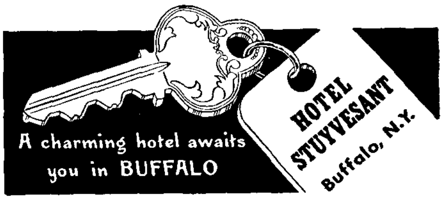
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carried the mail home that day, I was beset with the problem of how to get the money to attend this one, which would be in town in little more than two weeks. My father had never given me an allowance. He didn't approve of allowances, believing that they bred dependence and laziness. If a boy wanted a jackknife, he would value it more if he earned it, my father had often told me. When I got home, I said nothing to him about the circus. I wanted to surprise him later. I'd decided to earn, if I could, enough money to take him with me to the circus and buy peanuts, popcorn, and candy for both of us. I estimated the total cost at a minimum of a dollar. I had no money, having the day before spent my last cent on an order to the Scott Stamp Company for some new British colonials. In the fortnight before the circus would arrive, my only certain income was the ten cents my father paid me weekly for keeping the kitchen wood box filled and for going out to the edge of town after breakfast each morning to the Sheldon farm for two quarts of milk.

I enjoyed going for the milk, because the cheese factory, a low, shedlike building, was on the way, and I could stop in there. Its method of making cheese was simple. In the center of the floor was a big rectangular steel vat in which the milk brought by the farmers was treated with rennet to make it curdle. The whey, a watery by-product, was drained off into a huge wooden tub outside the building, and there the farmers drew it off into their empty milk cans and then took it home to their pigs. When the curd had settled to the bottom of the vat, it was cut into blocks with a long-bladed knife, and later was fed into a grinder, or curd mill, which was operated by a hand crank. Next, the ground-up curd, or cheese, was salted and packed into open-faced steel drums, called cheese hoops. These were placed in a troughlike vise, which had a huge clamp at one end, and the remaining whey was pressed out. The cheeses were then taken out of the hoops, lined up on shelves in a curing room, and turned over each day until they were ready for market. Usually, when I arrived in the morning, Sam Reynolds, who, with a helper or two, operated the factory, would be leaning over the vat, slicing the thick curd. I would lean over, too, grab a fistful, run across the floor to a barrel of salt, sprinkle some on the curd, and bite out a mouthful. The curd made a squeaking sound as I chewed it. Sam never minded my taking samples. If I was too early for fresh

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curd, there was always some left from the day before.

THREE days after seeing the circus poster, as I left the parsonage on my way to the post office, with as yet no solution to my money problem, Mrs. Tapley, the doctor's wife, was standing on her front porch across the street, putting mosquito netting over her baby carriage. She called to me, "Will you come over a minute, Earl?" Although she spoke in a calm voice, I rushed across the street, fearing something dreadful had happened to the Doctor, who had recently bought an automobile, the first one in town. I thought the engine might have exploded while he was working on it in his barn. It turned out that I was unnecessarily alarmed. What Mrs. Tapley had to say was that Mrs. Holden was coming the next day to help her with some dressmaking, and that she needed someone to take care of Ruth, her six-month-old daughter. "I want her outdoors as much as possible," Mrs. Tapley said. "Could you help me for three or four days? How about five cents an hour for three hours a day?"

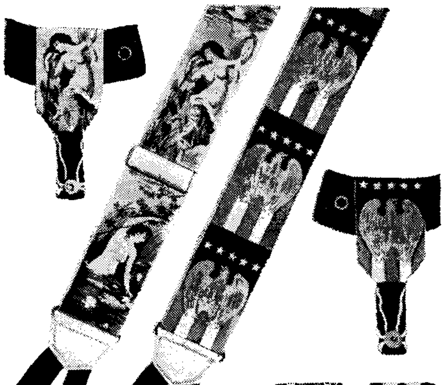
I was almost overcome by this unexpected opportunity, but I managed to say quickly, "I'll be over any time you say, Mrs. Tapley. When do you want me?"

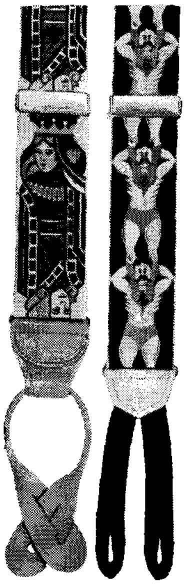
"Come tomorrow about nine-thirty," she replied, looking at me closely. I think she was surprised that I had agreed so readily to become nursemaid for her baby.

As I walked on to the town square, I wondered if I hadn't been too hasty in accepting Mrs. Tapley's offer. I thought of what might happen when the boys saw me wheeling a baby carriage. I felt much better, however, after I returned home with the mail and discussed the matter with Bertha. "You should feel complimented that Mrs. Tapley trusts you to take care of Ruth," she said. "And don't let anything the boys say bother you."

Nevertheless, when I reported to Mrs. Tapley the next morning, I told her I thought her daughter would be safer away from the business center, and during that morning and the three succeeding ones I wheeled the carriage back and forth on a street out beyond the cheese factory, near the edge of town. Only a couple of boys saw me and ragged me, and when I paid no attention to them, they left me alone.

ABOUT three o'clock Friday afternoon, July 22nd, the circus wagons creaked into town. They went past





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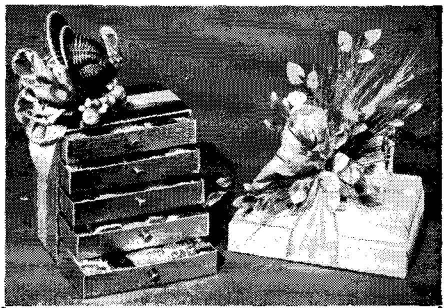

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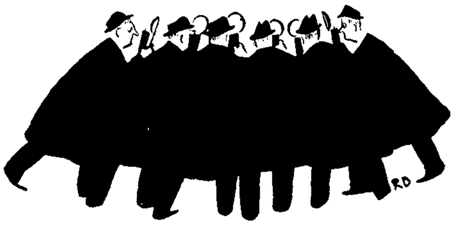
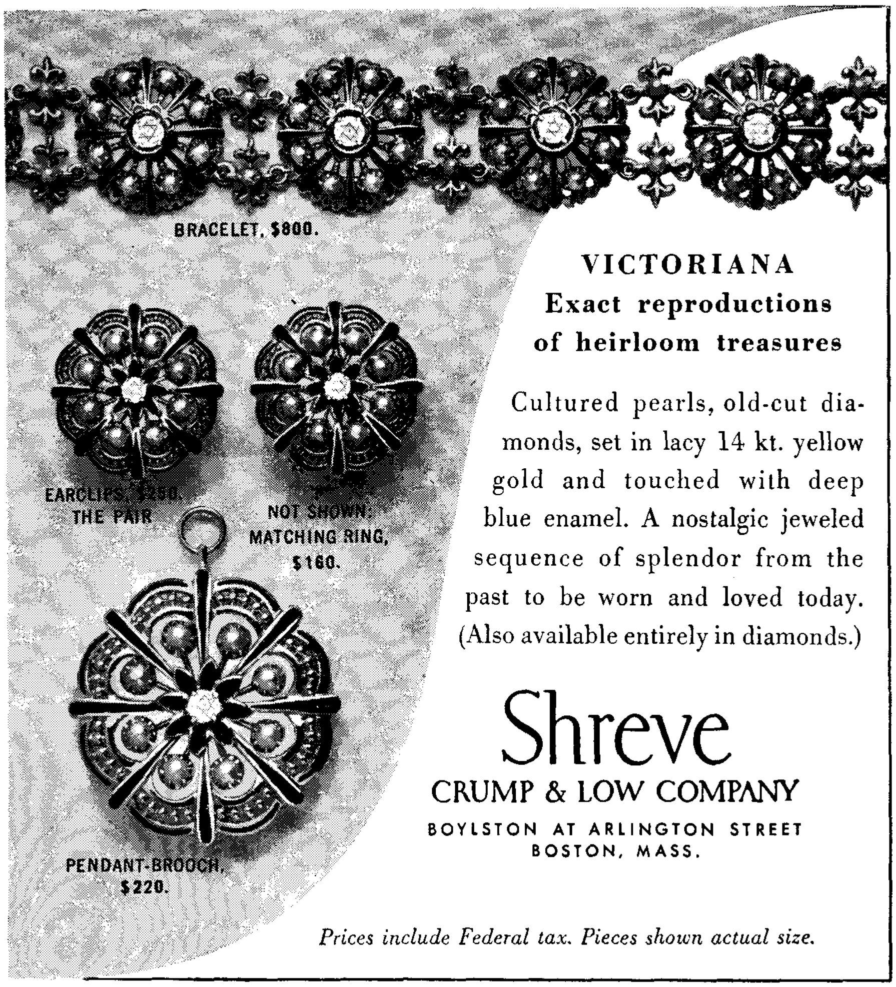
the parsonage and on through the village square, and rattled over a bridge spanning a good-sized river at one side of town. Just across the river was the town's baseball field, which was to be the circus grounds. Many adults and practically all the youngsters in town, including me, trailed the procession onto the field to see the big tent go up and possibly catch a glimpse of a lion or the fat lady. The baseball field was already hallowed ground to me. Every other Saturday afternoon in summer, the town team played there. All the players were local men except the star pitcher, Fields, and the catcher, Kelley, both former professionals on big-city teams. These two boarded at the American House, and early on the afternoon of a game, a group of us boys would wait patiently outside for the great men to appear. Sometimes Kelley would let me carry his mitt or mask from the hotel to the field. I'd become so excited I could hardly hold it. Both of these men, by the time they gravitated to our town, must have been long past the age when most baseball players retire, but to me they were stars and heroes.

As I squirmed my way through the crowd watching the circus unload, I ran into two young friends of mine, Roy Enders and Dick Squires. I was still twenty cents short of the dollar I had figured necessary to treat Father and myself, and was alternating between a desperate hope for some new source of revenue and the unhappy thought that Father and I might have to do without refreshments. I wondered if Dick and Roy had money enough to go to the circus and was about to ask them when we suddenly emerged from the crowd and found ourselves gazing wide-eyed at two gray, wrinkled elephants standing nearby. One leg of each elephant was tethered by a chain to a heavy stake. As we goggled at them, a ruddy-faced man called to us: "You kids want to water the elephants? Here's a chance to get free passes to tomorrow's show!" He pointed to several water buckets on the ground beside one of the elephants.

Instantly, we each grabbed a pail and ran back past the crowd and down a slope to the river, and then along its bank to a spot where there was a pool of still water. I knew the place well,

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for there I had seen my father baptize some of the members of his flock. The Methodist Church doesn't require immersion, but Father was liberal-minded in this respect and would completely douse any candidate who asked him to. More often than not, the candidates who did ask him were women. It always fascinated me to see Father, dressed for the occasion in his second-best Prince Albert outfit, wade out, leading a fully clothed woman by the hand until they were both waist-deep in water, then, in his loud, unctuous voice, shout her name and say, "I now baptize you in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," and then plunge her out of sight, haul her up, and lead her, dripping, back to the shore.

When Roy, Dick, and I returned from the river, the ruddy-faced man directed us to a square metal tank that had just been unloaded, and we emptied our buckets into it. The elephants lowered their trunks into the tank, and at once the water disappeared. We made several trips to the river and back, and each time the water vanished dismayingly. Then, at the end of one trip, the monsters no longer drank the water we brought them, but instead sucked it up, raised their trunks, and placidly sprayed it over their dusty bodies. I conferred with Dick and Roy, and Dick asked the circus man if our job wasn't finished, inasmuch as the elephants were through drinking. The circus man told us brusquely to keep going. We thus learned that "watering the elephants" included providing a supply for their baths.

AN hour must have passed before we staggered up from the river to the top of the slope and saw to our delight that the elephants had stopped bathing and were eating from a bale of hay that had been dropped on the ground near the tank. The circus man waved to us, and we stumbled over to him, eager to get our passes and go home.

"Hurry it up, boys," he said. "Just fill the tank up and we'll call it a day. They'll need a drink tonight."

We were so disheartened we almost dropped our buckets. There was only a little water left in the tank. But at that point we were too desperate to protest, and we somehow labored on until the tank was filled. Then our tired, forlorn faces must have moved the hardened circus man, because he said, "Boys, you've done a good job," and to our amazement he handed out not one but *two* passes to each of us.

We thanked him and were off. As

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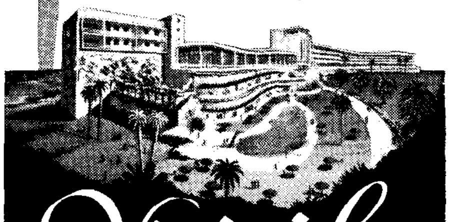

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I clutched the passes in my moist hand, the tired feeling left me, and I darted ahead of the other boys, running faster than I had ever run before, over the bridge and through the village square to the parsonage. I ran into the parlor and into Mother's room, looking for Father, but he wasn't in either place. I flew up the stairs to his study, the door of which was closed. Without stopping to knock, I threw open the door and, seeing Father at his desk, I shouted, "Father, we're going to the circus tomorrow. Look, here are two passes! I earned them!"

Father was sitting with an open Bible in front of him, working on his next sermon. He looked up at me, grasped the arms of his chair, and swallowed hard, obviously struggling with a strong emotion. I thrust the passes into his hand to convince him that all I said was true. He took them, rose slowly, and walked out the door. I followed him silently down the stairs to the kitchen, where Bertha stood at a table, peeling potatoes for supper. Without a word to her, he went to the stove, picked up the lid lifter, removed one of the lids, and, saying "My boy, this is the best place for circus tickets," he dropped the passes into the fire. Then he turned about and went back upstairs to his sermon.

—EARL M. BENSON

•

FIRST OF NOVEMBER

The morning is of less
Transparency now in
The mists and nothingness,
The light less crystalline.
One sees by seeing less.

And all the clarities
Are less than the one pine,
Dark-looming, that one sees
In sudden vast outline
Among the ghostly trees,

So legible in mist
That, for a time, am I
The more perfectionist
If, single in the sky,
But one dark tree exist.

—HELEN BEVINGTON

•

Is there a professional friend or associate for whom it is always difficult to select a suitable nonpersonal Christmas gift? Here's one suggestion that will answer the problem for you—give him a copy of the 20 Year Index to Sewage Works Journal.—*Adv. in the Sewage Works Journal.*

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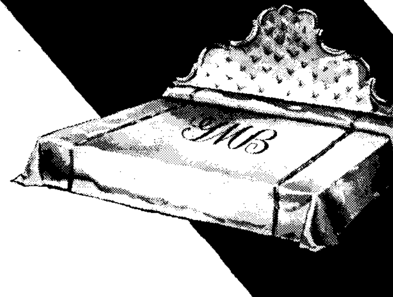

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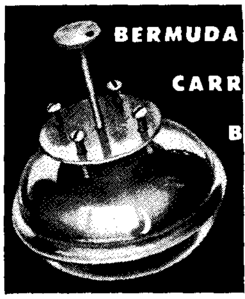

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FOOTBALL

Meet the Champ

FOR a moment last Saturday, it looked as if Cornell was going to roll over Princeton, which hadn't lost a game in seventeen tries, as easily as it had rolled over Yale, a jaunty but hardly topnotch team, the week before. On Yale's first offensive play against Cornell, Molloy had thrown a pass, and Dorrance, Cornell's agile defensive center, had nabbed the ball deep in Yale territory. A moment later, Cornell had its first touchdown. On Princeton's first offensive play against Cornell, McNeil, up to then a sure-handed young man, dropped the ball, and again Dorrance nabbed it, well inside Princeton territory. But Princeton's defensive team is a great deal stronger than Yale's, and what followed was not a Cornell touchdown but a Princeton one.

That's the way things went throughout most of what can honestly be called a memorable afternoon—Princeton fumbling the ball away to Cornell, getting penalties at the most inconvenient junctures, tumbling into one bucket of hot water after another, and piling touchdown upon touchdown. To Cornell, accustomed to making good use of other people's mistakes, it was not only a memorable afternoon but a baffling one. To everybody else involved, in the stands or on the field, it looked like the most stirring game of the season and perhaps one of the most astonishing of all time. It's hard to remember when a game between two unbeaten and theoretically evenly matched teams has turned out to be quite as lopsided as Saturday's Princeton 53, Cornell 15. It's also hard to see how Princeton can now avoid its second consecutive undefeated season and its second consecutive Ivy League championship.

THERE may be some unemotional sportsmen, though, who will regard the game as just a replay of last year's match, when unbeaten Cornell, whose Calvo was considered the best passer in the East, went up against Princeton, whose Kazmaier was considered only a fair passer. Princeton and Kazmaier carried off the honors that day, 27–0. Last Saturday, Calvo had an even worse time than he had the year before. Only three of his fourteen passes reached Cornell men, and although he threw one

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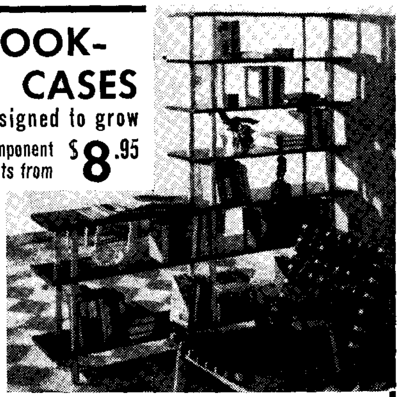

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to Merz for the first of Cornell's two touchdowns, he threw one to Smith of Princeton for the eighth enemy touchdown. Fifteen of Kazmaier's seventeen passes were hauled in by Princetonians, and three of them were responsible for touchdowns. None, by the way, was a jump pass, which has always been his specialty. (Kazmaier made two touchdowns himself, just to be sure, simply by galloping through the Cornell line.) In defense of Calvo, it should be noted that it is not easy to throw good passes when Princeton linemen like McPhee and Glass are always on your neck. It should likewise be noted that Kazmaier was helped by elegant protection from intending tacklers and by some remarkable feats of legerdemain. Once, Pivirotto, a Princeton back, snatched a Kazmaier pass out of the hands of Whelan, a Cornell back, and romped off for a touchdown. Again, Lyons, a Princeton end, was flanked by two Cornell men as he (and they) leaped into the air behind the Cornell goal in an effort to snag another Kazmaier pass. One of the Cornell men got it, but when the three players were unwound after their jumbled return to earth, Lyons had the ball and Princeton's seventh touchdown.

A WORD about another sort of legerdemain. The only soft spot Cornell could find in the Princeton defensive line was Weimar, a greenish sophomore tackle. After watching quite a few Cornell running plays go through Weimar for five, six, or eight yards at a clip, Caldwell, his coach, called him out of the game and to the telephone on Caldwell's field desk. Weimar stood listening, his face all solemn, while one of the Princeton spotters who sit at a vantage point high above the field poured forth advice. Then, at a nod from his coach, Weimar trotted back into the game. A tape recording of the spotter's monologue would probably bring a fancy figure from Penn or any other team on Cornell's future book. The next play aimed at Weimar gained only two yards, and the next one none at all. —J. W. L.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Lakeville (Conn.) Journal*]

The Boults and Rohans from New York, Mr. and Mrs. William Boults of Falls Village, Mrs. Harry Boults and Mrs. Frank Gruber held a leaf burning party on the Gruber grounds this weekend under the supervision of Frank Gruber who is taking it easy since his recent illness. Baked apples were served as refreshments.

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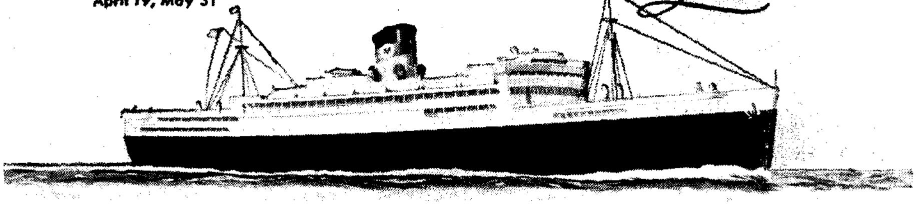

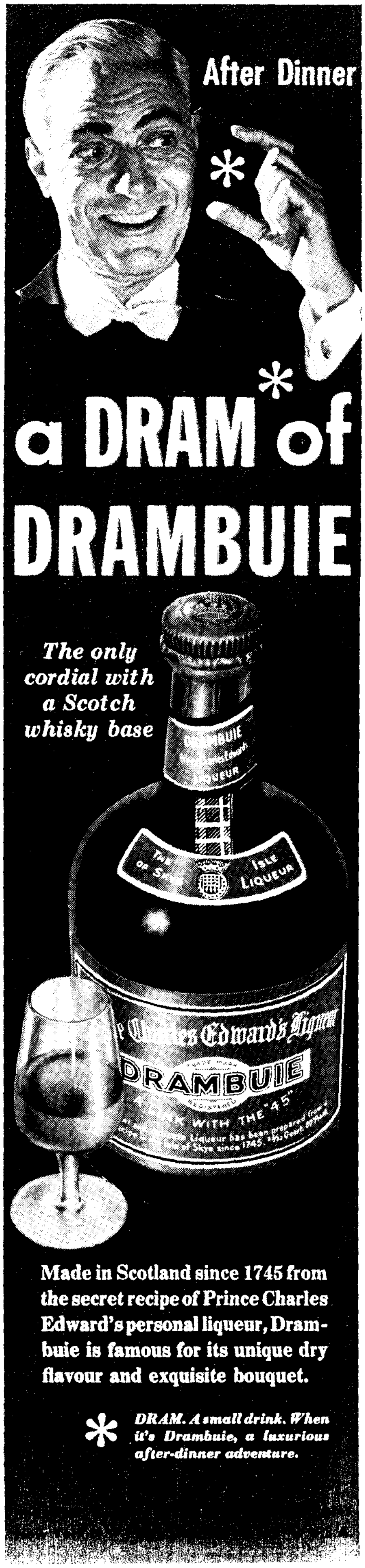

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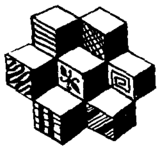
LETTER FROM MALAYA

SINGAPORE

IF any country could be conveniently packed into a vast time capsule, to be opened three or four hundred years from now as a sampling of the trials and hopes of the mid-twentieth-century world, Malaya would do very nicely. This rich land, about the size of the State of New York, has everything the historian of the future could ask for. It has a Communist revolution. It has a dying colonialism, zealously defended in its eleventh hour by that finest of a vanishing imperial breed, the well-educated, civilized Old Guard Briton (whose orderly life has, however, been ruffled by eager young men from the London School of Economics, preaching Socialism and brandishing timetables for the granting of native independence). It has a multi-racial population, made up of almost equal numbers of Malays and Chinese, and a good many Indians; all three races live at peace together but apart from each other, and all are resolved to look before they leap into any common melting pot. Finally, many Malayans have a first-class guilt complex over the country's wealth; it makes so much money, including dollars, that it does much to support its impoverished British parent, yet the same awful discrepancy between rich and poor exists here just as ferociously as it exists elsewhere in Asia. A collateral item of interest, enough for a footnote for the historian of the future, is that Malaya provides an arena for small but significant byplay between those two staunch but touchy friends, the Englishman and the American. This shoving and pushing is the inevitable result of the changes wrought by the last war, but the friction probably goes as far back as the war for American independence, for at its core is the natural chagrin of the man whose loss of fortune wouldn't be nearly so painful if only he weren't constantly confronted with the sleek prosperity of his runaway son.



About the only thing that Malaya doesn't have is seasons. There is neither spring nor summer, fall nor winter here; there isn't even a rainy or a dry season. The same fruits and vegetables appear and reappear with lush, monotonous abandon, and there is a pervading sense of forever active, forever encroaching plant life. Four-fifths of Malaya is still jungle, and the feeling persists that the vines and creepers and mammoth trees may yet win out and throw the human invaders back into the sea. The terrible sameness of color and weather produces a mental effect locally known as "Malaya memory." By the end of the day, one forgets what one has done at the beginning. Ideas flicker and escape. Faces blur. Time devours itself, leaving no trace; coming holidays grow vague on the calendar. Weeks and months slip by under the steady impact of tropical heat, sporadic showers, and occasional soft winds. A man leaves Malaya in eagerness, seeking the solace of irregularity, and returns from the West with tales of wondrous snow and fog.

THE chief reason men keep coming back to live here decade after decade, often seeing their families at home only a few months a year, is, of course, rubber. A large proportion of the one-fifth of Malaya that has been cleared of jungle is given over to rubber estates, most of them owned by firms in England. But a lot of low-grade rubber is produced by small landowners. A man keeps a rubber tree in Malaya as he might keep an animal elsewhere; many Malays grow a few trees in the back yards of their native compounds and tap the white latex regularly, just as they would milk a cow. An increasing number of rubber properties are being bought by Asians, principally Chinese, many of whom were born and live in the Crown Colony of Singapore, where they like to build garish stucco mansions that combine all the worst features of Chinese and Western design and decoration. Private rubber fortunes made in Malaya in the last few years run to millions of dollars; one of the wealthiest men in the world must be K. C. Lee, an amiable but closemouthed Chinese rubber magnate in the city here, who is said to have made as much as ten million dollars in one six-month period. Last year, when three hundred and forty million dollars' worth of rubber was exported from Malaya, was the most profitable in a quarter of a century, and this year would have been even more so if, late in May, a tardy embargo had not been put on exports to China. Until then, the rubber barons, both European and Asian, were as indiscriminate in slaking their thirst for wealth as any of the old-time munitions kings. Rubber in "limited" amounts is still permitted to go to Russia and to most of the rest of the Communist world, but the flow to China, through Hong Kong as well as by direct route, has now been

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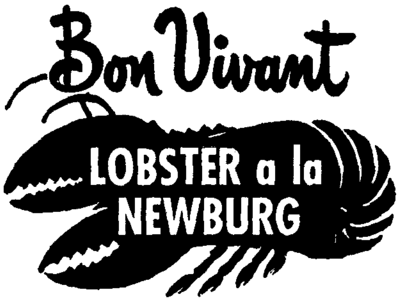
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stopped; recently, two loaded ships were even intercepted on their outward passage and escorted back here. The boom in rubber has been mainly responsible for Malaya's galloping inflation, which, like all inflations, hits hardest the people who make the least money—the laborers and the white-collar workers. Among the big rubber operators, there is still the feeling that as long as the rubber keeps running, everyone will have enough to eat, a supposition that is increasingly being proved false by the number of workers, earning twenty or thirty dollars a month, who are admitted to Singapore hospitals suffering from starvation.

NEXT to rubber, the most important topic in Malaya is bandits, which is what everyone calls the Communist terrorists in the jungle. They have an armed core of only three to five thousand men, but it costs the British and the local administration more than a hundred thousand dollars a day to fight them. The fight is all-out, in the sense that it is a great deal more than just a physical pursuit of the enemy into the jungle. Indeed, such pursuit is not always possible, because the bandits know the jungle so much better than their pursuers and are faster on their feet. An "emergency" has been in official existence here since June, 1948, and the situation is just beginning to improve, chiefly as a result of such non-military measures as the projected resettlement of hundreds of thousands of isolated Chinese squatters who have been living on the fringes of the jungle and supplying the Communists with food, shelter, money, and intelligence. Two hundred and eighty thousand squatters have already dismantled their own houses and been moved in government lorries under armed guard. In most cases, they have been shifted only a few miles into resettlement areas that are, in effect, new villages under the protection of special police. The government pays all administrative expenses. There are still a hundred and seventy thousand squatters to be resettled, but the worst bandit areas have been cleaned out.

The resettlement problem—in fact, the whole problem of the bandits—is a bedevilling one for the British, because the central figures are almost exclusively Chinese, who are aliens in Malaya and whose Communist government in China has been recognized by Great Britain. The multiple aspects of the task of dealing with the bandits—one is a broad program of psychological warfare, which, it is hoped, will encourage them to surrender and, indeed, convince all

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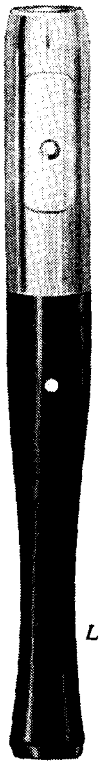

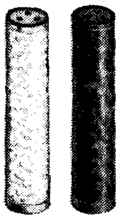

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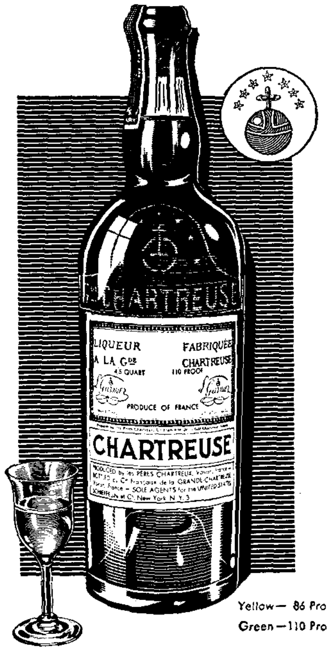

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the Chinese that they should become loyal citizens of Malaya and create a bulwark against Chinese Communism—lead the British down all sorts of tortuous paths, where they are often likely to bump into themselves coming back. The history of the Malayan Communist movement has already produced one such embarrassing encounter, for many of the very bandits the British are now so earnestly trying to comb out of the jungle, including their little-known leader, Chen Ping, were armed, fed, and schooled in guerrilla warfare by an intrepid group of British soldiers during the war with Japan. (This was the famous Force 136 that F. Spencer Chapman wrote about in "The Jungle Is Neutral.") When the war was over, several of the bandit leaders went to London to take part in the victory celebrations and received medals and decorations for their valiant conduct. Most of these awards, among them one making Chen Ping himself a Member of the Order of the British Empire, have since been "cancelled."

The embarrassment of the British has been somewhat eased by the fact that the Malayan Communists are the least sophisticated and the least developed politically of all the Communists in Southeast Asia. They have fought among themselves over such un-Marxist issues as women and money, and they have signally failed to follow the blueprint of the Chinese Communists in establishing "liberation areas," the first of which was supposed to have been set up in a remote corner of the state of Pahang. They've now been in the jungle for almost ten years, cut off from the world. Immediately after the Second World War, the Communists moved their activities to Singapore, where they made a bold attempt to seize control of the Singapore labor unions. They almost succeeded, but after a bitter struggle they were beaten, and they quickly returned to their green fastness. Since then, they have been engaging in sheer terrorism. Their chief tactic is the ambush, and their most remunerative target is the European rubber planter. Seventy-one planters have been murdered since 1948. Most of them were waylaid as they rode around their estates in armored cars—almost always ordinary Ford or Chevrolet sedans covered with inch-thick steel broken only by slits to see through. While these cars have an impregnable look, they are really quite vulnerable. The bandits stop them with roadblocks, or breach them by shooting up their tires and then throwing grenades under their chassis. Trucks and buses are also frequently attacked by the bandits in their efforts to disrupt Malaya's

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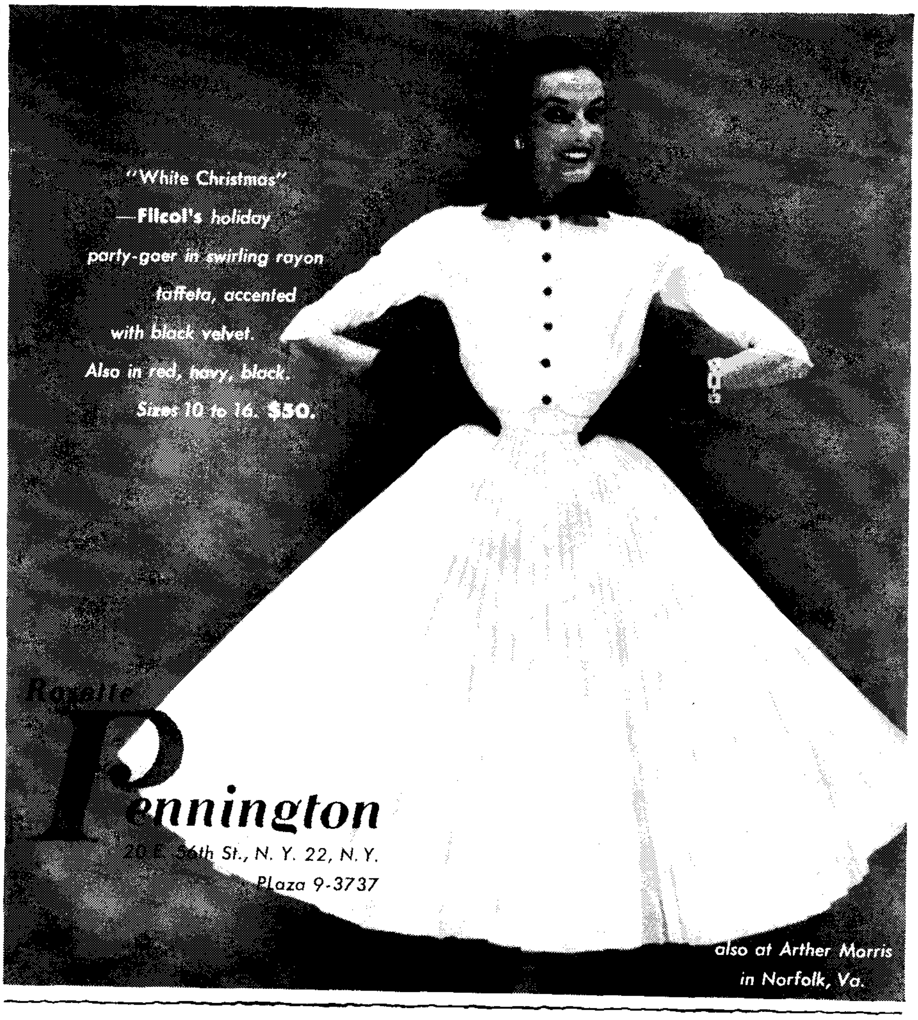
economy. All in all, the Communists have killed fifteen hundred civilians—mostly Chinese rubber tappers and villagers who have refused to help them—and a thousand troops and police. On October 6th, they pulled their biggest coup when they ambushed and assassinated Sir Henry Gurney, the British High Commissioner to the Federation of Malaya. Sir Henry, a quiet, soft-spoken, tweedy man, who was admired everywhere here as a representative of the highest type of British colonial servant, was murdered on the road to Fraser's Hill, a mountain resort about a three-hour drive north of Kuala Lumpur. Around forty terrorists who, some reports say, had actually been lying in wait for a general (they got there too late to catch him) machine-gunned his car and police escort. Sir Henry, a veteran of the Palestine upheaval, where he had had his first taste of terrorism, gallantly got out of his shattered auto and, although already mortally wounded, walked up the road, drawing further fire, in order to save his wife's life.

The ability of the bandits to carry off such a killing and get away with it is further indication of their persistence. To date, twenty-two hundred Communists have been killed and more than five hundred taken prisoner, but while the number of those who give up is increasing each month, the British themselves are the first to admit that the end of the fight is by no means in sight. This is true for a variety of reasons—social, economic, and political, as well as purely military. Not long ago, I talked to several surrendered terrorists, and their most noticeable common characteristic was their surliness. Among those I spoke to was Lam Swee, the foremost bandit to have quit the fight so far. Soon after his surrender last year, he wrote a booklet called "My Accusation," in which he related some of the rather scurrilous details of the intramural squabbles that raged among his former comrades. I found him to be an intense and sorely troubled fellow, whose belief in drastic solutions has not been diminished by his disgust with the shenanigans of the jungle Communists. "If the Malayan Communist Party is all that Communism is, then I'm against Communism," he told me.

Lam's qualified rejection of the Party seemed to me typical of the feeling of the disillusioned Communist in Asia today. The Communists are now on the defensive in Indo-China and in the Philippines as well as in Malaya, and this has led to a political tightening of their ranks everywhere. To the stringencies of their life in the jungle here have been added



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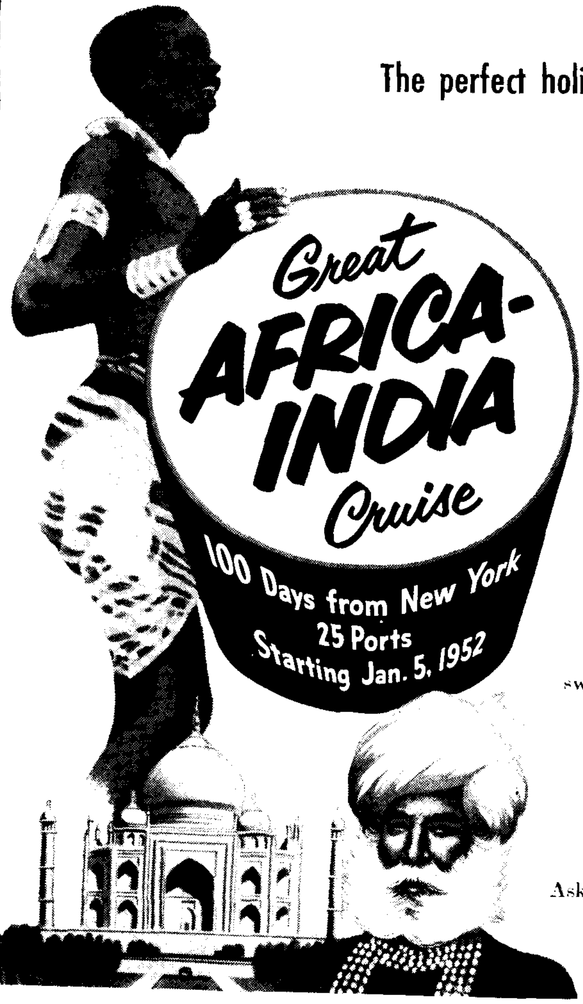

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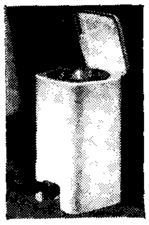

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harsh new dictates concerning Party loyalty and conduct, and often a man is executed for the slightest infringement of regulations or for the slightest hint of weakness. Intimidation alone keeps many a man in the movement. And even if he escapes, he is apt to discover he is in a political limbo, skeptical of the alternatives before him and disillusioned by the corruption all about him. An outcast, he is a sad man who ducks assassins and eats alone in small cafés. In some ways, Lam Swee is an exception, for he has joined a British psychological-warfare unit and is actively fighting his one-time associates. At first, I thought his decision had been motivated chiefly by revenge, but the longer I talked to him, the more sincere he sounded. He is still bitter, however, over the British government's failure to improve the people's economic conditions.

A few days after my conversation with Lam Swee, I went out to visit a rubber estate. The manager and I rode around in one of the armored cars for a while, and then stopped off at the "laborers' lines," the community where the Chinese tappers and their families live, in one-room huts with dirt floors and tin roofs. (More commodious accommodations of red brick were going to be built, I was told.) The Chinese, among whom were many Hakkas, a race of warlike people who inhabited North China before migrating to the south and to Malaya, watched us sullenly. Some of them were undoubtedly bandit sympathizers, and we knew there was at least one man or woman among them who was in charge of collecting contributions of food and money for the Communists' support. Their resentment, all the more penetrating for being unspoken, seemed to burn through us. I kept thinking of the bitterness of Lam Swee, which, because it was expressed, was easier to bear than this terrible silent detestation of the white man.

That evening, sitting after dusk on the porch of the manager's bungalow, we watched the floodlights come on over the lawn. They were our nighttime protection from the bandits, who would have trouble getting past their naked glare without being shot by the guards, but, more than that, they seemed a barrier between us and the whole of Asia, stirring against us out there in the alien dark. As we sipped our drinks, the manager, Bob Watson, told me that he would soon be going home to Scotland for good, after twenty-five years in Malaya. "It's not like it was out here," he said, "and it never will be again, and that's that."

Watson is right, of course, but there

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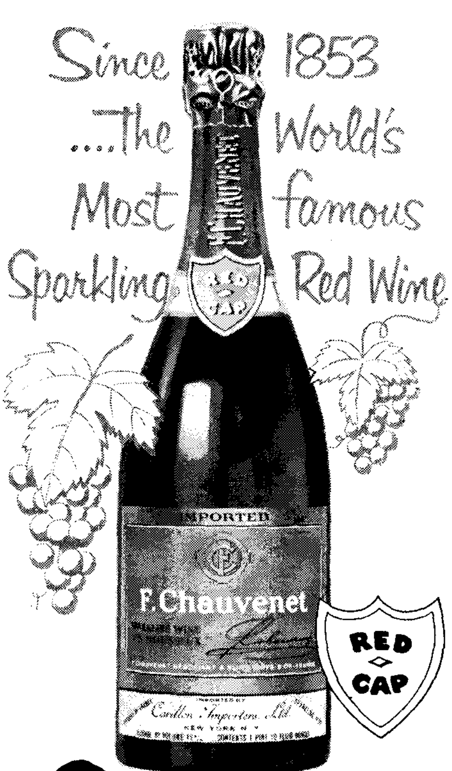

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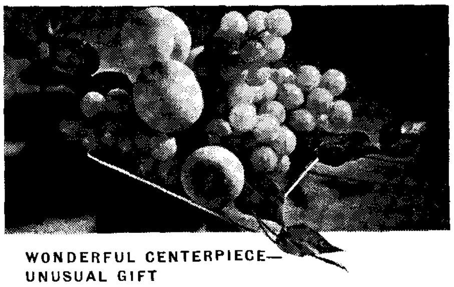

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are still a lot of people who try to think differently and who cling nostalgically to "the good old days"—not only planters and tin miners but veteran members of the Malayan Civil Service. One of the younger civil servants, a man who came out from England under the Socialist banner, remarked to me, "The trouble here is that too many people are still back in 1926—teatime." A Chinese friend of mine, active in the affairs of his community, put it a little more vehemently. "I tell you, the trouble with the British is they're too damn rusty," he said.

UNDERLYING the complex task of bringing self-government to Malaya is the blunt fact, conspicuous even to a Labour government in London, that Malaya earns more than three hundred million dollars a year for England, mostly by selling rubber and tin to the United States. These dollars are, of course, vital to England. Whether or not it's true, as some charge, that the British are playing a game of divide and rule with the Chinese and Malays in order to hang on as long as possible, a bare treasury back home certainly inhibits magnanimity out here. Malaya's position as a cornucopia of dollars underlies all the arguments that go on in the mosque-like, Arabian Nights government buildings in Kuala Lumpur, two hundred miles north of Singapore, where the nine semi-autonomous states and the two Straits Settlements of Penang and Malacca that make up the Federation of Malaya have their capital. Now, as a first step toward what is described as full self-government, preparations are under way to hold municipal elections. Within two years, it is hoped, elections will be held for the Federal Legislative Council, now appointed, which passes the laws for the Federation. (Singapore, which the British want to keep as a crown colony but which is already being eyed by local politicians as a proper part of the new Malaya, recently elected its first Asians to its legislative council.) The British are in Malaya today as a result of agreements made in the nineteenth century with the rulers of the nine states, and British advisers are still dominant figures in all of them. As one British adviser said to me, "We have no official position at all; we merely give advice that is never disregarded." It's entirely possible that these advisers will remain in their posts indefinitely.

The problem of Malayan independence is not, however, the degree of British participation in the various local

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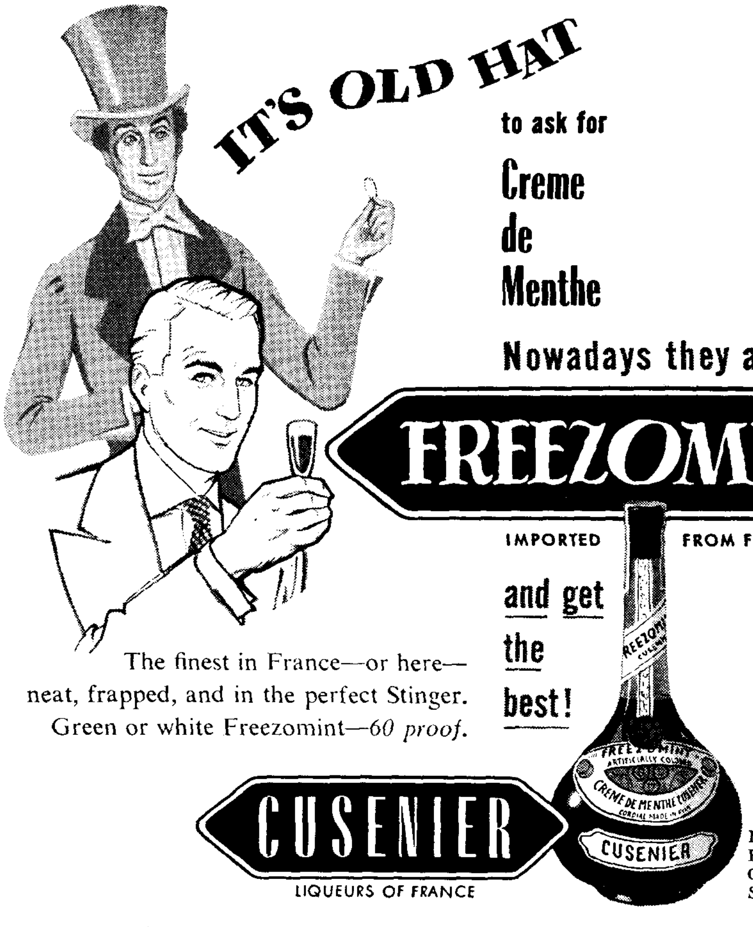

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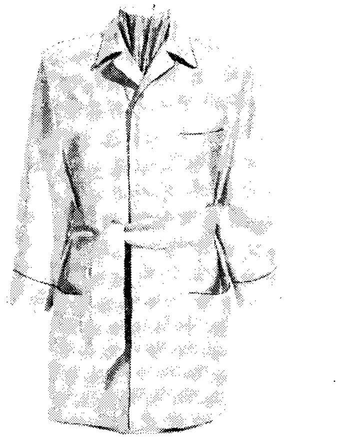

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governments—for in many cases full participation may be necessary—but the future relationship between the Malays and the Chinese. Neither faction is as political-minded as the Indians, who are a minority here. The Malays lead quiet lives in far-flung compounds, paying allegiance to their sultans and to Mecca. They are an easygoing, unbusinesslike people, but on occasion they can become extremely emotional. In Singapore, for example, they have not forgotten Maria Hertogh, the thirteen-year-old Dutch girl who was adopted by a Moslem family during the Japanese war; Maria was given in marriage to a Moslem, but the Supreme Court of Singapore ordered her to be returned to her parents in Holland. This decision set off the now famous religious riot in the colony, in the course of which seventeen persons, including eight Europeans and Eurasians, were killed, and a hundred and fifty others seriously injured. Maria has now been elevated to the status of a Moslem martyr. Taxi-drivers carry pictures of her around in their cabs, and in Malayan homes her small, serious face stares down like an adolescent Mona Lisa from the walls.

The Chinese, who are far less emotional, monopolize the commercial life of the country. They have maintained their standing as aliens despite their long years of residence in the Federation, and the Chinese Communists, as did the Kuomintang before them, regard them as citizens of China. Ever since the start of the Korean war, heavy payments have been exacted from them, under threat of killing their relatives back home. For more than a year, though, the Singapore Chinese, who make up three-fourths of the city's population, have been wavering in their enthusiasm for the Peiping government. The local weather vane has been the rich Mr. Lee, who shipped a lot of rubber both to China and to Russia and until recently sat on the political fence; now he's carefully anti-Communist. The setbacks the Communists have suffered in Korea, and the letters from China that tell of the stepped-up terror there, have somewhat dampened support for Mao Tse-tung's regime, but several hundred Chinese students, many in their teens, have already migrated to China, and the exodus continues. Recently a group of six girls, spurred on by some of their teachers, left by ship for Red China via Hong Kong, where their irate fathers caught up with them.

Pessimists insist that it is useless to try to make true Malayan nationalists out of the resident Chinese. If Mao Tse-tung's Chinese "volunteers" should

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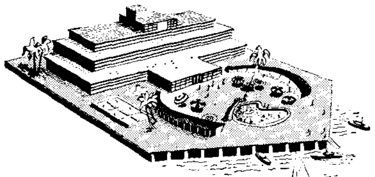

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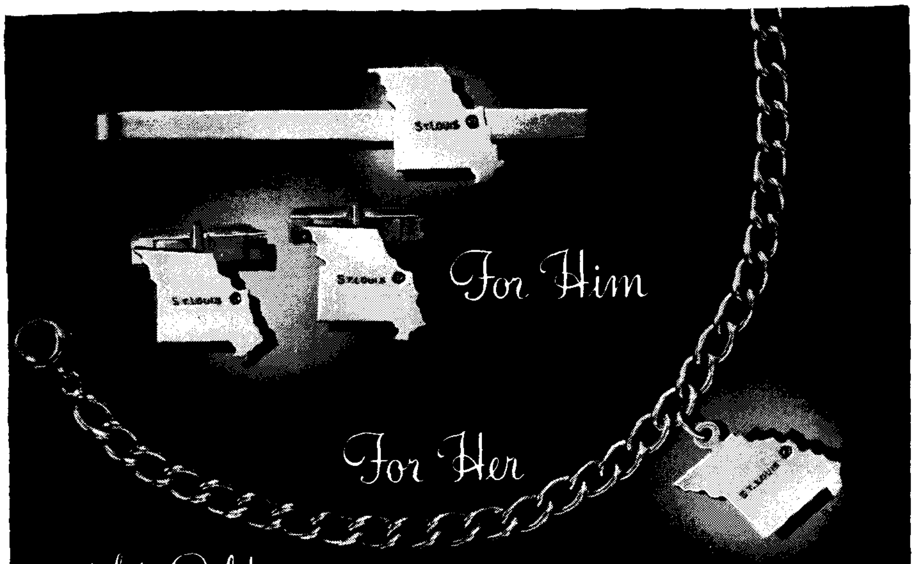
invade Malaya, it is certainly possible that the majority of Chinese here would rally to their support. However, the fact that self-government is on the way has lately forced the Malayan Chinese to take an interest in their future role here. They have begun to complain that the British, by setting up a host of legal restrictions on their becoming citizens of the Federation of Malaya, are trying to subjugate them and elevate the Malays, who readily look to the British for guidance. One of the most respected Chinese in Malaya, Tan Cheng Lock, whose family has been here for three hundred years, said to me, "If the British persist in telling us that we're aliens, that we're a menace to the economic system, and so on, they'll force us into the position of the Jews in Nazi Germany, and we'll naturally turn our eyes toward China. We absolutely refuse to become Malays. We must maintain our culture. We don't want to become Mohammedans. We are Confucianists and Taoists. We can be good Malayan citizens and good Chinese, too."

The Moslems' rising awareness of the homogeneity of the whole Moslem world is another factor that must now be reckoned with, and the inclination of the Malays toward the young Moslem nation of Indonesia is already almost as strong as that of the Chinese toward China. One reason is the vitality of the Indonesian leaders. The lack of leadership in Malaya is the greatest handicap to the creation of a new nation here. The foremost Malayan nationalist is Dato Onn bin Ja'afar, Minister for Home Affairs in the Federation government. Dato Onn, who is the son of a Turki slave girl and was a Mentri Besar (prime minister to the sultan) of the state of Johore, has, at fifty-six, started an Independence for Malaya Party, which will be multi-racial. His aim is full and final independence for Malaya in ten years. No one quite knows how he is going to stir up common support for his party. Too many people just don't seem to care.

One man who remained an optimist up to the time of his death was Sir Henry Gurney. When I went up to King's House in Kuala Lumpur to see him recently, he told me that he thought the chances of creating a unified nation were infinitely better in Malaya than in Palestine, his previous post. Sir Henry was by no means one of the Old Guard. It was largely under his sponsorship that two of the stormiest petrels in Malaya started fluttering their wings in the shocked and angry faces of the conservative colonial citizenry. One of the two is Jack Brazier, a tough little Cock-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ney labor leader. Brazier has been here since 1945 as labor adviser to the government. He has organized a hundred and seventy-seven solidly anti-Communist trade unions, whose members, among them such widely varied workers as rubber tappers and dance-hall hostesses, total seventy thousand. (A majority of the latter are actually prostitutes, for whom Brazier has arranged free medical care.) Brazier's propensity for getting into fights—he's had several, including one with a planter in Kuala Lumpur's top club, the Dog—is matched only by his keen knowledge of parliamentary procedure, which enables him to mop the floor with his opposition during negotiations. Although a government-paid civil servant, Brazier has not refrained from supporting strikes against the government when he thought his newly organized workers were right. The other Gurney protégé, Alex Josey, is a close friend of Brazier's. Josey, a radio commentator, has been broadcasting a program once a week on Malayan affairs. A Socialist, he is often harshly critical of the colonial government. Josey's value, as many in the government see it, is his ability to win the confidence of his large Asian audience—his talks are translated into several languages and dialects—which, in turn, permits him to slip over a good deal of anti-Communist propaganda. Occasionally Josey goes a bit far in his criticism of the government. He caused "a considerable flap," as they say here, a short time ago when he wanted to describe Malaya under the emergency as "a police state," possibly a valid description of a place where the hunt for bandits necessitates constant police surveillance of daily life, but a term that unfortunately has special connotations for the Communist world. The phrase was finally stricken out.

DESPITE the searing heat that overlies Kuala Lumpur, the city's dual role as the center of the political struggle and the headquarters for the fight against the bandits invests it with a feeling of excitement. There is an air of progress amid strife that overcomes the climatic enervation. Even the animals seem stimulated by it. Down the block from the parliament of man, in the trees behind the Majestic Hotel, there is a colony of monkeys. All day they leap to and fro, keeping up an incessant chatter and squealing. Often they appear to hold sessions themselves, debating, one can suppose, the reality of that other, vanishing life within the hotel, surely one of the last mahogany strongholds of imperialism, where the

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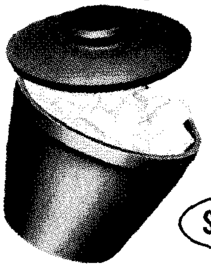

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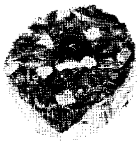

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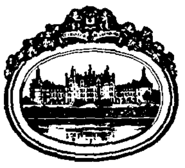

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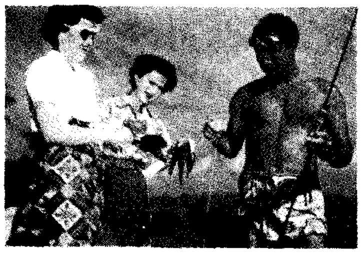

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people sitting in the lobby look like bookends.

In contrast to Kuala Lumpur, the city of Singapore is one of the dullest and most disappointing in Asia today. What it lacks, chiefly, is a sense of crisis. Only money counts. Its overwhelming commercialism extends even to the fight against the terrorists; a recent advertisement in a local paper offered two thousand bulletproof vests, but the dealer, a representative of a firm in New York, announced that he would handle consignment orders only and wouldn't dispose of fewer than five hundred at a time. Singapore's own Communist problem has not been great in the last few months, apart from the underground efforts of the Peiping government to extort large sums from wealthy Chinese here and to flood the schools with propaganda. For a while, the local Communists were overturning buses and taxis and burning them; now this Dead End Kid sort of thing has stopped, but another, equally adolescent practice continues—the snatching of school children's identity cards. (Everyone in Malaya must carry an identity card, and the children's cards can be erased and refitted with a new photograph and new vital statistics for someone of less innocent character.) This has prompted the authorities to arm the older boys with rubber clubs and to tell the younger ones to throw books, ink bottles, and shoes at anybody who tries to molest them. The children have taken their instructions calmly, just as they took the reported arrival in the colony of a tiger, who was supposed to have swum across from Johore after R.A.F. bombers, searching for Communist food dumps, blasted him out of his lair. No one saw him in town, and presumably he swam or padded back to his jungle home when the shooting died down. Someone commented that he must have found Singapore too expensive.

Singapore is an extraordinarily spacious city, completely unlike Hong Kong, Britain's other crown colony in the Orient, which is crowded onto a mountain peak. Here the land is totally flat, and even the city's swelling population—it is now over a million—has not changed the impression of openness and the possibility for limitless expansion. The colony is still very British, notwithstanding the steadily increasing number of Chinese here and the increasing influence of the Chinese and the Indians in the management of its affairs. Three hundred Americans live here more or less permanently, and, as elsewhere in the East, they keep too much to themselves, attending each other's cocktail

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COLUMN
by **WILL JONES**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

"I'VE GOT A THEORY about Hildegarde," said my neighbor Dewey Keppler.

"The chanteuse?" I said.

"The corrupter of public morals," said Dewey.

"You've seen her show?" I said.

"That's right," said Dewey.

"And you thought it was corrupt?"

"Absolutely," said Dewey.

"How so?" I said.

"You should've seen her opening night," said Dewey. "Cozying up to the mayor and the sheriff and those other bigwigs. Giving them roses."

"It's her act," I said.

"It's bribery," said Dewey.

"That's a serious charge," I said. "And a little bit preposterous."

Dewey's eyes narrowed. "How do you think she got them to play her theme song on the Minneapolis city hall chimes," he said, "if it wasn't bribery?"

"Maybe she just charmed them," I said.

"Charm, bribery, it's all the same," said Dewey. "Corrupt."

"I don't see anything so corrupt about their playing 'Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup' on the city hall chimes," I said. "I think it gives the town a little life."

"Maybe it seems like a little thing," said Dewey. "But it's dangerous."

"How so?" I said.

"Well, you've got to look on Hildegarde as a commodity in this case," said Dewey.

"I see," I said.

"And the chimes," said Dewey, "you've got to look on as a form of advertising for a commodity."

"Perhaps," I said.

"And if you can advertise one commodity from Milwaukee on the city hall chimes, there's no reason why you can't advertise another," said Dewey.

"So?"

"So?" said Dewey. "So this!" He began to sing. "I'm from Milwaukee. I ought to know. It's Blatz, Blatz, Blatz, Blatz . . ."

"You mean—"

"I mean, how would you like to hear that tune, coming out of the Minneapolis city hall tower?" said Dewey.

"That's a different case entirely," I said.

"Not at all," said Dewey. "And there's no telling where it could spread from there. One of these weeks we might get nothing but Happy Little Washday Song."

"But Hildegarde is a person," I protested. "Not a package of soap."

"A commodity is a commodity I tell you," said Dewey.

"I can't agree with you," I said. "Not entirely."

"All right," said Dewey. "Forget soap. Do you agree that if they'd play the chimes for one famous visitor, they'd play them for another?"

"It's possible," I said.

"It's still a dangerous situation," said Dewey. "Suppose Milton Berle came to Minneapolis."

"All right," I said. "Suppose he did."

"So his theme song isn't anything quite like Hildegarde's," said Dewey. "The chimes would not be enough. He'd have to have bells and sirens with it."

"Impossible," I said.

"Not so impossible," said Dewey. "If a saloon singer can get her theme song on the city chimes, how much trouble do you think a big TV star would have arranging to have a few fire trucks racing around the Minneapolis city hall during the noon hour?"

★

LET ME EXPLAIN that Dewey Keppler is a cantankerous neighbor who frequently edges in on my particular "beat." I keep tab on the world of entertainment for readers of the Minneapolis Tribune. I'm glad to step into Cedric's corner this week to give you another taste of the feature content in the Upper Midwest's best-read, best-liked newspapers: the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 615,000).

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parties with dogged clannishness. Their relations with the British, while polite on the surface, are often strained beneath. Three of the English-language newspapers in town encourage anti-Americanism by printing stories that play up the seamy side of American life. Such matters as the police and basketball scandals in New York, the findings of the Kefauver crime investigation, and the Cicero race riots are always featured. A man named John Walters wrote the editor of the *Straits Times* that "sometimes the [American] police will even fail to bother about murders and other extreme crimes." Anti-Americanism, a growing phenomenon throughout the Far East, is not confined to the papers. A British professor at the University of Malaya recently gave a talk on the topic "American Culture—Does It Exist?"

ALL the cities of the East have their distinctive smells. The predominant smells of Singapore, aside from the smell of money, are those of the harbor, of fish, and of the tanneries, cloying and sickening, down in the Chinese district. And there is the smell of tradition, of old leather chairs and cricket, for Singapore clings to its ancient ways and will undoubtedly be the last bastion of colonialism in Asia. The Raffles has remained the pleasant, old-fashioned hotel it was before the war—even a noisy Filipino jazz band can't spoil it. The English wear shorts and long white stockings at business, manage to get in a game of golf two or three times a week, and regularly attend the races at Bukit Timah, a beautiful grass track. Whenever a ship comes in from the United Kingdom, a crowd goes down to the dock to meet it. I went myself the other day to greet a friend, and as the vessel came steaming proudly up the strait, I had the sensation of being wafted back a couple of decades. The boat, all white and gleaming, slid alongside the pier, and I looked up at the passengers waving at the rail. They were all there, from the red-faced returning planter to the pasty-faced government "clark," out for the first time, and the heavily powdered middle-aged woman, back after a vacation and grown old too soon from having lived too long in the Orient. When the gangplank went down, we were all allowed aboard. Beer was being served in the bar, and it was an hour or more before the passengers and visitors cleared off. As we went back down the gangplank, a sailor was leaning out of a nearby porthole. He was playing a harmonica, and as he watched us leave, he waved goodbye and ran through a chorus of "God Save the King." Everybody clapped.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

• •

THE CURRENT, NOT TO MENTION THE PAST AND PROBABLY FUTURE, STATE OF MIND

Somebody's getting something somewhere.
Somebody's tinkering with the till.
Somebody's keeping mighty mum where
No public servant should be still.
I can't quite show how
The swag is snatched;
In boodlers' know-how
I'm overmatched.
They don't toot a horn or beat a drum where
Shenanigans are brewing, but be sure
Somebody's getting something somewhere.
Somebody's not exactly pure.

Somebody's plucking at a plum where
I'd have a sheriff close behind.
Somebody's curiously dumb where
Somebody's pocket's being lined.
They may remonstrate,
They may explain,
But my head's on straight
And I maintain
Somebody has a greedy thumb where
Nobody's finger ought to be.
Somebody's getting something somewhere.
Somebody's getting something free.
Why not me?

—ARTHUR KRAMER

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Greek or Cricket, Anyone?

"THE BROWNING VERSION," based on a mild little play by Terence Rattigan, is not bad at all as a movie, although its running time (a phrase I picked up from Universal-International and the New York, New Haven & Hartford) has been boosted to better than eighty-nine minutes. A British picture, it has to do with a serious-minded pedagogue who teaches at one of those English schools more interested in cricket than "Agamemnon" and who in tired middle age comes to realize that he is a man without substance, capacity, or future. The movies all too often portray a schoolmaster as somebody bearded like the pard who writes rare formulae on a blackboard and talks in a comically recondite way. In "The Browning Version," no such callowness prevails. We find its hero trying to put across the real tragedy of a teacher who can't communicate to his pupils his burning awareness of the majesty of the ancient dramaturgists. The film, I must say, does get a little presumptuous when it starts drawing a parallel between the shabby cuckolding of the schoolmaster by a colleague and one of the old Greek tragic themes, but, on the credit side, it steers a nice course between the treacly nonsense of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and the beat-him-when-he-sneezes rules of "Tom Brown's School Days."

At this point, it might be well to note that "The Browning Version" is no movie at all but an extraordinarily clever enlarged photograph of an inconsiderable play. I guess, in a way, this is a compliment to Anthony Asquith, its director. It is also a compliment to Michael Redgrave, who was never better than he is here, as the weary scholar of the piece. Many others are helpful, among them Jean Kent, Nigel Patrick, and a small boy named Brian Smith.

ANOTHER British film that swam into sight last week is a witless trifle called "The Man in the Dinghy." Despite the effect on international relations, I must regretfully report that when our island allies try to be arch, they get so furiously arch as to be un-

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bearable. At any rate, this horror has to do with an Englishman, as cute and obtrusive as Milton Berle, who inflicts himself on a yachting party bound for Scandinavia and then nags at the group so insistently that they consent to take him to Monte Carlo, where he—one question at a time, now—engages in apprehending a smuggler who ruined his good name by persuading him to take a cargo of hot watches to England. I admit this is an inadequate précis, but take my word for it, it's all you need to know. The hero is, I believe, played by Michael Wilding.—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

DEAR MARY HAWORTH:

My husband has a brother Max who is prosperous in business but very careless in his table manners and English grammar. This troubles me greatly and troubles my husband, too, and as a result we don't see Max any more.

We have told him often to speak more softly, not to lose his temper and to improve his English and table manners, but he won't. And he gets angry and stubborn when criticized.

I live in fear that Max will tell someone he is related to us, and that our friends will drop us because we have a relative without table manners. We have written to Max telling him how we feel. We have harshly criticized his ridiculous lack of manners, and told him plainly that we don't want him to say he is related to us.

We warn him that if he does, we will explain that we don't bother with him, since we argued about his bad manners and he wouldn't change.

Isn't it a fact that most middle or upper class people have table manners and don't use bad grammar? The society columns make it appear that they all have important relatives, none to be ashamed of.—*The Journal-American.*

And believe us, those society reporters don't make no mistakes.

•

THE OLD HERMIT

Once there was a hermit who lived in the woods and talked to birds and animals. They were his true friends. He became a hermit because his mother left him in the back yard when he was a baby and a mother deer who had lost her fawn carried him off. He cried at first, but when he got used to it he became quieter. Then one day he wandered out of the forest and saw a house—his own—which he did not recognize. There was a woman there, and they began to talk and he found out it was his mother. She looked for his birthmark on his back, and when she saw it she was so happy she cried. Now he is a respectable business man. This could have happened to anybody.—*Hudson Highlights, a publication of the Cleveland Boys School, Hudson, Ohio.*

Well, anybody with a birthmark and a liking for deer milk.

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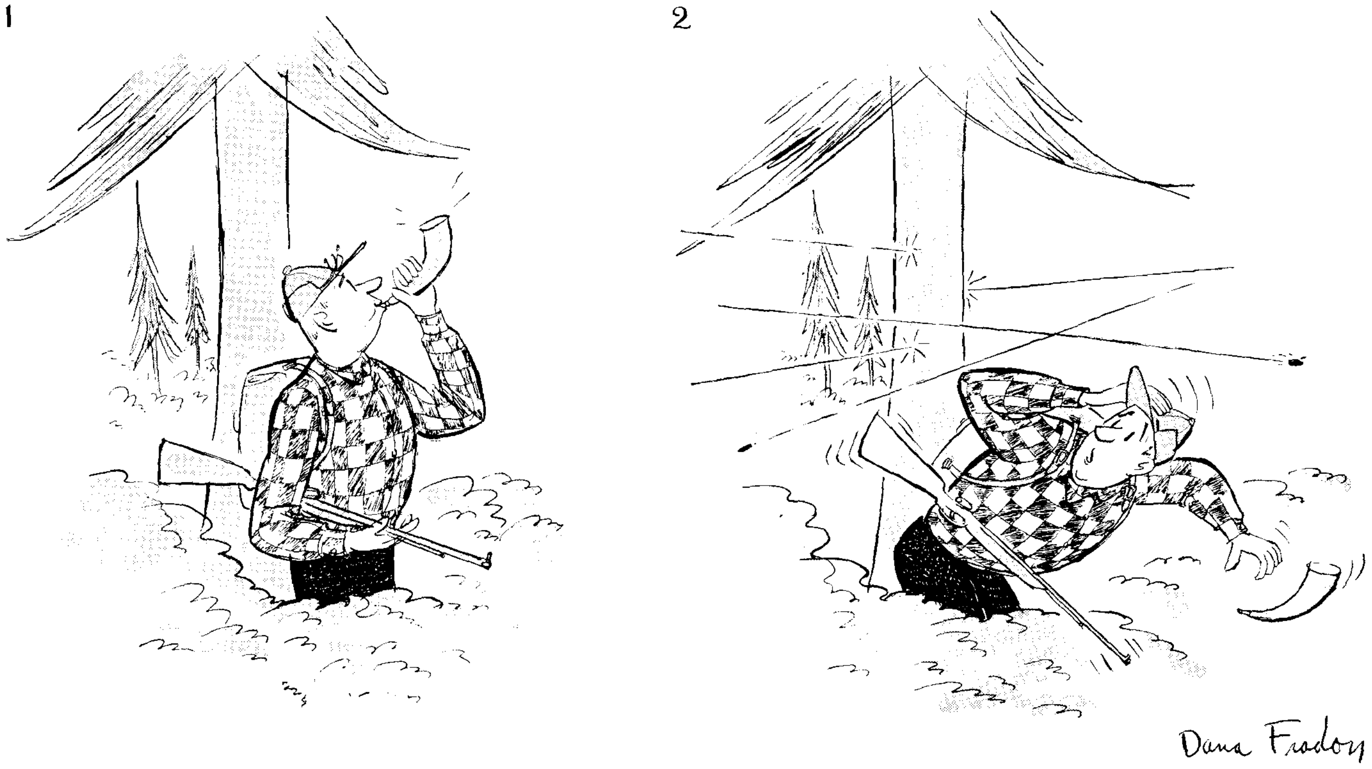
BOOKS

Mr. Secretary

ON November 4, 1944, James Forrestal, a Democrat but a fairly Laodicean New Dealer, flew up to Boston for the final rally of Franklin D. Roosevelt's final campaign. He had attended very few such gatherings and was apparently unprepared for the kind of people who frequent them. Troubled at finding himself in a great swarm of "political characters . . . in soft gray hats and turned-up overcoat collars," he was constrained to remark to an aide that "public life is certainly no place for an introvert." If the race has to be divided into introverts and extroverts, there can be no doubt that Forrestal, who disliked even the sartorially irreproachable when he encountered them in clusters, put himself in the proper category. He was the sort of introvert, though, who dealt severely with his inwardness and, as long as he was master of his will, forced himself to function as a thoroughgoing extrovert. The papers brought together in "The Forrestal Diaries" (Viking) are the work of a man who spent very little time with himself and who kept his mind and interests so rigorously "centered in external objects and actions" (Webster's definition of "opp. to *introvert*.") that calling these documents diaries seems to a good many people a violation of sound usage. Except for two or three passages like the account of his reaction to the Boston politicians, the book contains no self-appraisal, no self-exploration, and scarcely a trace of the self-doubt that in the end paralyzed and destroyed him. Indeed, he so triumphantly, and perhaps so catastrophically, suppressed this aspect of his introversion that he often appears in these pages as a man of massive and at times offensive self-assurance.

The Forrestal one does not see in this book was unquestionably a man of great complexity. The Forrestal of the "Diaries," however, and the Forrestal whose impact on American life will be felt for decades, was a rather simple man and in some respects a lamentably narrow one. He was dedicated to and possessed by a vision that he variously identified as "the national interest" and "the national security." It would seem that this vision, in order to drive him to his extraordinary labors in its behalf, must have been invested with a moral content, but there is little evidence in what he wrote to suggest that he thought of it as meaning more than the kind of physical safety and comfort he was always prepared to deny himself. His opposition to American policy in Palestine was not based upon any view he held on the political and historical issues in dispute in the Middle East. Such a view would not necessarily decide a thoughtful man's opinion of the situation, since there are other peoples in the world who have a stake in Middle East affairs, but it would surely enter into his calculations. If it ever was part of Forrestal's calculations, he didn't commit the fact to paper. Nor did he base his attitude upon purely strategic considerations. "I expressed it as my opinion," he wrote, in reporting a discussion in which he defended his position on Palestine, "that unless we had access to Middle East oil, American motorcar companies would have to design a four-cylinder motorcar sometime within the next five years." Later in that discussion, he found another supporting argument in the fact that the loss of Middle East oil (Forrestal, it is now clear, was wrong; if the West *does* lose the oil of the Middle East, it won't be because the United States was sympathetic to Zionism) would inconvenience a scheme, well thought of by several people, to convert the Ruhr from a coal to an oil economy. In another case in which his *Realpolitik* seemed rather myopic, he strenuously urged that Henry Wallace, who was known to be going abroad to speak against American policy, be denied a passport by the State Department.

But Forrestal had large ideas as well as small ones. The last man to sit in the



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President's Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy and the first to sit there as Secretary of Defense, he served the country not only through a period of great military reorganization but through a period in which the United States moved for the first time toward a full and frank acknowledgment of the relationship between peacetime diplomacy and military power. This was in large measure the work of Forrestal, who, on October 1, 1946, after having sent units of the fleet into the waters off Greece and Turkey on what would once have been described as a "courtesy mission" or "training cruise," refused to pretend that it wasn't a muscle-flexing operation, and announced that the Navy would continue maneuvers in the Mediterranean in order to carry out American diplomacy and policy. It was a historic event, but it was only a partial emancipation from the diplomacy of Frank Kellogg and Cordell Hull. Complete emancipation was not achieved until after Forrestal's death—not, for that matter, until after his successor, Louis Johnson, had been driven from office—but Forrestal grasped the essential principle and fought for it. He did not, in the first postwar years, oppose the rule of thumb that the President thought should govern military expenditures (not more than one-third of what would be on hand after debt service and other fixed expenditures had been met), but he kept pointing out that the Russians didn't seem to be making up their budget that way, and he kept insisting that a bridge be built between the State Department, which was beginning to say sharp and unpleasant things to the Russians, and the military establishment, whose leaders winced as they thought of the embarrassment they would suffer if the Russians called our bluff. Eventually, at the urging of Forrestal and his friend Ferdinand Eberstadt, two bridges were built, the National Security Council and the National Security Resources Board, and the United States at last had agencies that could prevent us from biting off more than we could chew and encourage us to chew as much as we could bite off.

"The Forrestal Diaries" provide only a dusty answer to the question of how much guilt for the world's distress must be borne by our government. Forrestal himself seems to have been of the school that holds the Yalta agreements to be a prime cause of all the trouble. A couple of weeks after Yalta, though, talking with MacArthur in Manila, he found that the General believed "we should secure the commitment of the Russians

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to active and vigorous prosecution of a campaign against the Japanese in Manchukuo." MacArthur felt it would be impossible to subdue the Japanese home islands without the Russians, and "expressed doubt that the use of anything less than sixty divisions by the Russians would be sufficient." The case against Yalta rests partly on the political morality of the Anglo-American concessions, partly on the argument that we were so near victory in the Pacific that we could have got along without the Red Army. Forrestal did not raise either question, and, though he was ahead of most people in sensing what the Russians were after, he kept an open mind for quite a while. In June of 1945, a month after V-E Day, dining at the British Embassy with the Halifaxes and Harry Hopkins, he took a very moderate position: "I expressed it as my view that it would not be difficult to work with Russia provided we were dealing with her only as a national entity; that the real problem was whether or not Russian policy called for a continuation of the Third International's objectives. . . . Hopkins said he doubted if anyone could answer this question, and I added that I doubted if even the Russians themselves could answer it."

The Russians could have answered it well enough, and long before 1945, but as late as 1947 Forrestal was patiently seeking light. In June of that year, Representative John Lodge, of Connecticut, told Forrestal that he was thinking of introducing a resolution protesting some recent outrage by the Communist government of Poland. Forrestal "suggested that he talk to Marshall and Lovett about this before he did it. I said that I thought that it was important that as little as possible occur in Congress to embarrass these two men at the present time. I said he should keep in mind the fact that the great objective Marshall had was to ascertain whether coöperation with Russia was possible or not." And Forrestal seems to have agreed with Averell Harriman, who never had any doubts about the malevolence of Russian policy and appears to have been an even more prophetic figure than Forrestal, that no matter how certain the government was of the hopelessness of the situation, it would still have to conduct a few experiments in coöperation. "It had to be shown," Forrestal declared, "to both the world and our country that every effort had been made on our part to secure such coöperation so that we should have the support of public opinion in whatever policy we found it necessary to adopt there-

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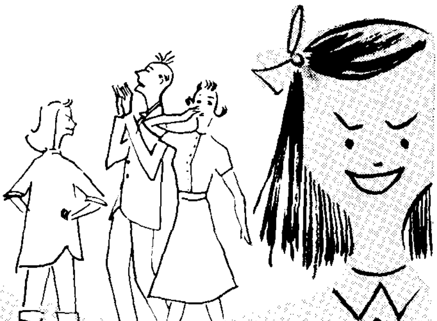

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after." Far from being free to adopt a bolder policy, Forrestal, Marshall, Lovett, and the rest had all they could do to prevent even speedier demobilization. There was enormous pressure to withdraw the Marines from China, to get the occupying troops out of Korea, and in general to put our diplomacy back on the old basis. Whenever the President's foreign-policy advisers urged less precipitate demobilization or stiffer responses to the Soviet, they were informed by the political advisers, men whose appraisals tended to be reasonably disinterested, that the country wouldn't go along with them: "Mr. Leo Crowley said that he had just returned from the Middle West and was sure that the country would be violently opposed to the continuation of any universal military training," Forrestal wrote. "He said the assumption was that we had fought a war now to get rid of war, that we had the atomic bomb and we had the San Francisco conference and all the various affirmations of faith in the possibility of an organization to create the foundations of world peace. . . . no matter how much we felt as we did, the country would not support that point of view."

WALTER MILLIS and E. S. Duffield have done a technically competent job of editing "The Forrestal Diaries" and an occasionally brilliant job of providing interpretive comment. The book gives a view of policy-making in the postwar years that is as instructive, if not as ingratiating, as the view of the war years provided by Robert E. Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins." It strikes me, however, that we may be paying far too high a price for the instruction we get from books of this sort. Private conversation has always been the essential stuff of memoirs, especially of political memoirs, but unless I am gravely mistaken, it was once a general, if not universal, custom among writers and editors and publishers to see to it that in making public what passed between two people—at least one of whom was unaware that he was talking for publication—they were doing no mischief. A private conversation was in the same category as a private letter, and it was made public only with the consent of both parties or when enough time had elapsed to assure that no one could be harmed. Nowadays, we seem to feel that a private conversation is public property as soon as the talk is over. Let it be known that a public man has kept diaries and there will be a clamor for the publication of them. If he resists the demand, as George Marshall, almost alone among

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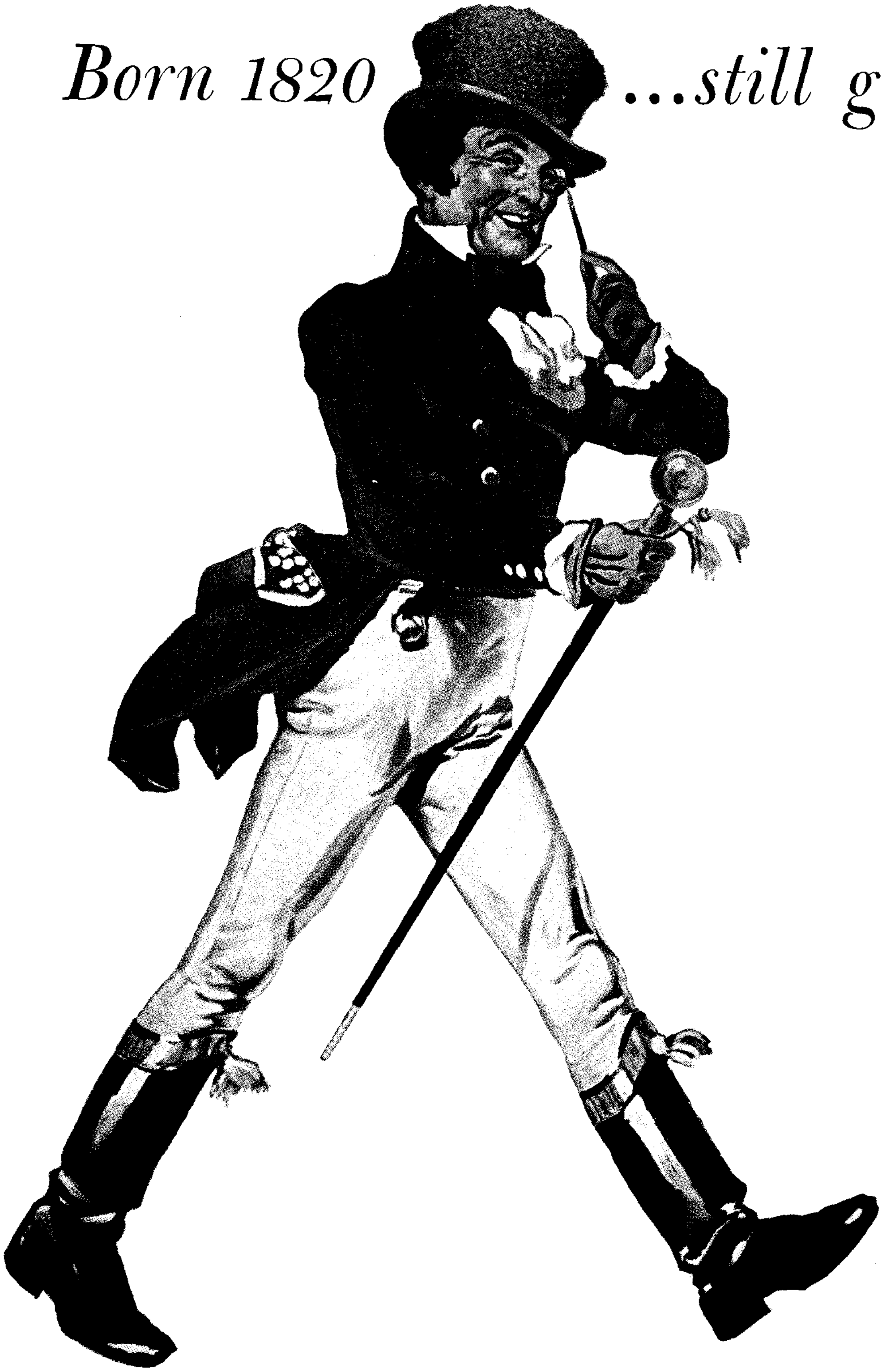

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American leaders of the war and postwar years, has done, it is automatically assumed that he is concealing guilty knowledge. The attitude is that an honest man should be eager to publish everything he knows and that failure to publish is tantamount to suppression, which of course it isn't.

The editors of "The Forrestal Diaries," which involve the publication of dictated but in many cases obviously not read memoranda of a dead man, acknowledge the dangers of such publication. As Millis points out, Forrestal, so far as anyone knows, had no intention of publishing his journals. He may have been keeping them as notes for a book, but even that is a guess. When he became ill, he sent all his papers to the White House, probably, as Millis suggests, "to insure [them], under any eventualities, against irresponsible publication." When Millis and Duffield undertook the job of editing them, they had to decide whether to publish the papers as they stood or to check their accuracy and submit them for comment to the people concerned. The latter course, Millis writes, would have risked "entanglement in a perilous morass of censorship and conjecture, leading probably to confusions worse than those it . . . sought to avoid." The possibility of delaying publication a few years seems to have had no consideration. The raw material was published raw—not only Forrestal's accounts of several hundred private talks but some transcripts of telephone conversations, or what might be called delayed wire taps. Censorship was exercised only on material affecting military security, but not a very broad concept of military security was employed. It seems to me conceivable, for example, that such security may rest in part upon the maintenance of an honorable relationship between our present Secretary of Defense and certain officials of the British government. Yet the editors chose to publish an account of a private conversation in which, according to Forrestal's recollection, Lovett called the British leaders liars. It is also conceivable that such security may rest in part upon the trust that President Truman and General Eisenhower repose in each other. Yet the editors chose to publish an account of a talk from which Forrestal drew the conclusion that the President was trying to euchre the General out of his job as Chief of Staff. It may be that we have become so hardened to this sort of thing that not very much damage is done by it. At the very least, though, it would seem likely to make anyone who happens to be talking

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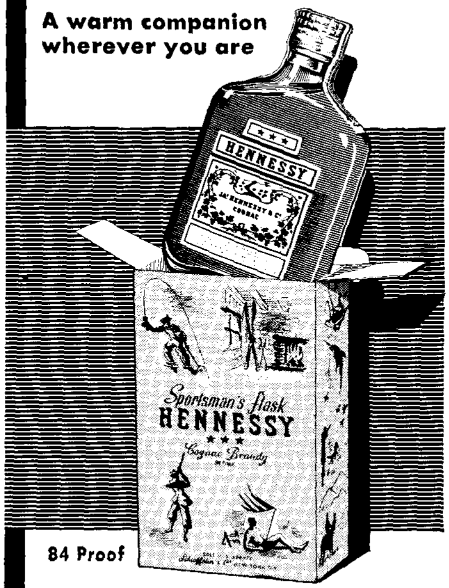

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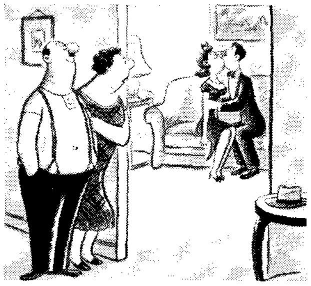
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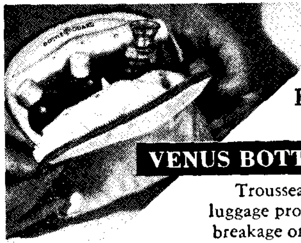
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to a Cabinet member think twice before telling him what he really thinks. And it is certainly the duty of a Cabinet member to learn what people really think. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

VERSE

A YOUNGER generation of women poets began to get into print, in a scattered and uncertain way, in England and America during the war. This group is far less spectacular than its post-1918 predecessors, for a variety of reasons. In the first place, the present period is not one of violent transition from an old to a new set of moral and aesthetic codes. The pressures that pushed young women artists toward theatrical gestures of one kind or another no longer exist. One of these pressures—the "feminist" insistence that women could succeed in the arts and sciences only to the extent that they modelled themselves upon men—has, fortunately, completely evaporated. The romantic picture of woman-as-sibyl has also petered out; modern insight recognizes the impassable gulf that separates the artist from the prophet, and formal writing from mediumship. Finally, women poets, along with everyone else who has examined nineteenth-century literature in English, now recognize the distinct line that rules off formal from "popular" expression, so there is little danger of Felicia Hemans' heroic piety, Mrs. Sigourney's small-town sentiment, or Ella Wheeler Wilcox's backwoods "philosophy" being taken seriously in modern versions.

The chief virtue of women's poetry is its power to pin down, with uncanny accuracy, moments of actual experience. From the beginning of the record, female lyricism has concerned itself with minute particulars, and at its best seems less a work of art than a miracle of nature—a flawless distillation, a pure crystallization of thought, circumstance, and emotion. It belongs, as Longinus early pointed out, to the region of "the sublime," and the poetry of Christina Rossetti, Emily Dickinson, Emily Brontë, and others brought this transcendent quality in a clearly traceable line from antiquity into the modern bourgeois world.

There is little of this pure essence around just now, it is true. W. H. Auden, in his foreword to "A Change of World" (Yale), by Adrienne Cecile Rich, the most recent winner of the annual Yale Series of Younger Poets contest, remarks that young poets, more or less shut off from "originality" as they are (since we are in the middle, rather

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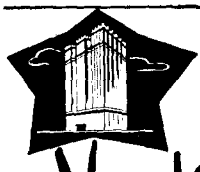
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than the beginning, of a creative period), must look to truth and form as saving graces. "A poem that . . . pretends," he says, "to be something other than it is . . . so obsessed with itself that it ignores or bellows at or goes on relentlessly boring the reader, we avoid if possible. . . . The poems . . . in this book are neatly and modestly dressed, speak quietly but do not mumble, respect their elders but are not cowed by them, and do not tell fibs: that, for a first volume, is a good deal." Miss Rich is twenty-two and just out of Radcliffe. She is well read and has a sense of humor and a feeling for variety and proportion. Each of her poems has its own shape and tone; if she is modest, she is not monotonous. And she nowhere succumbs to that urge toward the poetic chic that dates so quickly and now mars certain pages of Edna St. Vincent Millay and Elinor Wylie with a faded modishness.

Muriel Rukeyser is the one woman poet of her generation to put on sibyl's robes, nowadays truly threadbare and unconvincing garments. Her first volume was published in 1935, when she was twenty-one. Her early work was filled with the gloomy humanitarianism of its time, expressed in a deflated Whitmanian rhetoric. She has since paid homage in her verse, in a vein of high hero worship, to neglected American genius in the persons of Willard Gibbs, Albert Ryder, and Charles Ives. Very little development of technique or idea is apparent in her "Selected Poems" (New Directions), but she now occasionally essays the lyric and has recently moved from materialistic fields into more spiritual ones—a shift noticeable in her "Elegies," written in close emulation of Rilke.

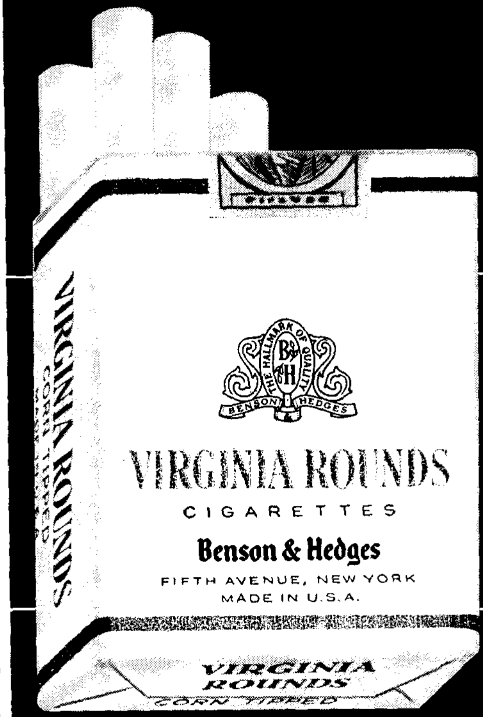
The poetry of Janet Lewis has never reached a large audience, although it has revealed, over many years of obscure publication, evidence of the true lyric fire that has become so rare. Her "Poems 1924-1944" (Swallow), published late last year, shows the growth of what is now a mature gift. In such lyrics as "Girl Help," "Remembered Morning," and "In the Egyptian Museum," feminine song operates, as always in its moments of power, with moving tenderness and simple clarity.

—Louise Bogan

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Physicians, by Hazel Lin (John Day). A gentle and pleasant story of two Chinese doctors in China and.



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later, in America. One is an old man practicing his profession in the old tradition, the other a young woman, his granddaughter, who is a modern surgeon. Miss Lin writes colloquially and sometimes amusingly, and gives a delightful picture of the Chinese girl's childhood and a touching account of her first love affair.

THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE, by H. J. Kaplan (Harper). An account of an alcoholic night in Paris, written with the haziness, urgency, and arrogant joviality that whiskey often produces. In this case they have the effect of involving the reader thoroughly in the mood of the story, so that to him, as to the hero, the most bizarre events seem perfectly natural and all strangers become bosom friends. The hero is John Philip Clifford, an economist attached to an American mission in Paris, who goes searching for answers to some questions about himself, having been spurred to the effort by a boring day of conferences, followed by a drunken dinner with his wife, who carps, and an old friend, who heckles. His quest ends in the arms of an Arabian dancing girl, and his story ends at dawn, as he starts back to his hotel for a day of more conferences, complicated this time, no doubt, by a hangover.

A BREEZE OF MORNING, by Charles Morgan (Macmillan). This is a love story, unhappy because three people are crowded into it, but calm in its ending. The narrator is a fourteen-year-old named David Harbrook, a nice, anxious, intelligent boy, rather old for his age, whose sister Ann is one of the girls in the affair. The other girl is Rose Letterby, a beautiful neighbor, and the man both girls are in love with is Howard Treladdin, a young lawyer. Mr. Morgan describes the anguish of these three people, and their natural, cowardly, and perfectly human release from it, with simplicity and understanding, allowing each one the distinction of having suffered and insisting that they recognize that they have settled freely for safety, rather than romance, in their lives.

MARIA, by John C. Neff (Ives Washburn). Mr. Neff evidently believes that he can create an old woman by giving her a name, an advanced age, and an assortment of memories. His Maria, who is reputed to be any age from eighty to a hundred and whose influence is reported to be legendary all through her countryside, emerges

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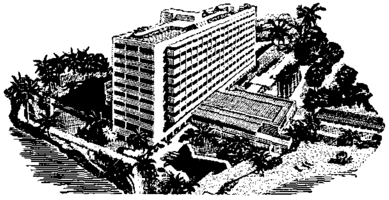

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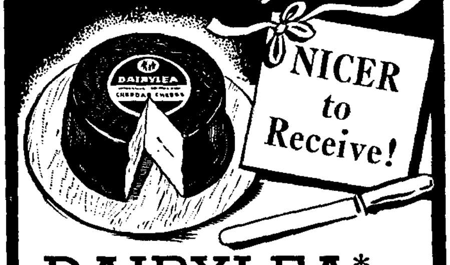

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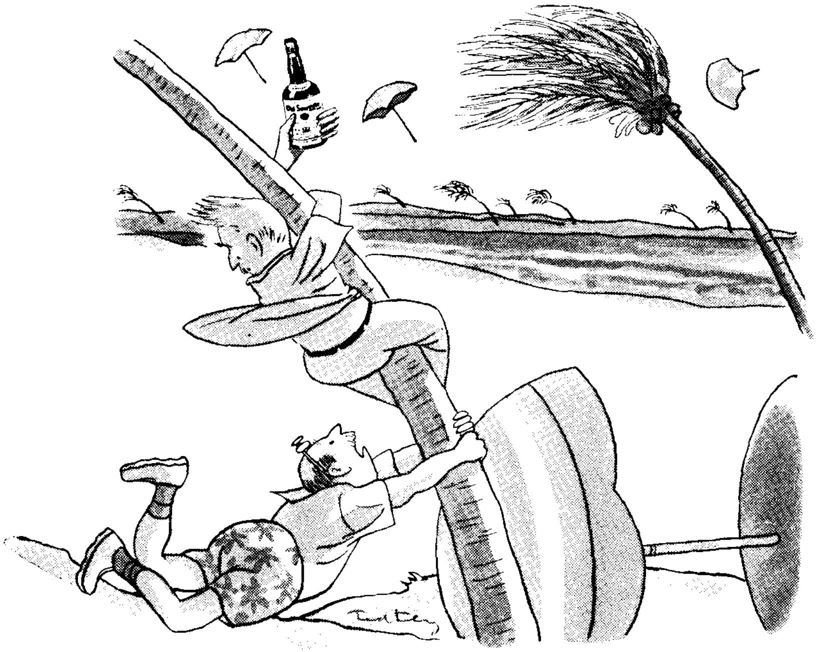
from his story as a simple and good-hearted woman of no special age or wisdom. She lives in a village in New Mexico, she has an innocent awareness of sex, which she imparts to the young people of the community, and she runs a filling station.

NOTE: "In the Absence of Angels," a collection of short stories by Hortense Calisher, many of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Little, Brown.

GENERAL

THE SHELBOURNE HOTEL, by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf). An affectionately drawn portrait of a Dublin landmark which, over the past hundred years, has come to convey, especially to persons of a literary or a symbolical turn of mind, the very special flavor of Irish society, and even of Ireland itself. Miss Bowen has done a remarkably thorough archeological job of reconstructing the details, both tangible and intangible, of the hotel's development. The furniture alone, she remarks, "is in itself a document, a museum of styles," and her famous prose fits this type of documentation like an especially fine kid glove. She is less successful, however, in interpreting recent Irish history in terms of the hotel, possibly because the high spots in the Shelbourne's existence have been predominantly gay, and, as she herself admits, "gay days . . . should be lived, not written about." Photographs and drawings.

CAIRO TO DAMASCUS, by John Roy Carlson (Knopf). A gaudily written report on conditions in the Near East in 1948 and early 1949 by a journalist whose professional techniques, first employed in gathering material for an exposé of the Nazi Bund in America entitled "Under Cover," smack strongly of the whodunit, or possibly even the comic strip. To verify his hunch that there is still considerable Nazi-inspired skulduggery going on in the Arab-dominated world, Mr. Carlson first visited London, assumed the name of Charles L. Morey, and got himself introduced to influential anti-Semites. He next whizzed over to Egypt, where he metamorphosed himself into an Armenian (his family's nationality, as it happens) and got into the confidence of Arabs and Moslems of all possible political hues by such devices as muttering "Allah's curse on Israel" to them, and joining them in a pipe of hashish. Later on, Carlson (who'd become *akhi*, or



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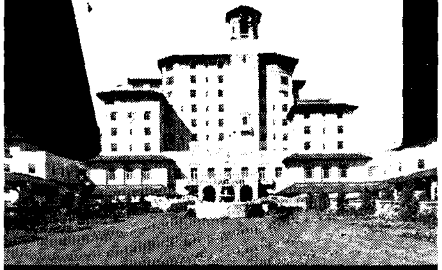

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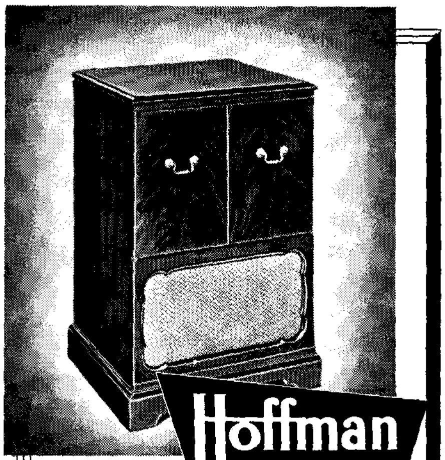
brother, to his interviewees) joined in a spot of gun-running, dodged bullets during the final siege of Jerusalem, made a sortie into Israeli territory, and, on the whole, managed to mystify the hell out of practically everybody he met. Despite his flamboyant methods, he has come up with some authentic-sounding documentation for his thesis, as well as with a number of photographs.

ON BEING NEGRO IN AMERICA, by J. Saunders Redding (Bobbs-Merrill). A blend of comment and personal recollection in which the author sums up, from a number of angles, the curious and morbid situation that, as he points out, requires a sizable segment of our population to expend an undue amount of mental, emotional, and physical energy merely in carrying on an existence within the framework of the concept of race. Although Mr. Redding writes in a very temperate manner, he makes it clear from the start that he considers this concept to be "a myth, a barrier, and a burden," and that he has long since discarded the spiritual adjustments, implanted in him by his parents, that might have enabled him to accept one of the viewpoints commonly held by his fellow-Negroes, whom he divides off into race chauvinists, educationists (believers in the ultimate victory of intellectual competence), gradualists, individualists, and radicals. A moving chapter having to do with his own son's introduction to the business of being Negro indicates that Mr. Redding hasn't been able to achieve complete catharsis through the writing of this book, or to arrive at any very concrete solutions to his dilemma. He has done a valuable piece of work, however, by hacking away without venom at a great deal of the national mental underbrush that ensnarls the question.

CEYLON: PEARL OF THE EAST, by Harry Williams (Macmillan). A survey of the new Dominion of Ceylon by an Englishman who spent many years there as a tea planter and who seems to have passed most of his leisure studying the history of the Singhalese people and the natural history of their islands. Mr. Williams is a firm champion of British colonialism, attributing to its efficiency and enlightened policy the current happy economic state of affairs in Ceylon. He is apt to bristle when he discusses "ill-informed" proposals to turn over the vast and complicated tea and rubber estates to the mercies of native



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management. Whatever the merits of *that* argument—and the author makes out a strong case for his way of thinking—this is a truly comprehensive examination of a people and a culture, and a book that is full of life and movement and color. Many photographs.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT, by Ralph M. Wardle (University of Kansas Press). A biography of one of the most remarkable and exasperating Englishwomen of the eighteenth century. Mary Wollstonecraft went about things the hard way. She declared war on established society in her early youth, and established society fought right back. She championed the French Revolution in London when London was seething with abhorrence and fear of it. She was a pioneer feminist, of course, and she carried out one of her theories on an independent life for women by having, practically in public, an illegitimate child. Characteristically, she chose the wrong man to have it by—an American fourflusher named Imlay, who deserted her and the child. She found happiness of a kind only in the last year of her life, when she married the philosopher William Godwin, but she died shortly after the birth of their daughter, who later became the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Professor Wardle has done a solid and workmanlike job, but his book is overweight in spots, especially in the long discussion of Mary's affair with Imlay.

THE PRESIDENCY, by Stefan Lorant (Macmillan). A record, presented in more than a thousand pictures, of every Presidential election in the United States to date. Mr. Lorant, who has put together two previous albums of this kind (a life of Lincoln in photographs and a pictorial biography of Franklin D. Roosevelt), has outdone himself in this one; as an example of graphic history, it is probably unrivalled. The pictures range from crude cartoons used in the rowdy campaigns of the early nineteenth century to excellent photographs, and they are explained in a running commentary that also contains the vital statistics of each contest.

THE RODGERS AND HART SONGBOOK, edited by Richard Rodgers (Simon & Schuster). A chronological arrangement of forty-seven songs—words and music—that resulted from perhaps the most gratifying collaboration in the history of musical comedy, with pictures by Doris Lee, an introduction by Mr. Rodgers and another

His haunted eyes still see his home in flames. . . .

Constantine is eleven years old now, but he still remembers the day six years ago when the Germans came to his village of Kalavryta, in Greece. He saw the soldiers take away his father, and set fire to his home. Then they locked him up in the schoolhouse, with his mother and his brother Cleanthis and all the population of Kalavryta who were not "men" of twelve years and over. The women and children stood there shivering, half dead with fear—when suddenly machine guns began to bark in the square, where the thirteen hundred and eighteen males of the village had been herded . . . . after the guns grew silent, the crackle of flames came closer . . . . and smoke began to curl up through the schoolhouse floor. . . .

Through some miracle, Constantine and his mother and brother escaped. Ill with heart trouble, he and his penniless mother are being sheltered in Athens by a distant relative; his brother, by an aunt in Kalavryta. But Constantine has never forgotten the terrors which are his earliest childhood memory, and the shadow of fear lingers in his eyes.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Constantine or another needy child through the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP project. For just $96 a year ($8 a month) SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes, and supplementary food—delivered in your name, in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy and Lebanon.

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Denver, Colo.	Montaldo's
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
New Haven, Conn.	Moline
Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinckel & Co.
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Atlanta, Ga.	Leon Frohsin
Chicago, Ill.	Bonwit Teller
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Wm. H. Block Co.
Des Moines, Iowa	Younker Bros.
Louisville, Ky.	Byck Bros.
New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes Co.
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Boston, Mass.	Bonwit Teller
Boston, Mass.	Jays
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St. Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Lockharts
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis & Sons
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San Antonio, Tex.	Frost Bros.
Richmond, Va.	Montaldo's
Seattle, Wash.	I. Magnin
Milwaukee, Wis.	Smartwear-Emma Lange

by Oscar Hammerstein II, and informative synopses, notes, and lists by Margery Darrell. It is in every way a triumph, and an especially welcome one for those who haven't managed to hang on to their old sheet music (fortunately, phonograph records and night-club pianists aren't quite so perishable) and who are hereby given a chance to read again the complete verses and choruses of Lorenz Hart's lyrics. They turn out to be just as graceful, witty, tactful, and free from the struck attitude as they seemed when they first appeared. NOTE: "Oops! Wrong Party!," a collection of cartoons by Syd Hoff, many of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Dutton.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BLACKOUT, by Constance and Gwenyth Little (Doubleday). Amnesiacs who can't quite remember whom they killed or why are always good protagonists in detective fiction, and John Croyden, who has done away with one woman and makes a pretty good try at another, is almost a classic one. The Little sisters have provided a rich background for his activities—a run-down mansion in California, operated by a blind woman who was once a famous ballerina, and containing any number of other picturesque characters—and their plotting is ingenious and full of incident. The prose, however, may be a little trying to the really judicious, and the humor, especially in the person of a quaint old servant who has the habit of saying anything that comes into her head, is conceivably a trifle wearing, too. The whole piece could probably be described as a sound, if not altogether successful, reworking of a more or less familiar theme.

•

Today is General Eisenhower's birthday. He is 61 years of age, vigorous, in good health, and appears physically and mentally capable of enduring the hard work that comes to Presidents.

Here, too, he is overworked, as is the President of the United States, whoever he may be.—*The Times.*

Truman's the name.

•

MOST FASCINATING PROPOSITION OF THE WEEK

[*The following adv., reprinted in its entirety, is from the Baltimore Morning Sun*]

LEAVING 10th. Will take 2 passengers. D. J. Wm. Harrower.

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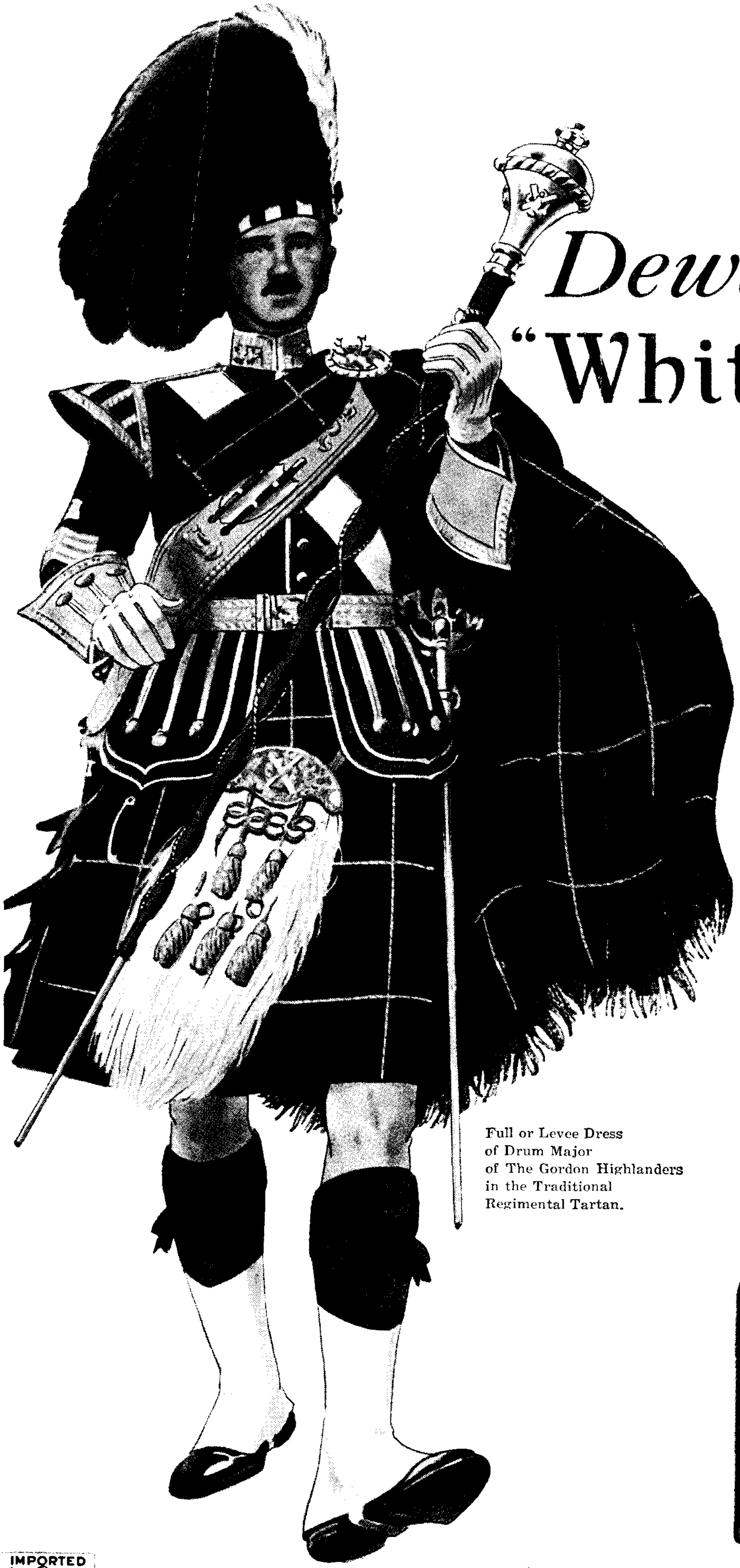

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WHISKEY

IN THE
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BOTTLE

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